Killers, The "Don't Shoot Me Santa"

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Brandon: Oh Santa I've been waiting on you

Santa: That's funny kid

Because

I've been coming for you

Brandon: Oh Santa

I've been killing just for fun

Santa: Well the party's over kid

Because I

Because I got a bullet in my gun

Brandon: A bullet in your what?

Santa's got a bullet in his gun You know it Santa's got a bullet in his gun

Don't shoot me Santa Claus
I've been a clean living boy
I promise you
Did every little thing you asked me to
And I can't believe the things
I'm going through

Don't shoot me Santa Claus When no one else around Believes me When the children on the block They tease me And I couldn't let 'em off That easy

O Santa It's been a real hard year Year

Santa: There just ain't no getting around this

Life is hard

But look at me I turned out all right

Brandon: Hey Santa Why don't we talk about it Work it out

Santa: Believe me
This ain't what I wanted
I love all you kids
You know that
Hell, I remember when
You were just ten years old
Playing out there in the desert
Just waiting for a sip of that
Sweet Mojave rain

Brandon: In the sweet Mojave rain The boy was on his own...

Don't shoot me Santa Claus
I've been a clean living boy
I promise you
Did every little thing you asked me to
And I can't believe the things
I'm going through

Hey Santa Claus
When no one else around believes me
When the children on the block
They tease me
And I couldn't let 'em off
That easy

Yeah they're coming
So why can't you see
I couldn't turn my cheek no longer
The sun is going down
And Christmas is near
Just look the other way
And I'll disappear forever

Don't shoot me Santa Claus When no one else around believes me When the children on the street They tease me I couldn't let 'em off that easy

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