

Toby Keith

"Santa's Going South"

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It's freezin' in Chicago
Snowin' in Toronto,
Manhattan ain't too happy baby
It's pourin' rain in San Francisco

Ain't gonna be no white Christmas
Ain't gonna be no reindeer
Ain't gonna be no sleigh bells ringing
Not around here

I'm packing my tank tops
My board shorts and my flip flops
I take the first class non-stop
Down Mexico way.

Yeah, cause Santa's going south for Christmas
Santa's going south this year, yea yea yea
I said Santa's going south for Christmas (this
Christmas)
And he won't be back 'til summer's here.

I'm talkin' 'bout jet-skis,
Margaritas and palm trees
Now get me out of this deep freeze
I need eighty five degrees

Yeah, I'm packing my tank tops
My board shorts and my flippity flops
I take the first class non-stop
Down Mexico way.

Yeah, Santa's going south for Christmas
Santa's going south this year, yea yea yea
I said Santa's going south for Christmas (this
Christmas)
And he won't be back 'til summer's here.

Now Santa's gettin old, I can't take this much cold
(Brrrr!)

I'm packing my old guitar

My board shorts and my good cigar
First class like a rockstar
Down Mexico way.

Yeah, now Santa's going south for Christmas
I said Santa's going south this year, yea yea yea
Santa's going south for Christmas (this Christmas)
And I won't be back 'til summer's here.
I'm tellin' you what
I said I ain't comin' back 'til summer's here, baby
I said I ain't comin' back 'til summer's here.

Merry Christmas everybody!
Feliz Navidad!

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