

Jimmy Buffett, Ho Ho Ho & A Bottle Of Rhum

(lyrics by jimmy buffett & ross kunkel-
Music by jimmy buffett roger guth & peter mayer)
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 christmas is more work than fun
He needs a vacation from bad decorations and snow
Mr. claus 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, his half frozen 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'd like to be peter pan
Get out his long johns and dance with a sword in the sand

Chorus:
Ho ho ho and a bottle of rum
Santa's run off to the caribbean
Marimbas, calimbas, he's playing steel drums
Ho ho ho and a bottle of rum

(bridge)

Chorus:
Ho ho ho and a bottle of rum
Santa's run 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 run off to the caribbean
A week in the tropics and he'll be all right
Sporting a tan as he rides out of sight

(over the drums)
Merry christmas to all and to all a good night