

Grandma got run over by a reindeer

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Walking home from our house Christmas eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But as for me and grandpa we believe.
She'd been drinking too much eggnog,
And we begged her not to go.
But she forgot her medication, and she
Staggered out the door into the snow.
When we found her Christmas morning,
At the scene of the attack,
She had hoof-prints on her forehead,
And incriminating Claus marks on her back.

Now we're all so proud of grandpa,
He's been taking this so well.
See him in there watching football,
Drinking root beer and
Playing cards with Cousin Mel.
It's not Christmas without Grandma,
All the family's dressed in black
And we just can't help but wonder:
Should we open up her gifts,
Or send them back? Send them back!!

Now the goose is on the table
And the pudding made of fig
And the blue and silver candles
That would just have matched
The hair on grandma's wig.
I've warned all my friends and neighbours
Better watch out for yourselves,
They should never give a license
To a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves.