## Jimmy Buffett, Ho, Ho, Ho, And A Bottle Of Rum

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 Xmas is more work than fun

He needs a vacation from bad decorations and snow Mr. Claus has a 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, half-frozen in 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 rhum

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's like to be Peter Pan Get out of his long johns and dance with a sword in the sand

Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rhum Snata's off to the Caribbean Marimbas, calimbas, he's playing steel drums Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rhum

Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rhum Santa's off to the Caribbean A week in the tropics and he'll be alright Sporting a tan as he rides out of sight

Merry Christmas to all and to all good night