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## SANTACON FAQ

### What is Santacon?

Santacon is your opportunity to be Santa!

- You **MUST** dress like Santa (or elf/tree/Menorah/chicken)
- You **SHOULD** ho-ho-ho like Santa,
- You **OUGHT TO** give out gifts like Santa
- *and (of course) YA GOTTA* drink like Santa.

### Is this some kind of political statement?

- No. It's fun. Remember fun?

### Who's in charge?

- SANTA.

## SANTA'S RULES:

- Santa doesn't talk to the press. "Ho-ho-ho" is good. "Publicity ho" is lame.
- Santa doesn't get arrested.
- Please remember the **FOUR FUCKS**:
  1. Don't fuck with kids.
  2. Don't fuck with cops.
  3. Don't fuck with security.
  4. Don't fuck *with* Santa.  
(*yeah, it's okay to fuck Santa*)



## YOU BETTER WATCH OUT

You better watch out  
 You better watch out  
 You better watch out  
 You better watch out  
 (repeat)

## YOUR COSTUME IS SHAMEFUL

(tune: O Come All Ye Faithful)

Your costume is shameful.  
 It's just a santa ha-at.  
 No suit nor belt nor boo-oo-oots,  
 not e-ven a beard!

Couldn't you ma-ake  
 the least amount of e-effort?

If you can't wear re-ed,  
 fuck off and drop dea-ed!  
 Just go back to bed and  
 get drunk all alone!



## Top Ten Santa Pick-Up Lines

1. Hey babe, when was the last time you did it in a sleigh?
2. Wanna see my 12-inch elf?
3. I've got something special in the sack for you!
4. Ever make it with a fat guy with a whip?
5. I know when you've been bad or good - so let's skip the small talk, sister!
6. Some of my best toys run on batteries... (wink, wink)
7. Interested in seeing the "North Pole"? (Well, that's what the Mrs. calls it ...)
8. I see you when you're sleeping - and you don't wear any underwear, do you?
9. Screw the "nice" list--I've got you on my "naughty" list!
10. Wanna join the "Mile High" club?

## Top Ten Elf Pickup Lines

1. I'm down here.
2. Just because I've got bells on my shoes doesn't mean I'm a sissy.
3. I was once a lawn ornament for John Bon Jovi.
4. I can get you off the naughty list.
5. I have certain needs that can't be satisfied by working on toys.
6. I'm a magical being. Take off your bra.
7. No, no. I don't bake cookies. You're thinking of those dorks over at Keebler.
8. I get a thimbleful of tequila in me and I turn into a wild man.
9. You'd look great in a Raggedy Ann wig.
10. I can eat my weight in cocktail wieners



## WAL-MART YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

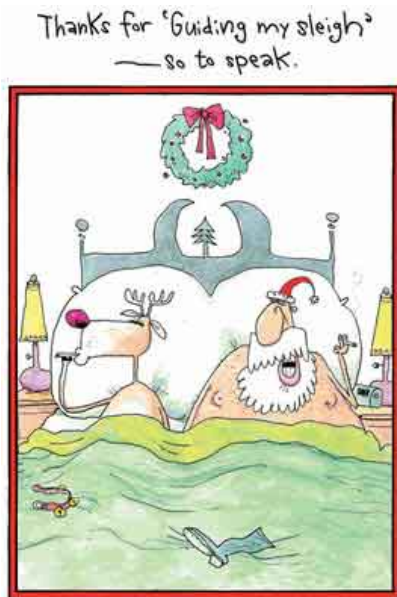
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a merry Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Best Buys we bring  
to your Burger King!  
We Pet Mart a merry Christmas and a  
K-Mart New Year!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Target to you  
Wherever you go!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!!!



## WHEEZY THE SNOWMAN

Wheezy the snowman  
Dealt in Christmas-wrapped cocaine  
But his frequent test of his very best  
Left him scrambled in the brain

Wheezy the snowman  
Was a stumbling mumbling nerd.  
Though he'd pause to joke as he dosed with coke,  
All his words were badly slurred.

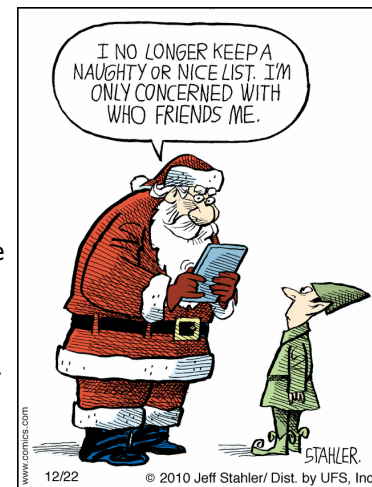
There must have been some poison in  
The latest batch he tried  
For once he'd sniffed a king size whiff,  
He fell right down and died.

Wheezy the snowman  
Lies in a funeral home repose,  
And the addicts say as they pass that way  
"Wheezy came and Wheezy goes"



## CANNABIS IS COMING TO TOWN

Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town  
He's rolling a joint, licking it twice  
Gotta make sure those Zig Zags look nice  
Cannabis is coming to town  
He knows when you've been stealing,  
Crashing or awake.  
He knows when you've been eating Reds,  
So stop for goodness sake!  
Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town  
Potheads out in the Valley,  
Will have a big Or-gy  
While Mom & Dad are shooting up,  
behind the Christmas Tree  
(Ho Ho Ho)  
Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town!



## FAVORITE THINGS

Halogen uprights and big-muscled fellas  
Pink puffy draperies and drinks with umbrellas  
Brown Puerto Rican boys tied up with string  
These are a few of my favorite things  
Penthouse magazine and silicone breasts  
Girls dressed in leather with tattoos on their chests  
Blonde lesbo orgies, a quick mid-day fling,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
When the whip cracks (oww)  
When the cane stings (ooo)  
When I'm feeling bad  
I just think of a few of my favorite things,  
And then I get hard...for Dad.

## FROSTY THE COKEHEAD

Frosty the cokehead was a crazed neurotic soul,  
With a big glass pipe and a vial of crack,  
And no sense of self control.  
There must have been some poison in that last dime bag he got,  
For when he took his first big hit he dropped dead on the spot.  
Frosty the cokehead doesn't worry anymore,  
Cuz when all is said, and you're cold and dead,  
Then you never have to score.

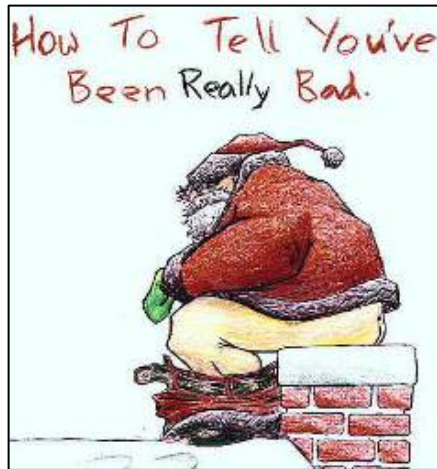
## HARD AND DEEP

(to the tune of Silent Night)

Hard and deep  
Hard and deep  
Pound and slam  
Like a freak

Round you virgin  
Tight as a drum  
Play her instrument  
Til the girl cums

Christ I think I may splo\_\_oge  
Please lap up all of my juice



## HO HO HO (To the tune of Get Low by Flow Rida)

Santa got those red velvet jeans  
Boots with the Fur  
All the sexy reindeer up in my herd  
Toys Hit The Floor  
Next thing ya know Santa says  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

I got that big belly sway  
Hydraulics on my sleigh  
My horn of plenty is full of Tanqueray  
Toys Hit the floor  
Next thing ya know Santa goes  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

----->



## WALKIN' ROUND IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

(tune of "Walkin' In A Winter Wonderland")

Lacy things -- the wife is missin',  
Didn't ask -- her permission,  
I'm wearin' her clothes,  
Her silk pantyhose,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the store -- there's a teddy,  
Little straps -- like spaghetti,  
It holds me so tight,  
Like handcuffs at night,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown.  
He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa, Man!"  
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"

Later on, if you wanna,  
We can dress -- like Madonna,  
Put on some eyeshade,  
And join the parade,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!

Lacy things... missin',  
Didn't ask... permission,  
Wearin' her clothes,  
Her silk pantyhose,

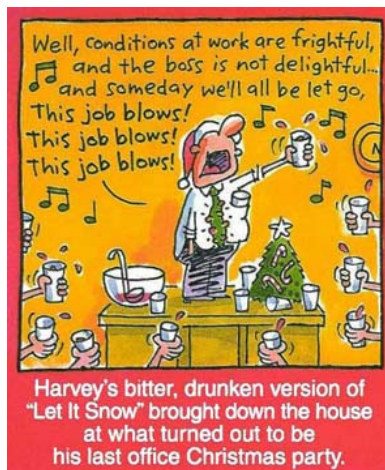
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,





## SUCK MY BALLS (To tune of "Deck The Halls")

Suck My Balls & Lick My Asshole  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Spread My Thighs it's not a hassle  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Don we now our Rubber Strap On  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Take it hard, but please don't crap on-  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Strike The Slave & Be The Master  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Snort Some blow you'll fuck her faster  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
Leather, Whips & Gay Apparel  
Fa La La La- La La La La  
As we sing This Yuletide Carol  
Fa La La La- La La La La



## TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS (Lyrics by Peter Doty)

On the first day home for Christmas, my mother said to me:

1. You haven't got a decent thing to wear.
2. You've put on some weight.
3. You should get a job.
4. Visit your Aunt Rosie.
5. Still no girlfriend?
6. What's that in your suitcase?
7. You smoke marijuana.
8. Esther has two children.
9. Are you still on food stamps?
10. Herbie's getting married.
11. Your life is a disaster.
12. Both of us still love you.

## THE TWELVE DRUGS OF CHRISTMAS (Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

On the first day of Christmas, my dealer gave to me:

- A Tab of Yellow Sunshine LSD
- 2 Hundred Reds
- 3 Pounds of Grass
- 4 Grams of Hash
- 5 Valiums
- 6 Joints of Smoking
- 7 Whites a-Buzzing
- 8 Spoons of Snorting
- 9 Caps of dropping
- 10 Peyote Buttons
- 11 Magic Mushrooms
- 12 Pints a-dripping

[Rap]

This Holiday will make ya go  
Shoppin all night and spending your dough  
Buying gift cards, oh no Rudolph he just puked in the snow!  
We are all sexual, flexible, Santa's a professional at  
Drinking eggnog and Hennessy XO!

[Chorus]

Santa got those red velvet jeans  
Boots with the Fur  
Sexy ass reindeer up in my herd  
Toys Hit The Floor  
Next thing ya know Santa says  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

I got that big belly sway  
Hydraulics on my sleigh  
Horn of plenty half full of Tanqueray  
Toys Hit the floor  
Next thing ya know Santa goes  
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho



## JUST ANOTHER SANTA RAMPAGE (tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Drunken Santas, will be reelin. No pain will they be feelin!  
Red suits will be stained, from the booze that they've drained.  
Just another Santa Rampage!!

You can tell, they've been drinking,  
Pretty soon, they'll be stinkin  
Drunk as a mule, with a beard full of drool  
Just another Santa Rampage!!

Have you ever seen this many Santas?  
Stumblin and a' lookin like a fool?  
Don't you wish that you could be a Santa?  
Smokin and a' drinkin, being cool?

Why we're out here, is Just Because!  
We are rebels, with a Claus.  
So grab a suit and beard.  
Come on and get weird  
Join us on a Santa Rampage!!



## LET IT FLOW (tune of "Let It Snow")

The weather outside is frightful, but the beer inside's delightful.  
And since we've no place to go,  
Let it Flow, Let it Flow, Let it Flow!

Oh we show no signs of stopping, and now we're really hopping.  
And the lights are turned way down low.  
Let it Flow, Let it Flow. Let it Flow!!

When we finally drink it dry, how we hate going back to the store.  
Maybe we'll just get high, and all fall asleep on the floor!!  
Oh the party is slowly dying.  
And our friends have all stopped buying.  
Now my bladder really wants to know.  
Where to go, Where to go, Where to go???

## LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW

Well the traffic outside is frightful  
But the drugs are so delightful  
And since we've got lines to blow  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow  
George W. scored us an eightball  
And we're feelin' 50 feet tall  
Still higher we wanna go  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow  
(Melody changes)  
When we finally lick the mirror  
We can really start chuggin' the beer  
And when we tap out the keg  
We will start gnawing your leg  
Yes the traffic outside is frightful  
But the drugs are so delightful  
And since we've got lines to blow  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.



Dear Santa,  
Please send me  
a baby brother.  
Thank You!  
Timmy



## RUDY THE RED-NOSED RAVER

Rudy the red-nosed raver  
Had a very shiny nose (LIKE AN ACOLYTE!)  
And if you ever saw it  
You would even say it glows (LIKE A GLOWSTICK!)

All of the other ravers  
Used to laugh and call him names (LIKE A GOTH KID!)  
They never let poor Rudy  
Join in any raver games (LIKE A HAND MASSAGE!)

Then one foggy new rave's eve  
A promoter came to say  
Rudy with your nose so bright  
Won't you spin my rave tonight?

Then all the ravers loved him  
And they shouted out in glee (LIKE PLUR!)  
Rudy the red-nosed raver  
You'll go down in history (LIKE PAUL OAKENFOLD!)

## SANTA IS INVADING YOUR TOWN

You better break out  
The Bourbon and Rye  
Tequila and Gin  
I'm telling you why  
Santa is invading your town  
He sees you when you're naked  
And when you're smoking pot  
And when you're masturbating  
Ev'n when you cop a squat,  
so:  
You better break out  
The Bourbon and Rye  
Tequila and Gin  
I'm telling you why  
Santa is invading your town

