My Old Dad Is Santa

Now here's a little story of a man that I hold dear In fact he is my hero as he works one day a year Most people have their day jobs which gives them quite a sum A guy don't need to earn much 'cos he lives with dear old mum

Oh [G]my old man is Santa he wears a Santa's [D7]hat He wears red baggy trousers and he lives in a North Pole [G]flat

He looks a proper na-na in his [G7]great big rubber [C]boots With his [D7]big fat gut and long white beard he looks a proper [G]hoot

Some folk leave treats at Christmas but Dad and his rein[D7]deer Most kindness milk and cookies but all he wants is [G]beer It's not that he's a drunkard but a [G7]stand I do im[C]plore That [D7]he's not used to working the other three hundred and sixty [G]four

Oh [G]my old man is Santa he wears a Santa's [D7]hat He wears red baggy trousers and he lives in a North Pole [G]flat

My [G]Dad commands the reindeer to guide his sleigh at [D7]night Land quietly on rooftops without giving kids a [G]fright He sneaks on down the chimney to de[G7]liver Christmas [C]toys That were [D7]crafted by his helper elves for all the girls and [G]boys

Oh [G]my old man is Santa he wears a Santa's [D7]hat He wears red baggy trousers and he lives in a North Pole [G]flat

Now [G]Kathy wants a washboard, Stan a tea-chest [D7]bass A guitar for our Andy, now everything's in [G]place They'll form their skiffle band now, start [G7]practicing Christmas [C]Day Sings [D7]songs by hero Lonnie and they'll be on their [G]way

Chorus

[G]They play Bring a Little Water Sylvie and Big Grand Coolie [D7]Dam Whilst mum cooks Christmas pudding and roasts a leg of [G]lamb She's cooking to the beat now of the [G7]Old Rock Island [C]Line Some [D7]sage and onion stuffing whilst drinking down her [G]wine

Oh [G]my old man is Santa he wears a Santa's [D7]hat He wears red baggy trousers and he lives in a North Pole [G]flat Next time you see a fat guy [G7]dipping into your [C]bag Don't [D7]kick him in the goolies 'cos it might.. be.. my.. old.. [G]dad