

Santa Ain't Comin No Mo'

Eraserheads

I hate to burst your babble
Or rain on your parade
Coz you've gone through all the troubles
Preparations you have made

But I got a little news
It's really not that good
I don't wanna spoil your party
But I really think I should

You may have been naughty
You may have been nice
Well it doesn't really matters at all
Throw your stockings right out of the window
Coz santa ain't comin' no mo'

We talk to him this morning
And he said he wasn't well
Ol' rudolph has a cold
His nose is running like hell

He doesn't like your weather
And he really hates the press
He'd rather stay in bed
Than be your little town's guest