

Patent Ochsner

"She's A Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas"

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She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She's a Ho, Ho, Happy New Year.
She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She'll be spreading all the Christmas cheer, again, this year.

Ever since her grandma got run over by a reindeer,
She's been running low on Christmas cheer.
With a bottle in her hands and with her legs around a man,
Is how she's probably spending Christmas this year.

And now it's jingle all the way to the bed sheets, baby,
In these cold winter nights that could drive a girl crazy.
'Tis the season again, but she's been giving it all away.

She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She's a Ho, Ho, Happy New Year.
She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She'll be spreading all the Christmas cheer, again, this year.

There's no shopping, just bar hopping.
It's her reason for the season.
She's been stalking Santa Clause from the mall.
She's got a plan for every man.
She wants them all to understand that she won't stop until she gift wraps them all.

Well was there mistletoe? (Hell no!)
Blame it on the alcohol.
Hit the lights. (Let's go!)
Now it's time to deck the halls.
It's Christmas time, there's magic in the air.
But she don't care!

And now it's jingle all the way to the bed sheets, baby,
In these cold winter nights that could drive a girl crazy.
'Tis the season again, but she's been giving it all way.

She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.

She's a Ho, Ho, Happy New Year.
She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She'll be spreading all the Christmas cheer.
She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas. (She's a hoe-oh-oh)
She's a Ho, Ho, Happy New Year. (She's a hoe-oh-oh)
She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas.
She'll be spreading all the Christmas cheer, again, this year.

She says, "It's cold outside, but it's warm in the bed.
And why go sleigh riding when I can ride instead?"
I bet the eggnog's going to her head, for sure. (She tipsy!) (Fo sho, fo sho)

Shimmy on the rooftop, Old Saint Nick.
Dirty pictures in the bedroom, click, click click.
No, I don't think that's what mistletoe is for. (Nuh-uh, Nuh-uh)
She looks up to Santa with eyes so bright and she says,
"Won't you ride my sleigh tonight?"
'Cause she's a hoe-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.
She's a hoe-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.

Jingle all the way to the bed sheets, baby,
In these cold winter nights that could drive a girl crazy.
'Tis the season again, but she's been giving it all away.

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She's a Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas. (She's a hoe-oh-oh)
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