

Adam Sandler "A Christmas Song"

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Well, um it's the holiday season
And Santas' been checkin' his list to see whos' been
naughty or nice
And I'm kinda feelin' guilty
So I wrote a song

So many presents, so little time
Santa won't be coming
By my house this year
'Cause I tried to drown my sister
And I pierced my ear
Oh mama made it perfectly clear
Santa don't like bad boys
Especially Jewish ones

Skarif-kanof and Lego blocks
Are what I desire
So, why'd I have to set
The pizza guy's hair on fire
I told him I was sorry, I'm a liar
So, no toys for me

I don't deserve 'em
I couldn't wait for a big wheel
As the holiday neared
But then I told my grandma
That she had a beard

(speaking) Dear Santa,
I know what my problem is
Why I can't be good
It's a fear of intimacy
You see, my whole life
Whenever I've met someone
really great like you and,
I keep feeling
I'm getting too close to them
Something inside me
Makes me want to screw it up
So in a weird way
The reason I'm so bad is because
I love you so much Santa

Rock 'em, Sock 'em robots
Is what I was hopin' for
But then I made a death threat
To Vice President Gore
Oh Santa won't be knockin' on my door
'Cause he's a big fat whore
What made me say that!?

Chutes and Ladders
Would be so good indeed
So why's I have to sell
That cop a bag of weed

So Santa please give me
My Easy Bake Oven
I swear I thought Billy goats
Were made for lovin'

So Santa won't you
Accept my appologies
Santa can't you see
I'm beggin' you please
Oh Santa, next year
I'll do you right
Live from New York
It's Saturday Night

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