

Bobby Yarsulik**"Secret Santa"**

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He waits until you're asleep
but soon you wont make a peep
you dream sugar plums in your head
once the clock has rang you're dead

Ho, Ho, you're dead...
It's the secret santa, and he knows when you're in bed
Ho, Ho, you won't know...
When the secret santa comes and the blood is red as
snow

He puts the goods by the tree
He knows where you want them to be
He uses candlelight
No need to give you a fright

Ho, Ho, you're dead...
It's the secret santa, and he knows when you're in bed
Ho, Ho, you won't know...
When the secret santa comes and the blood is red as
snow

He knows when you are sleeping
He knows when you are awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
But it's your life that he will take

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