

## Yankovic Weird Al

### "The Night Santa Went Crazy"

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Down in the workshop all the elves were makin' 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 disgrunted 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 St. Nick went insane  
Realized he'd been gettin' a raw deal  
Something finally must have 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 Freddie Krueger  
And he picked up a flamethrower and he barbequed  
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 hardly walk around the North Pole  
Without steppin' in reindeer guts  
There's the National Guard and the F.B.I.  
There's a van from the Eyewitness News  
and helicopters circlin' 'round in the sky  
And the bullets are flyin', the body count's risin'  
and everyone's dyin' 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 700 more years  
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 her lawyer negotiating the movie rights  
[The "Amish Paradise" CD single contains "The Night  
Santa Went Crazy  
(extra gory version)" which substitutes the following  
verse for the  
above verse.]

Yes Virginia, now Santa Claus is dead  
Some guy from the S.W.A.T. Team blew a hole through  
his head

Yes, little friend, now, that's his brains on the floor  
I guess they won't have the fat guy to kick around  
anymore

But now there's no more presents for the children's  
enjoyment

And the elves gotta stand in line and file for  
unemployment

And they say Mrs. Claus, she's on the phone every  
night

With her lawyer negotiating the movie rights

They're talkin' bout - the night Santa went crazy

The night St. Nicholas flipped

Broke his back for some milk and cookies

Sounds to me like he was tired of gettin' gypped

Wo, the night Santa went crazy

The night St. Nick went insane

Realized he'd been gettin' a raw deal

Something finally must have snapped in his brain

Wo, something finally must have snapped in his brain

Tell ya, something finally must have snapped... in his  
brain.

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