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SANTACON FAQ

What is Santacon?

Santacon is your opportunity to be Santa!

- You **MUST** dress like Santa (or elf/tree/Menorah/chicken)
- You **SHOULD** ho-ho-ho like Santa,
- You **OUGHT TO** give out gifts like Santa
- *and (of course) YA GOTTA* drink like Santa.

Is this some kind of political statement?

- No. It's fun. Remember fun?

Who's in charge?

- SANTA.

SANTA'S RULES:

- Santa doesn't talk to the press. "Ho-ho-ho" is good. "Publicity ho" is lame.
- Santa doesn't get arrested.
- Please remember the **FOUR FUCKS**:
 1. Don't fuck with kids.
 2. Don't fuck with cops.
 3. Don't fuck with security.
 4. Don't fuck *with* Santa.
(*yeah, it's okay to fuck Santa*)



YOU BETTER WATCH OUT

You better watch out
 You better watch out
 You better watch out
 You better watch out
 (repeat)

YOUR COSTUME IS SHAMEFUL

(tune: O Come All Ye Faithful)

Your costume is shameful.
 It's just a santa ha-at.
 No suit nor belt nor boo-oo-oots,
 not e-ven a beard!

Couldn't you ma-ake
 the least amount of e-effort?

If you can't wear re-ed,
 fuck off and drop dea-ed!
 Just go back to bed and
 get drunk all alone!



Top Ten Santa Pick-Up Lines

1. Hey babe, when was the last time you did it in a sleigh?
2. Wanna see my 12-inch elf?
3. I've got something special in the sack for you!
4. Ever make it with a fat guy with a whip?
5. I know when you've been bad or good - so let's skip the small talk, sister!
6. Some of my best toys run on batteries... (wink, wink)
7. Interested in seeing the "North Pole"? (Well, that's what the Mrs. calls it ...)
8. I see you when you're sleeping - and you don't wear any underwear, do you?
9. Screw the "nice" list--I've got you on my "naughty" list!
10. Wanna join the "Mile High" club?

Top Ten Elf Pickup Lines

1. I'm down here.
2. Just because I've got bells on my shoes doesn't mean I'm a sissy.
3. I was once a lawn ornament for John Bon Jovi.
4. I can get you off the naughty list.
5. I have certain needs that can't be satisfied by working on toys.
6. I'm a magical being. Take off your bra.
7. No, no. I don't bake cookies. You're thinking of those dorks over at Keebler.
8. I get a thimbleful of tequila in me and I turn into a wild man.
9. You'd look great in a Raggedy Ann wig.
10. I can eat my weight in cocktail wieners

WAL-MART YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

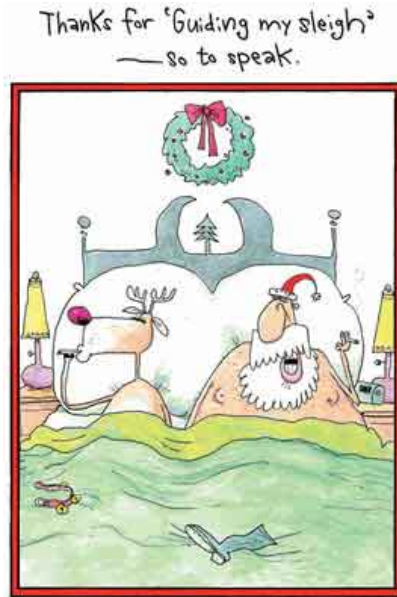
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Best Buys we bring
to your Burger King!
We Pet Mart a merry Christmas and a
K-Mart New Year!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Target to you
Wherever you go!
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas
And a K-mart New Year!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!
And a K-Mart New Year!!!



WHEEZY THE SNOWMAN

Wheezy the snowman
Dealt in Christmas-wrapped cocaine
But his frequent test of his very best
Left him scrambled in the brain

Wheezy the snowman
Was a stumbling mumbling nerd.
Though he'd pause to joke as he dosed with coke,
All his words were badly slurred.

There must have been some poison in
The latest batch he tried
For once he'd sniffed a king size whiff,
He fell right down and died.

Wheezy the snowman
Lies in a funeral home repose,
And the addicts say as they pass that way
"Wheezy came and Wheezy goes"



CANNABIS IS COMING TO TOWN

Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town
He's rolling a joint, licking it twice
Gotta make sure those Zig Zags look nice
Cannabis is coming to town
He knows when you've been stealing,
Crashing or awake.
He knows when you've been eating Reds,
So stop for goodness sake!
Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town
Potheads out in the Valley,
Will have a big Or-gy
While Mom & Dad are shooting up,
behind the Christmas Tree
(Ho Ho Ho)
Oh you better freak out
You better not drive
You better freak out
I'm telling you why
Cannabis is coming to town!



"Try rolling on the ground! Roll around on the ground!"

FAVORITE THINGS

Halogen uprights and big-muscled fellas
Pink puffy draperies and drinks with umbrellas
Brown Puerto Rican boys tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things
Penthouse magazine and silicone breasts
Girls dressed in leather with tattoos on their chests
Blonde lesbo orgies, a quick mid-day fling,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When the whip cracks (oww)
When the cane stings (ooo)
When I'm feeling bad
I just think of a few of my favorite things,
And then I get hard...for Dad.

FROSTY THE COKEHEAD

Frosty the cokehead was a crazed neurotic soul,
With a big glass pipe and a vial of crack,
And no sense of self control.
There must have been some poison in that last dime bag he got,
For when he took his first big hit he dropped dead on the spot.
Frosty the cokehead doesn't worry anymore,
Cuz when all is said, and you're cold and dead,
Then you never have to score.

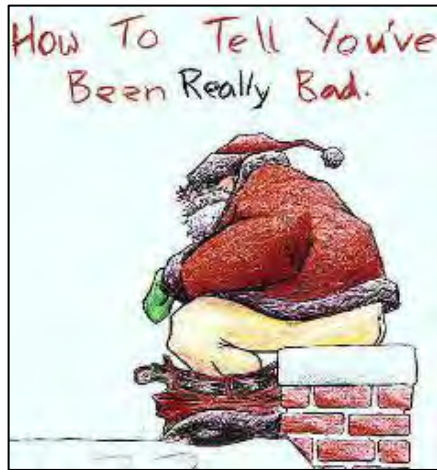
HARD AND DEEP

(to the tune of Silent Night)

Hard and deep
Hard and deep
Pound and slam
Like a freak

Round you virgin
Tight as a drum
Play her instrument
Til the girl cums

Christ I think I may splo__oge
Please lap up all of my juice



HO HO HO (To the tune of Get Low by Flow Rida)

Santa got those red velvet jeans
Boots with the Fur
All the sexy reindeer up in my herd
Toys Hit The Floor
Next thing ya know Santa says
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

I got that big belly sway
Hydraulics on my sleigh
My horn of plenty is full of Tanqueray
Toys Hit the floor
Next thing ya know Santa goes
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

----->



WALKIN' ROUND IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

(tune of "Walkin' In A Winter Wonderland")

Lacy things -- the wife is missin',
Didn't ask -- her permission,
I'm wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the store -- there's a teddy,
Little straps -- like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight,
Like handcuffs at night,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown.
He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa, Man!"
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"

Later on, if you wanna,
We can dress -- like Madonna,
Put on some eyeshade,
And join the parade,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!

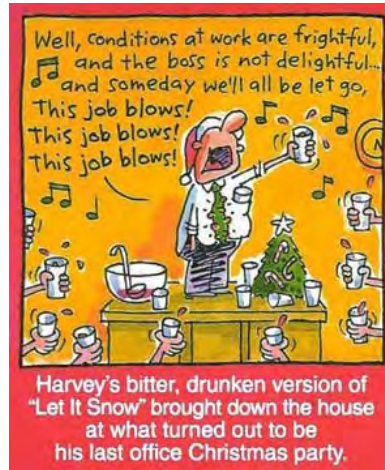
Lacy things... missin',
Didn't ask... permission,
Wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,

Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,



SUCK MY BALLS (To tune of "Deck The Halls")

Suck My Balls & Lick My Asshole
Fa La La La- La La La La
Spread My Thighs it's not a hassle
Fa La La La- La La La La
Don we now our Rubber Strap On
Fa La La La- La La La La
Take it hard, but please don't crap on-
Fa La La La- La La La La
Strike The Slave & Be The Master
Fa La La La- La La La La
Snort Some blow you'll fuck her faster
Fa La La La- La La La La
Leather, Whips & Gay Apparel
Fa La La La- La La La La
As we sing This Yuletide Carol
Fa La La La- La La La La



TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS (Lyrics by Peter Doty)

On the first day home for Christmas, my mother said to me:

1. You haven't got a decent thing to wear.
2. You've put on some weight.
3. You should get a job.
4. Visit your Aunt Rosie.
5. Still no girlfriend?
6. What's that in your suitcase?
7. You smoke marijuana.
8. Esther has two children.
9. Are you still on food stamps?
10. Herbie's getting married.
11. Your life is a disaster.
12. Both of us still love you.

THE TWELVE DRUGS OF CHRISTMAS (Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

On the first day of Christmas, my dealer gave to me:

- A Tab of Yellow Sunshine LSD
- 2 Hundred Reds
- 3 Pounds of Grass
- 4 Grams of Hash
- 5 Valiums
- 6 Joints of Smoking
- 7 Whites a-Buzzing
- 8 Spoons of Snorting
- 9 Caps of dropping
- 10 Peyote Buttons
- 11 Magic Mushrooms
- 12 Pints a-dripping

[Rap]

This Holiday will make ya go
Shoppin all night and spending your dough
Buying gift cards, oh no Rudolph he just puked in the snow!
We are all sexual, flexible, Santa's a professional at
Drinking eggnog and Hennessy XO!

[Chorus]

Santa got those red velvet jeans
Boots with the Fur
Sexy ass reindeer up in my herd
Toys Hit The Floor
Next thing ya know Santa says
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

I got that big belly sway
Hydraulics on my sleigh
Horn of plenty half full of Tanqueray
Toys Hit the floor
Next thing ya know Santa goes
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho



**Don't worry about it...
A lot of people don't like kids.**

JUST ANOTHER SANTA RAMPAGE (tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Drunken Santas, will be reelin. No pain will they be feelin!
Red suits will be stained, from the booze that they've drained.
Just another Santa Rampage!!

You can tell, they've been drinking,
Pretty soon, they'll be stinkin
Drunk as a mule, with a beard full of drool
Just another Santa Rampage!!

Have you ever seen this many Santas?
Stumblin and a' lookin like a fool?
Don't you wish that you could be a Santa?
Smokin and a' drinkin, being cool?

Why we're out here, is Just Because!
We are rebels, with a Claus.
So grab a suit and beard.
Come on and get weird
Join us on a Santa Rampage!!



LET IT FLOW (tune of "Let It Snow")

The weather outside is frightful, but the beer inside's delightful.
And since we've no place to go,
Let it Flow, Let it Flow, Let it Flow!

Oh we show no signs of stopping, and now we're really hopping.
And the lights are turned way down low.
Let it Flow, Let it Flow. Let it Flow!!

When we finally drink it dry, how we hate going back to the store.
Maybe we'll just get high, and all fall asleep on the floor!!
Oh the party is slowly dying.
And our friends have all stopped buying.
Now my bladder really wants to know.
Where to go, Where to go, Where to go???

LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW

Well the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
George W. scored us an eightball
And we're feelin' 50 feet tall
Still higher we wanna go
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
(Melody changes)
When we finally lick the mirror
We can really start chuggin' the beer
And when we tap out the keg
We will start gnawing your leg
Yes the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.



Dear Santa,
Please send me
a baby brother.
Thank You!
Timmy



RUDY THE RED-NOSED RAVER

Rudy the red-nosed raver
Had a very shiny nose (LIKE AN ACOLYTE!)
And if you ever saw it
You would even say it glows (LIKE A GLOWSTICK!)

All of the other ravers
Used to laugh and call him names (LIKE A GOTH KID!)
They never let poor Rudy
Join in any raver games (LIKE A HAND MASSAGE!)

Then one foggy new rave's eve
A promoter came to say
Rudy with your nose so bright
Won't you spin my rave tonight?

Then all the ravers loved him
And they shouted out in glee (LIKE PLUR!)
Rudy the red-nosed raver
You'll go down in history (LIKE PAUL OAKENFOLD!)

SANTA IS INVADING YOUR TOWN

You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town
He sees you when you're naked
And when you're smoking pot
And when you're masturbating
Ev'n when you cop a squat,
so:
You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town

