

## MUST BE SANTA

(by Bob Dylan)

Who's got a beard that's long and white?

Santa's got a beard that's long and white.

Who comes around on a special night?  
Santa comes around on a special night.

**Special Night, beard that's white.**

*Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa, Santa Claus.*

Who wears boots and a suit of red?  
Santa wears boots and a suit of red.

Who wears a long cap on his head?  
Santa wears a long cap on his head.

**Cap on head, suit that's red,  
special night, beard that's white.**

*Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa, Santa Claus.*

Who's got a big red cherry nose?  
Santa's got a big red cherry nose.

Who laughs this way: HO HO HO?  
Santa laughs this way: HO HO HO!

**HO HO HO, cherry nose, cap on head,  
suit that's red, special night, beard  
that's white.**

*Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa, Santa Clause.*

Who very soon will come our way?  
Santa very soon will come our way.

Eight little reindeer pull his sleigh?  
Santa's little reindeer pull his sleigh.

**Reindeer sleigh, come our way, HO HO  
HO, cherry nose, cap on head, suit  
that's red, special night, beard that's  
white.**

*Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa, Santa Clause.*

(Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen,  
Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen.)

**Reindeer sleigh, come our way, HO HO  
HO, cherry nose, Cap on head, suit  
that's red, Special night, beard that's  
white.**

*Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa,  
Must be Santa, Santa Clause.*

## HOORAY FOR SANTI CLAUS

*Melody: Santa Claus  
Conquers the Martians  
(1964)*

**S-A-N-T-A-C-L-A-U-S. Hooray for Santy  
Claus!**

*You spell it S-A-N-T-A-C-L-A-U-S. Hooray  
for Santy Claus!*

Hooray for Santy Claus,  
Yay, yay for Santy Claus,  
He's fat and round, but jumpin' jiminy,  
He can climb down any chiminy!

When we hear sleigh bells ring,  
Our hearts go ting-a-ling,  
'Cause there'll be presents under the  
tree,  
Hooray for Santy Claus!

Now all year long at the North Pole,  
He's busy making toys,  
But he knows just what you're doin',  
So you better be good girls and boys!

Hang up that mistletoe,  
Soon you'll hear HO HO HO,  
On Christmas Day, you'll wake up and  
you'll say,  
Hooray for Santy Claus!

*Yay, yay! Yay, yay! Yay yay! HOORAY!!!*

Hang up that mistletoe,  
Soon you'll hear HO HO HO,

On Christmas Day, you'll wake up and  
you'll say,  
Hooray for Santy Claus!

*S-A-N-T-A-C-L-A-U-S. Hooray for Santy  
Claus!*

*You spell it S-A-N-T-A-C-L-A-U-S. Hooray  
for Santy Claus!*

*Hoo-ray for San-ty Claus!  
Hooray for Santy Claus!*

## JINGLE TILLS

*Melody: Jingle Bells*

Jingle Tills, Jingle Tills  
Jingle all the way  
Oh what fun it is to spend  
Our hard earned Christmas pay!

Dashing through the stores  
Sweating all the way  
Oh what fun it is to spend  
Our hard earned Christmas pay!

## BONUSES IN EXCELSIS

*Mel: Ding dong merrily on  
high*

Ding dong merrily on high,  
In stores the tills are ringing:  
Ding dong! Profits reach the sky  
And filled with with owners singing.  
Gloria, Bonuses in excelsis!

## SANTA'S COMING IN A WHIRLYBIRD *(By Gene Autry)*

*Whirlybird, whirlybird, whirlybird,  
whirlybird. Santa's coming in a  
whirlybird.*

The news is out and I've been told,  
It came by wire from the great North  
Pole.

I'm sure each boy and girl heard,  
Santa Claus has got a new whirlybird.

*Santa's coming in a whirlybird,  
Christmas night in a whirlybird.  
So, if you're good and you don't goof,  
the whirlybird's gonna land on your roof.*

*Whirlybird, whirlybird, whirlybird,  
whirlybird. Santa's coming in a  
whirlybird.*

He turned his reindeer out to graze,  
Donner and Blitzen were amazed.  
But Rudolph said with a happy shout,  
'Let's go with Santa and help him out'.

*Santa's coming in a whirlybird,  
Christmas night in a whirlybird.  
So, if you're good and you don't goof,  
the whirlybird's gonna land on your roof.*

*Whirlybird, whirlybird, whirlybird,  
whirlybird. Santa's coming in a  
whirlybird.*

I know that it may sound absurd,  
Santa bringing toys in a whirlybird.  
But he's been checking with Royal Mail,  
and with a helicopter he can't fail.

*Santa's coming in a whirlybird,  
Christmas night in a whirlybird.  
So, if you're good and you don't goof,  
the whirlybird's gonna land on your roof.*

*Whirlybird, whirlybird, whirlybird,  
whirlybird. Santa's coming in a  
whirlybird.*

There's a bike for Mike and Moe,  
A talking doll for Jane and Jo,  
There'll be toys for every child,  
if you promise not to drive Mum and  
Daddy wild.

*Santa's coming in a whirlybird,  
Christmas night in a whirlybird.  
So, if you're good and you don't goof,  
the whirlybird's gonna land on your roof.*

*Whirlybird, whirlybird, whirlybird,  
whirlybird. Santa's coming in a  
whirlybird.*

## IT'S THE MOST FATTENING TIME OF THE YEAR *Melody: It's the most wonderful time of the year*

It's the most fattening time of the year  
With that pumpkin pie filling  
and everyone swilling down eggnog and  
beer

It's the most fattening time of the year

It's the lip smackingest season of all  
while your shopping you're cheating  
impulsively eating that junk at the mall

It's the heav-heaviest season of all

There'll be turkeys for basting  
and stuffing for tasting  
and giblets and gravy will flow  
there'll be cookies that mom baked  
and leftover fruit cake from a christmas  
a long time ago

it's the scale flattening time of the year  
while your diet you're blowing  
there's calories going straight down to  
your rear

it's the scale flattening time of the year

there'll be after meal dosing  
and arteries closing  
cholesterol levels will grow  
it's too cold to go jogging  
to brisk for tobogganing

so pass me a hot buttered roll

It's the most fattening time of the year

All those gingerbread shingles and  
chocolate Chris Kringle's will tremble in  
fear

It's the most fattening time,  
it's the belt loosening time,  
it's the most fattening time of the year

## SANTA KNOWS

*Melody: Santa Claus is coming to town*

You better watch out,  
You better not cry,  
You better not pout,  
I'm telling you why,  
Santa Claus is tapping, your phone.  
He's buggin your room,  
He's reding your mail,  
He's keeping a file  
And runnin a tail

Santa Claus is tapping Your phone  
He hears you in the bedroom  
Surveils you out of doors  
And if that doesn't get the goods  
Then he'll use provocateurs.

So you mustn't assume  
That you are secure  
On Christmas Eve  
He'll kick in your door  
Santa Claus is tapping your phone

## **NOEL BY ANIMANIACS**

### *Melody: The first Noel*

To spell Santa's name is easy to do  
 You write S A N T and another A, too  
 But no L, no L, Santa's name has no L  
 And he won't be too pleased if you don't  
 learn to spell

Jack and Jill went up a hill to fetch water  
 from a well  
 But when neither one could find it, Jill  
 started to yell  
 No well, no well, can't believe there's no  
 well  
 We walked all the way here and I'm  
 mad, can't you tell?

Captain Ahab took his crew, his harpoon  
 and set sail  
 And he called out to ships, 'Have you  
 seen the white whale?'  
 No whale, no whale, we ain't seen no  
 whale  
 Saw a couple of dolphins, and a big  
 yellow tail

If you've listened to this tune, then you  
 probably can tell  
 That you've heard it before, it's a song  
 you know well  
 Know well, know well, it's a song you  
 know well  
 And we've ruined it completely, so we  
 all say 'Oh well'

Oh well, oh well, We'll just say 'Fare  
 thee well'  
 And Merry Christmas to you, and a  
 Joyous Noel

## **WRAP YOUR GIFT**

### *Melody: Deck the halls*

Wrap your gift with fingers agile  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 Seal it up and mark it "fragile"  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 There's no reason to feel nervous  
 Fa la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.  
 You can trust the Postal Service  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

Hear the postal workers singing  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 As your parcel he is flinging  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 See it crumble in the bin there  
 Fa la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.  
 Aren't you sorry you walked in there?  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

See your parcel speed to Philly  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 Through the air to Cousin Billy  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.  
 It will wind up in Savannah  
 Fa la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.  
 Via Nome and Butte, Montana  
 Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

## **I'LL BE CLONED**

### *Melody: I'll be home for Christmas*

I'll be Cloned for Christmas,  
 there'll be three of me;  
 One to Work, and One to Shop,  
 and One just for Partys.  
 Christmas Eve, I'm certain,  
 I won't be alone;  
 I'll be home for Christmas,  
 or else I'll send a Clone!

## **GOD REST YE MERRY SHOPPERS**

### *Melody: God rest ye merry gentlemen*

God rest ye merry shoppers  
 Let nothing you dismay  
 Remember, Sales, our saviours  
 Start before the Christmas day  
 To save us all from credit's power  
 When we were gone astray  
 O tidings of comfort and joy,  
 Comfort and joy  
 O tidings of comfort and joy

## **SANTA MAN**

### *Melody: Rocket Man (Elton John)*

Al packed my bags last night for flight;  
 Zero hour, one a.m.;  
 And I'm gonna be high in my sleigh by  
 then.

I miss the Pole so much, I miss my wife;  
 It's lonely out in space  
 On such a famous flight.

*Chorus (x2):*

And I think it's gonna be a long, long  
 time  
 before you get your gifts; you've yet to  
 find  
 I'm not the man you think I am at all,  
 oh no, no, no; because I'm Santa Claus.  
 Santa Claus, flying with my reindeer  
 'cross the sky.

The Pole ain't the kind of place to raise  
 your kids;  
 In fact, it's cold as hell;  
 But there's elves to baby-sit them if you  
 did.

And all these 'Go-bots' I don't  
 understand;  
 It's just my job one day a year.  
 Santa Claus, I'm Santa Claus.

*Chorus (x2):*

And I think it's gonna be a long, long  
 time  
 before you get your gifts; you've yet to  
 find  
 I'm not the man you think I am at all,  
 oh no, no, no; because I'm Santa Claus.  
 Santa Claus, flying with my reindeer  
 'cross the sky.

## I SAW ELVIS DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS

*Melody: I saw mommy kissing Santa Claus*

Oh, I saw Elvis dressed as Santa Claus in my home town shopping mall last night.

I knew it must be him  
Elvis is a very slim.  
And his sideburns where much darker than the whiskers on his chin.

Oh, I saw Elvis dressed as Santa Claus hiding under that beard of snowy white.  
Then I saw his whiskers slip, when he curled his lip.  
Elvis dressed as Santa Claus last night.

Spoken:  
Yessiree, I saw Elvis sitting on Santa's throne.  
Really I did, and I'm gonna call the Enquirer,  
Because after all,  
Suspicious minds wanna know.  
He had blue suede boots and bells,  
you should have seen it for yourselves.

Sung:  
And did you ever wonder why it is they call his helpers Elves?

Oh, I saw Elvis dressed as Santa Claus hiding under that beard of snowy white.  
Oh you can imagine my surprise, when I saw through his disguise.  
Elvis dressed as Santa Claus last night.

Well, I saw Elvis dressed as Santa Claus

in my home town shopping mall last night.

He was sitting in Santa's chair; little sister pulling on his hair.  
And I heard him say "Now don't be cruel,  
you'll get a teddy bear."

Oh, I saw Elvis dressed as Santa Claus hiding underneath that beard of snowy white.  
Then I saw his whiskers slip, when he curled his lip.  
Elvis dressed as Santa Claus last night.

Well it makes me wanna sing  
Blue Christmas like the King.  
Elvis dressed as Santa Claus last night.  
Elvis here, Elvis there, Elvis everywhere!

I heard him say "Now don't be cruel,  
you'll get a teddy bear."

## JINGLE HELL'S BELLS

*Melody: My favourite things  
(Sound of music)*

Ho Ho Ho  
Ho Ho Ho

Like Guns N Roses with Axel Rose spittin'  
Ozzie's black eyes and the bats that he's bitten  
Big Marshall stacks and a broken E-string  
These are a few of my favorite things

Ho Ho Ho

Penthouse apartments and twelve in a hot tub

Drinking Jack Daniels while getting a backrub

Little gold chains pinned to brass nipple rings  
These are a few of my favorite things

We like bar fights  
We like nose rings  
We like eating snails  
We always indulge in our favorite things  
No wonder our skin's so pale

Girls in black leather with tight little butches  
Tattoos on big bosoms of prickly rose bushes  
Silver stretch limos that come when I ring  
These are a few of my favorite things

We like bar fights  
We like nose rings  
We like eating snails  
We always indulge in our favorite things  
No wonder our skin's so pale

Jingle hell's bells

Ho Ho Ho

## CAROL OF THE DRUNKS

*Melody: Carol of the bells  
(Home alone)*

Hark how the cock-tales seem to flow  
gin tanqueray  
more chardonnay  
christmas is here  
drinking good cheer  
ice cubes are cold

more cuervo gold  
don't be a dink, watch what you drink  
don't be a dork, don't pop the cork  
Don't take the wheel, don't be a heel  
don't grab the stick, don't be a dick  
don't drink and drive (X4)  
don't let your buddy budweiser in the car

be a bud and don't drink and drive  
if you think you have had a few too many

grab a booth and sober up at Denny's  
don't drink and drive (X4)  
hark how the cock-

tales seem to flow  
don't drive away  
don't swerve away  
christmas is here  
drinking good cheer  
ice cubes are cold  
more cuervo gold  
don't be a dink, watch what you drink  
don't be a dork, don't pop the cork  
don't take the wheel, don't be a heel  
don't grab the stick, don't be a dick  
don't drink and drive (X4)

have shirley temple drive  
she'll get you home alive  
she's a friend who won't drink and drive  
if you drink gin fizzes like the fishes  
you will land your britches in the ditches  
don't drink and drive (X4)  
don't take the wheel, don't be a heel  
don't grab the stick, don't be a dick  
DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE  
dick



SANTACON  
LONDON