

Gayla Peevey "77 Santas"

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Mommy says there's just one Santa Claus;
that isn't so...
'cause I see Santa Clauses everywhere I go.

Seventy-seven Santas
I counted yesterday.
Thin ones, tall ones, fat ones, small ones
Beards of white and grey.

Seventy-seven Santas
all held me on their knee.
Bet I'll get a lot of sleds
if each brings one to me.

Why did I write the North Pole?
They're right here in town.
I hope our chimney won't get broke
when they all start coming dow-ow-ow-own.

Seventy-seven Santas!
I think it's awful strange,
Mommy says there's only one.

She needs her glasses changed!

Seventy-seven Santas!
Imagine what they'd weigh!
I'll bet you instead of reindeer
elephants pull their sleigh.

Seventy-seven Santas!
How mad my mom'll be
if their boots leave muddy footprints
all around our tree.

Sister will get a dolly,
a blonde I believe,
'cause I heard Santa Claus say he's got him
a blonde doll Christmas Eve.

Seventy-seven Santas!
I pity mom and dad,

'cause when they were kids
one Santa's all they ever had.

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