The Kinks, Father Christmas

When I was small I believed in Santa Claus Though I knew it was my dad And I would hang up my stocking at Christmas Open my presents and I'd be glad

But the last time I played Father Christmas I stood outside a department store A gang of kids came over and mugged me And knocked my 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 it 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 lots of mouths to feed But if you've got one, I'll have a machine gun So I can scare all the kids down the street

Father Christmas, give us some money We got no time for your silly toys We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Have yourself a merry merry Christmas Have yourself a good time But remember the kids who got nothin' While you're drinkin' down your wine

Father Christmas, give us some money
We got no time for your 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