

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