

They Might Be Giants, Santa's Beard

Once a year my friend puts on a red suit
And hangs around with me and my wife
Now I can't help but feeling jealous each time she climbs on his knee
And she stands beneath the mistletoe screaming
For him to stand beneath the mistletoe screaming
Now I can't help but feeling jealous each time she climbs on his knee
Why must she climb on his knee?

I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
She kissed him once and whispered in his ear
I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
I wish he would go
He's breaking up my home

She always had this twisted side to her*
But she'd never drag my name around town
But lately she's been humming cheating songs
And I don't like that fat guy around
No, I don't like that fat guy around

I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
She kissed him once and whispered in his ear
I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
I wish he would go
He's breaking up my home

I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
Thrilling Christmas, trembling fear
I saw my baby wearing Santa's beard
I wish he would go
He's breaking up my home