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Santa Bloody Claus

That time of the year is almost on us when department stores will cheat and con us
And try to steal our money from us, it's Christmas time in Oz
And who's that fat old jolly bloke with the long white beard and big red cloak
Who'll do his best to send us broke – it's Santa Bloody Claus!

Chorus:

Who's going to send us destitute? Santa, Santa
It's not John Howard in a funny suit, it's Santa Bloody Claus

Who's the kind old caring chap who takes screaming kids upon his lap
And promises the little brats presents to pacify them
He's a generous soul is old St. Nick, though not too good at arithmetic
But he doesn't care the selfish old prick, he doesn't have to buy 'em

Chorus:

Who makes us eat and drink and over-indulge?
"Til our eyes pop and our stomachs bulge? It's Santa Bloody Claus

So when you hear the sound of a reindeer's hoof as it lands and craps upon your roof
If your chimney isn't Santa-proof, you'd better run because
If you don't then before you know you'll be up to your arse in mistletoe
And then you'll hear "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! – it's Santa Bloody Claus

Chorus:

Who make us bankrupt ourselves? Santa, Santa
Sod him, his reindeer and his elves, Santa Bloody Claus

Coda:

Who's as welcome as a dose of syph?
Who goes down like a fart in a crowded lift?
Who's the man we'd most like to lynch?
Apart from Mike Munro or Derren Hinch
With more front than Myers, or John Laws?
It's that old bastard Santa Claus!