

Bob Rivers**"I'm Dressin' Up Like Santa"**

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I'm Dressin' Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
As soon as I can get out on parole
I'll hang out on your street
Your kids I'd love to meet
As soon as I get out of this rat hole

And I won't mind just sliding down your chimney
Cause I just spent fifteen years a-shovelin' coal
I'm Dressin' Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
As soon as I can get out on parole

I'm anxious to get out among the living
And I'm makin' up a list of those to see
Duded up in red and white
Instead of these old stripes
Just think of how surprised they're gonna be

The old home town will sure be glad to see me
Cause by now it slipped their minds how much I stole
And I'm Dressin' Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
As soon as I can get out on parole

I'm careful to be on my best behavior
Cause the warden's watching every thing I do
Thank God he didn't see
That fight in cell block 3
Or I'd be stuck here till I'm 92
Just a few more questions from that nice committee
Then through those rusty gates I'll proudly stroll
And I'm Dressin' Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
As soon as I can get out on parole

Just as soon as I can get out on parole

I'm Home!

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