

# Spinal Tap, Christmas With The Devil

The elves are dressed in leather  
And the angels are in chains  
(Christmas with the Devil)

The sugar plums are rancid  
And the stockings are in flames  
(Christmas with the Devil)

There's a demon in my belly  
And a gremlin in my brain  
There's someone up the chimney hole  
And Satan is his name

The rats ate all the presents  
And the reindeer ran away  
(Christmas with the Devil)

There'll be no Father Christmas  
'Cause it's Evils holiday  
(Christmas with the Devil)

No bells in Hell  
No snow below-  
Silent Night, Violent Night

So come all ye unfaithful  
Don't be left out in the cold  
You don't need no invitation, no...  
Your ticket is your soul