

Oh God, I'm Santa Claus

The Arrogant Worms

Open my eyes, what a beautiful day
Just the type that makes me want to say hooray
I'm still a little fuzzy-headed from my sleep
Into my brain reality seeps
Look all around me, can't believe what I see
These little short people are surrounding me
I've got a white beard, a suit made of red
My soul becomes filled with a keen sense of dread

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Hop out of bed, kick an elf in the chest
What an awful way to awake from a rest
"Santa, oh, Santa," the little gnomes cheer
"You shouldn't be nasty at this time of year!"
"What do you mean?" I say in a rage
"And what are you doing with those big burlap bags?"
The elves they do roar, "Why their full of toys
For you to deliver to the good girls and boys."

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Resigned to my fate, I load up the sleigh
Harness the reindeer and get under way
It's nippy up here in the cool arctic sky
Good thing I remembered that bottle of rye
Flying over rooftops, throwing out toys
Hopefully crushing those good girls and boys
Like a bad dream, I pray for release
Please let this hellish existence be ceased!

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From this nightmare I finally awake
My brain is on fire, my hands they do shake
But wait, they're not hands, they're cute little paws
I'm the Easter Bunny, I'm not Santa Claus!

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