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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