Worked with a woman named Minnie
One Christmas eve long ago
When I asked "What you doing this evening?"
Minnie took on a seasonal glow
She said she'd be waiting for Santa
She'd be wearing a bright red bow

Minnie And Santa
Minnie And Santa
What they're up to only
Heaven knows she wrote on a card
"Don't take it so hard we're headed for the North Pole"

Now Minnie could not be persuaded
That Santa just did not exist
She swore if she put up some mistletoe
Santa'd come give her a kiss
And there where she'd hung up her stockings
All in their silky, soft, sheen
She'd be laying in wait on a bear skin rug
Where the cookies and milk could be seen

Minnie And Santa
Minnie And Santa
What they're up to only
Heaven knows she wrote on a card
"Don't take it so hard we're headed for the North Pole"
[musical interlude]

Now Minnie was older and wiser Like a dear old Auntie to me But the night that she ran off with Santa Was a real epiphany

Minnie And Santa
Minnie And Santa
What they're up to only
Heaven knows she wrote on a card
"Don't take it so hard we're headed for the North Pole"

Next Xmas I passed by the bakery Staring out from on top of a cake Was jolly old Santa with a big silly grin And a gal in silk stockings and lace Oh, Minnie and Santa...