

## Jon Lajoie "Cold-Blooded Christmas"

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It was late at night on Christmas eve  
I was dreaming of the soft white snow  
I was awoken by a noise near the Christmas tree  
What it was I did not know

It was Santa Clause he was bringing me some gifts  
Unfortunately I did not know that  
So I quietly snuck up behind him  
And I shot him five times in the back

It went Pow pow pow pow pow  
He said "what the fuck ow ow ow"  
Then I shot him three more times in the head  
Pieces of his brain flew out and he was dead

That's when I noticed his blood-soaked beard  
And his red suit filled with bullet holes  
I said "oh my god I killed santa clause  
I'm not going to jail for this asshole"

So I went to my she'd and I got my saw  
And I started to choppipty chop chop  
I started with his arms then his legs then his head  
And then the torso was a really long job

And the blood went spurt spurt spurt  
It was really hard work work work  
It was hard cutting through his spine  
I must have vomited sixteen times

I burnt all the pieces in my fireplace  
The smell of burning human flesh filled my nose  
Eleven hours later there was nothing left  
And that's when I heard my telephone

It was Auntie Jean looking for Uncle Bob  
She said "He left the house dressed as Santa Clause  
But he didn't come home last night  
Have you seen him god I hope he's alright"

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