

# Jet, Back Door Santa

They call me back door Santa,  
I make my runs about the break of day,  
They call me back door Santa,  
I make my runs about the break of day.  
I make all the little girls happy,  
While the boys are out to play.

Well I ain't like old Saint Nick,  
He don't come but once a year  
Well I ain't like old Saint Nick,  
He don't come but once a year.  
I come runnin' with my presents,  
Every time you call me dear.

I keep some change in my pocket,  
To chase the children who are home  
I give 'em a few pennies,  
So we can be alone.  
I leave the back door open,  
So in case anyone smells a mouse.  
Won't Santa's be in trouble,  
If there ain't no chimney in the house.

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While the boys are out to play.