

## Santa Claus

## Throwing Muses

Harvest your tears, in a sieve  
I can spill things down your shoulders - hold them.  
And I'm afraid you remind me of Santa Claus,  
In a good way.

And you are like Santa Claus  
I'll sit in a square

Oh in my head, oh my Santa Claus  
(Run around, around, around, around in my boxes)  
I see you at night, I shine  
My arm in your chest  
Now I'll sit in a square

Oh in my head, oh my Santa Claus  
(Run around, around, around, around in my boxes)  
Run around, around, around, around  
In my boxes - I...

I know it's not your face  
I love your neck  
Now I sit in a square

Oh in my head, oh my Santa Claus  
(Run around, around, around, around in my boxes)  
Only eighteen-and-a-half, no two times  
Nuh ho ho ho ho ho  
Oh you. I love you, don't know  
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!

I see you at night, I shine  
My arm in your chest  
Now I'll sit in a square

Oh in my head, oh my Santa Claus  
(Run around, around, around, around in my boxes)  
Run around, around, around, around  
In my boxes - I...

I know it's not your face  
I love your neck  
I sit in a square

Oh in my head, oh my Santa Claus  
(Run around, around, around, around in my boxes)  
Only eighteen-and-a-half, no two times  
Nuh ho ho ho ho ho  
Oh you. I love you, don't know  
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!