

Santa Stole My Lady

Fitz and the Tantrums

My friends wanna know how it came to be that
Oooh, this holiday don't mean nothing to me
Cause I caught Santa under my tree
He was flirting with my honey
Trying to take her from me

Hey, don't be fooled by these fairy tales
Watch out or he could do this to someone else
He took my girl and he made me cry
And that's the way I'm thinking about Christmas time

Oh, oh, oh

I wasn't dreaming, can't believe
I woke up to my woman kissing Santa, not me
Before I could reach him, even think
He swooped away my honey out the chimney sweep

Hey, don't be fooled by these fairy tales
Watch out or he could do this to someone else
He took my girl and he made me cry
And that's the way I feel about Christmas time

Ooohhhh

You better hide your mistletoe
Break out your firehose, oh
Fellas hold your ladies close
Or before you know
You'll be all alone
You'll be all alone