

# Father Christmas

Bad Religion

Though I knew it was my dad  
And I would hang up my stocking at Christmas  
Open my presents and I'd be glad

But the last time I played Father Christmas  
I stood outside a department store  
A gang of kids came over and mugged me  
And knocked my reindeer to the floor

They said:  
Father Christmas, give us some money  
Don't mess around with those silly toys.  
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over  
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed  
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Don't give my brother a Steve Austin outfit  
Don't give my sister a cuddly toy  
We don't want a jigsaw or monopoly money  
We only want the real McCoy

Father Christmas, give us some money  
We'll beat you up if you make us annoyed  
Father Christmas, give us some money  
Don't mess around with those silly toys

But give my daddy a job 'cause he needs one  
He's got lots of mouths to feed  
But if you've got one, I'll have a machine gun  
So I can scare all the kids down the street

Father Christmas, give us some money  
We got no time for your silly toys  
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over  
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed  
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Have yourself a merry merry Christmas  
Have yourself a good time  
But remember the kids who got nothin'  
While you're drinkin' down your wine

Father Christmas, give us some money  
We got no time for your silly toys  
Father Christmas, please hand it over  
We'll beat you up, so don't make us annoyed

Father Christmas, give us some money  
Don't mess around with those silly toys  
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over  
We want your bread, so don't make us annoyed  
Give all the toys to the little rich boy