

I FARTED ON SANTA'S LAP

Mom made beans for dinner, You know I ate 'em all
She said come get your coat on, We're going to the mall

Your gonna visit Santa , And sit upon his knee
But all that I could think about, Was how not to cut the cheese

Waiting there for Santa , I thought that I'd explode
That gas bubble grew bigger, With every Ho Ho Ho

I tried my best to hide it, I thought I was doing swell
But when I sat on Santa's lap, He hollered" What's that smell?"

I farted on Santa's lap, Now Christmas is gonna stink for me.
I farted on Santa's lap, Now I'll get PLHTT under my Christmas tree.

I asked him for a Baseball, I asked him for a bat
I asked him for some Ice skates, But I'll get none of that.
I asked him for a lot of things; I'll have to do without.
Because when I sat down on Santa's lap, I let one slip out.

I farted on Santa's lap, Now Christmas is gonna stink for me.
I farted on Santa's lap, Now I'll get PLHTT under my Christmas tree.

On Christmas eve I snuck out of my bed without a sound,
And went down to the Living room, just to look around.
Just then that I saw Santa, next to the Christmas tree.
His arms all full of presents, And they we're all for me!
He put them in a pile, Got up and turned around
Then blew a fart with such big force, our tree almost came down
And so I'll always cherish that special moment when,
I relished even old saint nick, rips one now and then.

I farted on Santa's lap, and Christmas didn't stink for me.
I farted on Santa's lap, and Santa left one on my Christmas tree.