

Squirrel Nut Zippers, Indian Giver

Well, I've got a friend
Who lives across town
Every year when Christmas rolls around
He gives me my Christmas presents in a paper sack
Two hours later he wants it back
He's an Indian Giver!
I ran to my momma I was hollerin' and crying
She sent me to my poppa and I ain't lying
He gave me some advice,
It sounded all right
But you know that he took it back later that night
He's an Indian Giver!
Gonna write Santy Claus a valentine
Please Santy Claus won't you be mine?
When you bring around the presents in a 'leven foot sack
Please Mr. Santy don't take 'em back!
Don't be no Indian Giver!
Jim: Santa, is it really you?
Santa: Why, yes
Jim: I've been waiting for you all night, and look at all these presents! Are they for me, Santa?
Santa: HO HO hooold on a minute now boy. I done check my list twice and you don't get no presents!
Jim: What list? Don't tell me you're takin' them back!
Santa: How 'bout this nice lump of coal?
Jim: Don't tell me you're an indian giver!
Jim: (cries)
Santa: HO HO HO
Jim: Not Santa