

# 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