



WDA

Santacon Songbook

Favorite
Twisted
Carols

Deluxe
Supersized
Edition

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JUST ANOTHER SANTA RAMPAGE

tune of "Winter Wonderland"

Drunkin' Santa's, 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 drinkin'.
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 Santa's?
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 a beard.
Come on and get weird.
Join us on a Santa Rampage!!!

TWISTED SLEIGH RIDE

tune of "Sleigh Ride"

Come hear those forties clinking
Dink-dink-dink dinking a tune
Yes it's a lovely evening
For a Santa invasion with you

My beard and suit are smelly
and Santa's yelling, "You HO!"
Yes it's a lovely evening
For a Santa invasion with you

Hurry up, hurry up, Santa's got to go
Write his name in the snow
He's been drinking too much Mop 'n Glo

Up we go, up we go, to Santa-land
Oh, isn't it grand?
Now we're running away from the cops with a lit
bong in our hand

This Santa loves to prance with
Exotic dancers - it's true
Oh, it's a lovely evening
For a Santa invasion with you
(cont'd)

Let's storm the mall before us
They won't ignore us! Would you?
Oh, it's a lovely evening
For a Santa invasion with you

(CAUTION MELODY CHANGE AHEAD!)

There's an after party in Vaseline Alley
to end the day
bring a paddle, lube and rubbers
ready to make hay
We'll be doing the things we love to do without a
single stop
At the burn barrel, while we watch the condoms pop
Pop! Pop! Pop!

There's a happy feeling nothing in the world can buy
When they pass around the doobies and
we're gettin high
It'll be like a Santa-Conned picture print
by Currier and Ives
These wonderful things are the things
We remember all through our lives

WALKIN' ROUND IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

tune of "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!

JINGLE BELLS, LET'S RAISE HELL

Jingle Bells, Let's raise hell.
Santa sluts unite!
Bondage gear and lots of beer,
Are all we need tonight.
Jingle bells, let's raise hell!
We're horny and naughty!
So cum and sit on Santa's lap,
And get your gift for free!

Dashing through the streets,
With one thing on our mind.
We'll tie you up with tinsle and
Spank your sweet behind! ho ho ho...
Cat O'nine-tails sing,
While slicing through the air.
Drop your pants or raise your skirt,
And lose that underwear!!
(repeat chorus)

SANTA IS INVADING YOUR TOWN

tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to 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



YOU BETTER WATCH OUT

tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

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

Get out of the way of 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.

OOOHHHH, get out of the way,
Of our red suited wave.
Is this anyway for St. Nick to behave.
When Santa Clauses **HAVE COME TO TOWN!!**

LET IT FLOW

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 fanally 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.

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.....



ASLEEP IN THE GUTTER

tune of "Away in a Manger"

Asleep in the gutter
He looks like he's dead
The drunken old Santa
Fell ass over head.....
The cops on the corner
look down where he lay
and drunken old Santa
is taken away...

HERE COMES SANTA CLAUSE

Here comes Santa Claus,
There goes a Santa Claus.
Right down Portland Streets.
Many are weaving, some are heaving,
That one's missing teeth!!
'Midst the red suited whirlwind,
one flashed my girlfriend.
That just didn't seem right.
But as they say, it'll be OK,
'Cuz Santa Claus came tonite.
(pelvic thrust at "came tonite")



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.

WHEN THE SAINTS COME MARCHING IN

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

MR. HANKY THE CHRISTMAS POO

Mr. Hanky the Christmas Poo,
He loves me, I love you,
Therefore, vicariously he loves you!
Even if your a Jew.

Sometimes he's nutty, sometimes he's corny
He can be brown or greenish brown,
But if you eat fibre on Christmas Eve
He might come to your town.

Mr. Hankey the Christmas Poo
He loves me, I love you,
He loooooovves you!

GOD REST YE MERRY HERETICS

God rest ye merry heretics,
Let nothing you dismay.
Remember there's no evidence
There was a Christmas Day.
When Christ was born is just not known,
No matter what they say.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

There was no star of Bethlehem;
There was no angel song.
There could have been no Wise Men
For the journey was too long.
The stories in the Bible
Are Historically wrong.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

Much of our Christmas customs
Come from Persia and from Greece.
From solstice celebrations
Of the ancient Middle East.
We know this so-called "Holy Day"
Is but a Pagan feast.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

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

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?!