

Dear Mr. Santa

Dear Mr. Santa, I am writing this to you
And I hope that you will read it so you'll see
I hate to be a nuisance, but I'm feeling rather blue since
I began to reach the age of puberty
Oh Santa please don't get me wrong, but how I long
For something special 'neath my tree

Oh how I crave no girl like a real showgirl
Mr. Santa take my order please
I've had my fill of choo-choos and G.I. Joes
I want a pair of sexy legs in panty hose
I want some candy kisses from a real Mrs.
Santa I've been good as good can be
So won't you grant my wish and bring my favorite Christmas dish
I want a real live lady underneath my tree

I want a real live lady underneath my tree
I said a real live lady, seductive dark and shady
A sexy little female, who can make me glad to be male
A tramp or scamp is game sir, As long as she's a dame sir
Oh Santa I'm not fussy, she can even be a hussy

One more time
I said a real live lady underneath my tree

"Thank you Santa"