

Taylor Swift, Santa Baby

Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me
I've been an awful good girl, santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa baby, a '54 convertible, too, light blue
Well I'll wait up for you, dear, santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight, yeah

Think of all the fun I've missed
Think of all the boys I haven't kissed
Next year I could be just as good
If you check off my Christmas list

Santa baby, I want a yacht and really that's not a lot
I've been an angel all year, santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa, honey, there's one more thing I really do need, the deed
To a platinum mine, santa honey
So hurry down the chimney tonight

Come and trim my Christmas tree
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's
I really do believe in you
Let's see if you believe in me

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing
A ring
And I don't mean on the phone, santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight