

## Sod Santa

By David Lindsay

'He's chubby and wise  
And how his eyes glisten'  
But... Sod Santa, I say  
Not that anyone listens

His damn sleigh is a nuisance  
With high whistles and bells,  
The lights and the fog horn  
And wet reindeer smells

The noise, the commotion  
The hurry, the fuss  
The shouting and cursing  
As he flies down to dusk

And I don't need the sound  
of the hooves on my roof  
Nor the turds that they drop;  
You know it's the truth

I won't be leaving mince pies,  
Carrots or brandy  
They're safe in my cupboard  
With the snowballs and shandy

The mess that he makes  
As he brings in the soot  
I'd rather not dust  
- Let the vacuum stay put

My chimney is blocked,  
So spare his fat arse  
Give Royal Mail some business  
And send it First Class

You might think that I'm moody  
And call me a Scrooge  
But I don't like his beard  
Or his suit of bold rouge

So, don't send him to my house  
Bearing your gift  
Just bring your good self  
That'll give me a lift

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