

Hey Santa!

The Brian Setzer Orchestra

Hey Santa!
When are you going to Atlanta?
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
Cause my gal lives in Dixie land.

Santa don't bring me any toys,
Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy.
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy,
We all know Santa is a good ole boy.

Could you bring along a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps,
Cause the trumpet player is really tops.
I got no time for holiday shops,
Cause I got a band that's really hot.
Santa don't bring me any toys,
Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy.
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy,
We all know Santa is a good ole boy.

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I don't want to leave my comfy cozy,
But my baby's lips are hot and rosy.
What's my name now ain't you nosey
I'd like a little kiss now I supposy

Hot buttered rum, hot buttered rum,
Well you hear me holler now you'd better come.
Seven come eleven, Seven come eleven
Baby just died and gone to heaven.

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All the kiddies tucked inside their beds
Sugar plums dancin' in their heads
The cats all purrin' and the dogs all fed
With this ring I do thee wed
I don't need nothin' this time around
Just hitch me a ride I'm Atlanta bound
Baby is waiting at the lost and found
Waitin' in a long white wedding gown

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