

Jimmy Buffett, Ho, Ho, Ho, And A Bottle Of Rum

Santa's stressed out as the holiday season draws near
He's been doing the same job now going on two thousand years
He's got pains in his brain and chimney scars cover his buns
He hates to admit it, but Xmas is more work than fun

He needs a vacation from bad decorations and snow
Mr. Claus has a has escape plans, a secret that only he knows
Beaches and palm trees appear night and day in his dreams
A break from his wife, half-frozen in life
The elves and that damn reindeer team

Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum
Santa's run off to the Caribbean
He thinks about boat drinks and fun in the sun]
Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum

Plastic creations and crass exploitations aren't good
He wants to go back to simple toys made out of wood
Just for the weekend he's like to be Peter Pan
Get out of his long johns and dance with a sword in the sand

Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum
Snata's off to the Caribbean
Marimbas, calimbas, he's playing steel drums
Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum

Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum
Santa's off to the Caribbean
A week in the tropics and he'll be alright
Sporting a tan as he rides out of sight

Merry Christmas to all and to all good night