

Weird Al Yankovic "The Night Santa Went Crazy"

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Down in the workshop all the elves were making toys
For the good Gentile girls and the good Gentile boys
When the boss busted in, nearly scared 'em half to
death
Had a rifle in his hands and cheap whiskey on his
breath
From his beard to his boots he was covered with ammo
Like a big fat drunk disgruntled Yuletide Rambo
And he smiled as he said with a twinkle in his eye
"Merry Christmas to all - now you're all gonna die!"

The night Santa went crazy
The night Saint Nick went insane
Realized he'd been getting the raw deal
Somethin' finally must've snapped in his brain

Well, the workshop is gone now, he decided to bomb it
Everywhere you'll find pieces of Cupid and Comet
And he tied up his helpers, and he held the elves
hostage
And he ground up poor Rudolph into reindeer sausage
He got Dancer and Prancer with an old German Luger
And he slashed up Dasher just like Freddy Krueger
And he picked up a flamethrower and he barbecued
Blitzen
And he took a big bite and said "It tastes just like
chicken!"

The night Santa went crazy
The night Kris Kringle went nuts
Now, you can't hardly walk around the North Pole
Without steppin' in reindeer guts

There's the National Guard and the FBI
There's a van from the Eyewitness News
And helicopters circling 'round in the sky
And the bullets are flying the body count's rising
And everyone's dying to know - "Oh Santa, why?"
My, my, my, my, my, my - you used to be such a jolly
guy.

Yes, Virginia, now Santa's doing time

In a Federal prison for his infamous crime
Hey little friend now, don't you cry no more tears
He'll be out with good behavior in seven hundred more
years.

(Alternate verse used in concert)
Yes, Virginia, now Santa Claus is dead
A guy from the SWAT team blew a hole through his
head
Yes, little friend, that's his brains on the floor
Guess you won't have the fat guy to kick around
anymore.

But now Vixen's in therapy and Donner's still nervous
And the elves all got jobs working for the postal service
And they say Mrs. Claus she's on the phone every night
With a lawyer negotiating the movie rights.
(They talk about)

The night Santa went crazy
The night Saint Nicholas flipped
Broke his back for some milk and cookies
Sounds to me like he was tired of getting gypped

Wo, The night Santa went crazy
The night Saint Nick went insane
Realized he'd been gettin' the raw deal
Somethin' finally must've snapped in his brain
Wo, Somethin' finally must've snapped in his brain
Tell ya, somethin' finally must've snapped in his brain.

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