

“Bottom of the Chimney” by “Felt-a Sleigh”

2012 - arranged by Ken Rosenberg

Hold my glove
Ooh, Santa, it's a long way down to the bottom of the chim-nay
Hold my glove,
Ooh, Santa, it's a long way down, a long way down

If you been naughty or if you been nice
Kringles gonna come in the morning, baby
Checks his list then he checks it twice
Red nose reindeer is the early warning
Verizon's come for your data plan
Update soon or you lose your hot spot
Go to the store with Genius bar
iPhone 5 has the retina's burning

and snow will fall, And Elves are small

Hold my glove
Ooh, Santa, it's a long way down to the bottom of the chimney
Hold my glove,
Ooh, Santa, it's a long way down, a long way down

Dark Knight Rises - by the pale moonlight
Written and directed by the brothers Nolan
Fills your stockings in the dead of night
Santa might leave you a lump of coal-in.
Hurricane Sandy made the water rise
(the) Whole east coast thought it might go under
Obama's first debate was way too high
Binders full of women was a Romney blunder

and snow will fall, and Elves are small

(instrumental - Good King Wenceslas)
Santa Claus better come by...

Chorus

“Bottom of the River” by Delta Rae

Original Lyrics

Hold my hand
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down to the bottom of the river
Hold my hand,
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down, a long way down

If you get sleep or if you get none
The cock's gonna call in the morning, baby
Check the cupboard for your daddy's gun
Red sun rises like an early warning
The Lord's gonna come for your first born son
His hair's on fire and his heart is burning
Go to the river where the water runs
Wash him deep where the tides are turning

And if you fall

Hold my hand
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down to the bottom of the river
Hold my hand,
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down, a long way down

The wolves will chase you by the pale moonlight
Drunk and driven by a devil's hunger
Drive your son like a railroad spike
Into the water, let it pull him under
Don't you lift him, let him drown alive
The good Lord speaks like a rolling thunder
Let that fever make the water rise
And let the river run dry

And I said

Hold my hand
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down to the bottom of the river
Hold my hand,
Ooh, baby, it's a long way down, a long way down