

The Maine, Santa Stole My Girlfriend

Just whenever? Yeah yeah, alright alright
It's Christmas day and I'm alone again
She's with him now, I'm with my loneliness
She ran away, four months ago
Left with his sleigh, for the north pole
Please come back home and leave that fat man alone
Santa, you bitch
Didn't get a damn thing from my Christmas list
All I got was this broken heart and that's it
Santa, you bitch
Oh, there's only one thing that I truly wish
I wish my old girl would've never kissed Saint Nick
Would've never kissed Saint Nick
I saw them dancing under mistletoe
Thought it was nothing but I guess I didn't know
(I guess I didn't know)
That there was something going on with them
Santa, you player, I thought we were friends
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