

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.



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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*)

WINTER WONDERLAND

Dish out lines, I am listening
Chug the booze, snow is glistening
It's cold, that's alright
We'll get some tonight
Screwing in a winter wonderland
At the outhouse we can build a snowman
And pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say are you married, we'll say no man
But we just fornicate and fool around
Later on, we'll perspire
As we fuck by the fire
And face unafraid the mess that we've made
Screwing in a winter wonderland

YOU BETTER WATCH OUT #1

You better watch out, get out if you can.
A red suited menace is sweeping the land.
Coz Santa Clauses are coming to town.

Get out of the way of our fake black boots.
We're flooding the city with cheap red suits!
Santa Clauses are coming to town

We know what you've been up to. You've made the naughty list.
So cut us in for our fair share, you don't want these Santas Pissed

OOHHHH, get out of the way of our red suited wave
Is this any way for St Nick to behave?
When Santa Clauses **HAVE COME TO TOWN!!!**

YOU BETTER WATCH OUT #2

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



WE WISH YOU A MERRY XMAS

(Repeat, repeat, & repeat)

We wish you a merry Xmas,
We wish you a merry Xmas,
We wish you a merry Xmas
Now bring us some beer.

We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some
So bring some right here.

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"

WHEN THE SANTAS COME MARCHING IN

Oh when the Santas, come marching in,
all wearing red and drinking gin.
You'd better stand back, Mr. Shopper,
When the Santas come marching in.



All of the other reindeer used to
laugh and call him names.



Don't worry about it...
A lot of people don't like kids.

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!



DECK MY BALLS

Deck my balls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Tap the keg, inflate the dolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Don we now our rubber panties,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
We're a bunch of twisted Santies,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Naughty girls are such a treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
These North Poles were made for pleasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Fucked the elves, fucked all the reindeer,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Fuck the cookies, bring us COLD BEER!
Fa la la la la, la la la.

DECK THE HALLS

Hit the malls with sticky fingers, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
'Tis the season to be stealin', Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Don we now our free apparel, Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Feel the ancient Yuletide peril, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Store detectives look for losers, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Grab the goods and hit the exit, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Follow me in guilty pleasure, Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
While we rip off Yuletide treasure, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fast away the booster passes, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
While the store cop passes gasses, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Puttin' goodies in our pockets, Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Can't afford the X-mas tchotchkes, Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

FAVORITE THINGS

Halogen uplights 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.

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!!!

WE ARE THE SANTA RAMPAGE

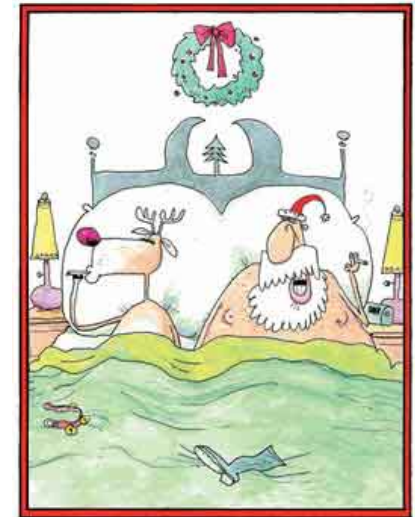
(tune of "We Wish You a Merry Christmas")

We are the Santa Rampage,
We are the Santa Rampage,
We are the Santa Rampage,
Now give us some Beer!

We want some Beer Pudding,
We want some Beer Pudding,
We want some Beer Pudding,
But we'll settle for Beer.

We won't go until we get some.
We won't go until we get some.
We won't go until we get some.
Have we mentioned the beer?!

Thanks for 'Guiding my sleigh'
— so to speak.



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,



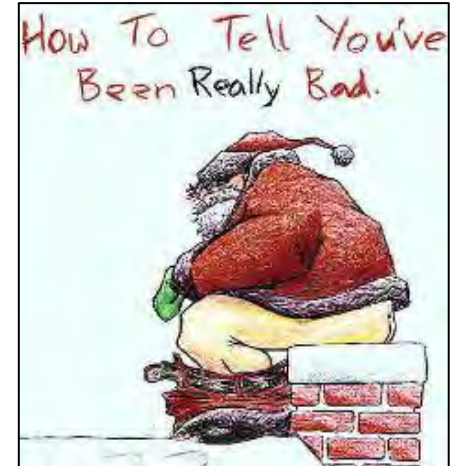
HARD AND DEEP

(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



HERE COMES SOME SANTA CLAUS'S

Here comes a Santa Claus, There goes a Santa Claus
Right down Central Park West!
Many are weaving, some are heaving, that one's missing teeth!!
Amidst the red suited whirlwind, one flashed my girlfriend,
That just doesn't seem right.

But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")
[Verse is then softly hummed by group as we introduce ourselves.
Then we all sing together:]
"But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")



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

[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

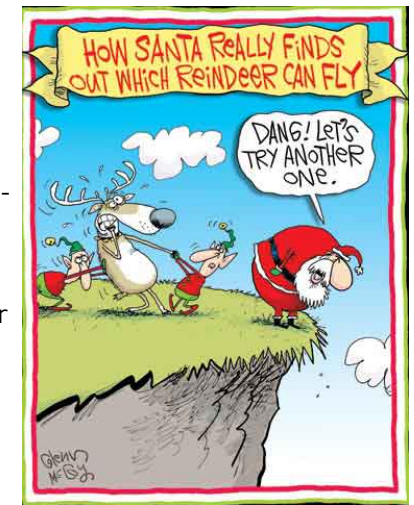
HUFF! THE NITROUS ANGELS SING

NOS! The Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King
Peace on Earth and wah-wahs wild
Suck it up in legal style
Berkeley Farms and Redi-Whip
Really gave us all a trip
Lechter's sells 'em by the case
Suck some down and lose your face
NOS! The Herald Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King!



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

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

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!)

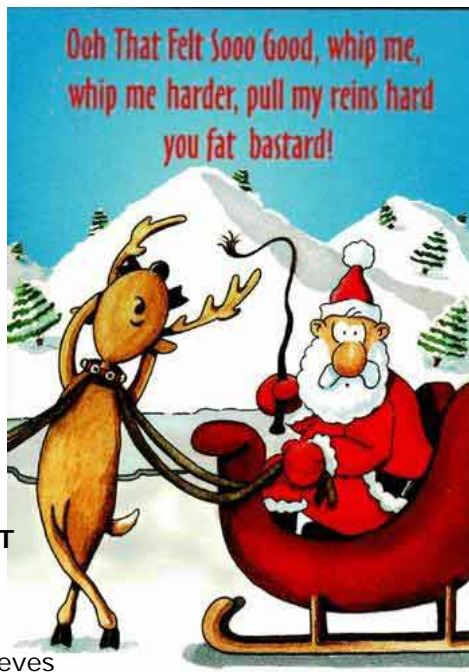
All of the other ravers
Used to laugh and call him names (LIKE A GOTH KID!)
They never let poor Rudy
Join in any raver games (LIKE A HAND MASSAGE!)

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



SILENT NIGHT WELFARE NIGHT

Silent night, welfare night
All are sloshed, all are tight
Ain't no virgins, just winos and thieves
Fast asleep in a heap of debris
Sleep in darkness and freeze
Sleep in darkness and freeze

I'M A SLUT (to the tune of Jingle Bells)

Dashing through some hos
Like the classic Chelsea gay
'Ore their rumps I go
Grunting all the way

Hmph, Hmph, Hmph

Briefs are torn from grounds
Making hormones rise
What fun it is to ride some dicks
While poppers get me high

I'm a slut, I'm a slut
Fuck me in the ass
I'm not into lovely shit
Sorry if that's crass



I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE RUSSIAN

I'm dreaming of a White Russian
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the ice cubes glisten
And Kahlua's chillin'
Instead to AA I will go....

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.

O COME ALL YE PERVERTS

O come all ye perverts
Come and have an orgy
O come ye, o cum ye
In brothels galore
Come and get plastered
And let's find some ho-girls
O come let us enjoy them
O come let us enjoy them
O come let us enjoy them
In brothels galore



POLICE NABBED MY DAD

Police nabbed my dad
Police nabbed my dad
Police nabbed my dad
And confiscated his crystal lab

Police nabbed my dad
Police nabbed my dad
Police nabbed my dad
And confiscated his crystal lab

He's been condemned to a scary Christmas
Stuck in the peniten-tiary Christmas
But we'll pretend it's a merry Christmas
Hoping Santa posts his bail!

RUDOLPH THE RED HOSED REINDEER

Rudolph the red hosed reindeer
had a very shiny hose
and if you ever saw it,
you would really say oh WHOH!

All of the other reindeer,
used to cringe and call him names (like Stiffy)
they never let poor Rudolph
play any kinky reindeer games (you're too big!)

Then one foggy Christmas eve
Missus Santa came to say,
Rudolph with your hose so right
Wont'cha hose me down tonight

Then how the reindeer loved her
and as they shouted out in glee
Santa came in to say
Rudolph you're History
Rudolph you're history

