

Hey Santa!

Straight No Chaser

Hey Santa
Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa
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Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa

When are you going to Atlanta?
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

Santa don't bring me any toys
Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy
We all know Santa is a good ole boy

Could you bring along a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps?
'Cause Randawg here is really tops
I got no time for holiday shops
'Cause I got a band that's really hot

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Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy
We all know Santa is a good ole boy

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I don't want to leave my comfy cozy
But my baby's lips are hot and rosy
What's my name, now ain't you nosey?
I'd like a little kiss now I supposy

Hot buttered rum, hot buttered rum
Well, you hear me holler now you'd better come
Seven come eleven, seven come eleven
Baby just died and gone to heaven

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Why don't we swing by Indiana?
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

Hey, can I hitch a ride with you old man?
My gal lives in Dixieland
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland, yeah