

Father Christmas

Cary Brothers

One, two, one, two, three

When I was young I believed in Santa Clause
Though I knew it was my dad
And I would laid out stockings at Christmas
Open my presents and I'd be glad

But then one day I was playing Father Christmas
I stood outside a department store
A gang of kids came over and mugged me
And knocked the reindeer to the floor

They said, "Father Christmas give us some money
Don't mess around with those silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand them over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys"

Don't give my brother a Steve Austin outfit
Don't give my sister a cuddly toy
We don't want a jigsaw or Monopoly money
We only want the real McCoy

Father Christmas give us some money
We'll beat you up if you make us annoyed
Father Christmas give us some money
Don't mess around with those silly toys

But give my daddy a job 'cause he needs one
He's got a lot of mouths to feed
But if you have one I'll have a machine gun
So I can scare all the kids on the street

Father Christmas give us some money
Don't mess around with those silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Have yourself a merry merry Christmas
Have yourself a good time
But don't forget all the kids who have nothing
While you're drinking down your wine

Father Christmas give us some money
Don't mess around with those silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Have yourself a merry merry Christmas
Have yourself a good time