

Tripod, Santa's Papers

Go to sleep my little daughter
Brush your teeth and go to bed
Got a great big day tomorrow
rest your weary head
It's that time of year
Christmas Day is here
but as for Santa and whether he'll appear

when you get a little older
you might understand
that some things are complicated
right out of our hands
Christmas may be here
but lets get one thing clear
You cant just fly across our borders
with your sled and your reindeer

Santa wont be welcome here

until he pledges allegiance to our flag
Before we let him in the door
A full body commitment to the values of Australia
is what were looking for

These are troubled time we live
you just want to be sure
That you're clear on his intentions
and what he's coming for
Until we've got him sussed
he can earn our trust
but with that beard and that head covering
Is he really one of us?

Santa wont be welcome here

Until he dresses the way we all dress
We must protect you little one
So we will decide who gets to come into this country
and the manner in which they come

Santa wont be welcome here

This is a matter for the grown-ups to decide
I can see you think it's wrong
But till we've checked his application
He can spend the holiday on Christmas Island
Till we can move him on Christmas Island
To a processing Center on Nauru
Where he belongs.