

Timedivers, Dark Santa

Down your chimney, across your room,
Santa Claus is coming tonight.
Don't breathe a word to anyone
about your magic carpet flight.

Darkened windows tell no tales.
Close the doors and shutters tight.
Are there presents, are there gifts?
Not if you turn on the light.

When you're barely pushing 8,
every day is Xmas Day.

As soft as whispers on your ears,
as dark as shadows round your eyes,
Santa doesn't want your tears,
Santa doesn't want your lies

When you're very nearly 8,
every day is Xmas Day.

When you're very nearly 8,
every day is Xmas Day et seq.