

## **Buchanan & Goodman "Santa & The Satellite"**

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Here is a news bulletin  
Santa Claus has been kidnapped  
By spacemen from a flying saucer  
Which landed at the North pole

Be on the lookout for Santa Claus  
Last seen wearing

(Black slacks, black slacks)

We take you now to the White House  
For an interview with the President

Mr. President, Mr. President

(I hear you knocking  
But you can't come in)

Mr. President  
Have you a word on the  
Santa Claus kidnapping

(Woow)

We have just received  
A report from the FBI  
Santa has been taken to a  
Satellite circling the Earth  
We take you now to the satellite

This is John Cameron Cameron  
Downtown Sputnik  
We are here in the Sputnik jail  
With Santa Claus

Wait, what's that sound  
The satellite men are  
Coming this way

(Oh, oh, oh, oh...)

I think the King of Sputnik

Is about to speak

(All I want for Christmas  
Is my two front teeth)

Santa, have you anything to say  
To the satellite men

(Come on and do the  
Jailhouse rock with me  
Let's rock)

Santa (everybody, let's rock)  
Santa, Santa  
I know how you can escape  
Disguised as Elvis Presley

Uh oh, looks  
Like we've been spotted  
We return you now to Earth

We're now at the North Pole  
Where a rocket is being launched  
To catch the satellite  
And rescue Santa

Control tower to rocket  
Prepare to blast off

(Awww, let's go)

Will the rocket be successful  
Will Santa be rescued  
Turn the record over  
And find out

The rocket sent to rescue  
Santa Claus has failed  
With sadness  
The President speaks

(Holy mackerel)

The Secretary of State  
Has this statement

(Our goose is cooked  
Our reputation is shot)

In London at  
A meeting of Parliament

Your Majesty, have you a  
Statement to make on  
This terrible tragedy

(Goodness gracious)

We take you now to Moscow  
We're here with the  
Premier of Russia  
Comrade, the rocket has failed  
What do we do now

(Come back tomorrow  
And try it again)

Here is a report from Tokyo  
This is Radio Tokyo  
The Imperial Government  
Has this message

(Ooh, la la)

Meanwhile, back on the satellite

(Oh, oh, oh, oh...)

This is John Cameron Cameron  
Downtown Sputnik  
The satellite men are closing in  
We can hear them outside saying

(Let me in or else  
I'll beat down your door)

Santa has just escaped  
Through the chimney  
Disguised as Elvis  
We return you now to Earth

If you should look up at  
The sky this Christmas Eve  
And and see a flying saucer  
Pulling eight reindeer  
Chances are, it's Santa Claus

Merry Christmas, Earth people

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