

Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer

Cledus T. Judd

Well, a couple of good friends of mine, Elmo and Patsy, wrote me
And said they'd written the perfect country Christmas comedy song
I said, "No, you didn't, you didn't mention nothing about"
Well, yeah, you pretty much got it all, I mean grandma
And of course the family and getting drunk
And run over by heavy machinery and

Well, since I needed the money
I felt obliged to include it on this record
And it goes a little something like this

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas Eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

She'd been drinkin' too much eggnog
And we'd begged her not to go
But she'd forgot her medication
And she staggered out the door into the snow

When they found her Christmas mornin'
At the scene of the attack
She had hoof prints on her forehead
And incriminatin' Claus marks on her back

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Walking home from our house Christmas Eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

Now, we're all so proud of Grandpa
He's been takin' this so well
See him in there watchin' football
Drinkin' beer and playin' cards with cousin Mell

It's not Christmas without Grandma
All the family's dressed in black
And we just can't help but wonder
Should we open up her gifts or send them back?
Send them back

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas Eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

Now the goose is on the table
And the pudding made of fig
And a blue and silver candle
That would have just matched the hair in grandma's wig

I've warned all my friends and neighbors
Better watch out for yourselves
They should never give a license
To a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves

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