

New York City

Santacon



December 12, 2009

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## SANTACON FAQ

### *What is Santacon?*

Santacon is your opportunity to be Santa!

- You **MUST** dress like Santa,
- 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?*

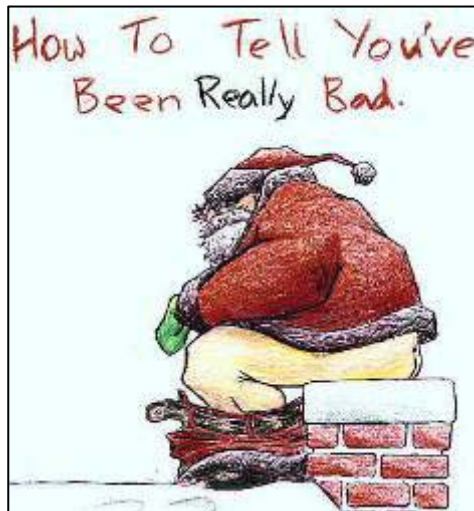
- No. It's fun. Remember fun?

### *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)



## 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!



"I couldn't find any carrots  
for the nose, so I grabbed this  
from my moms drawer..."

## DECK MY BALLS

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



## HERE COMES SOME SANTA CLAUSES

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")*

## 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!



**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 groins  
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



**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

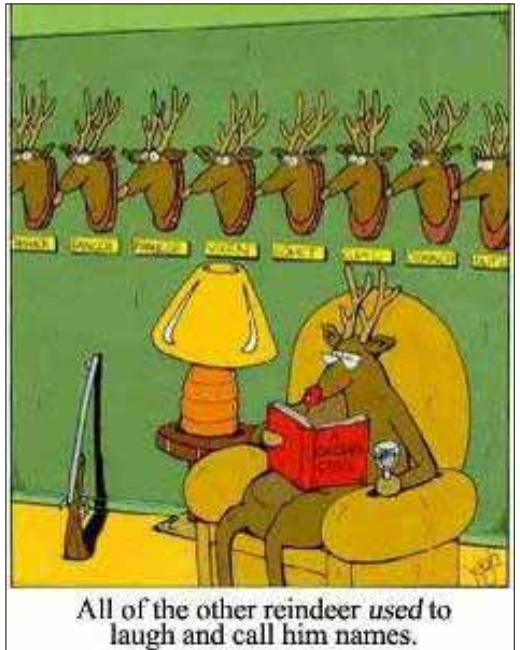
Police nabbed my dad  
Police nabbed my dad  
Police nabbed my dad  
And confiscated his crystal lab

Police nabbed my dad  
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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



## 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!)

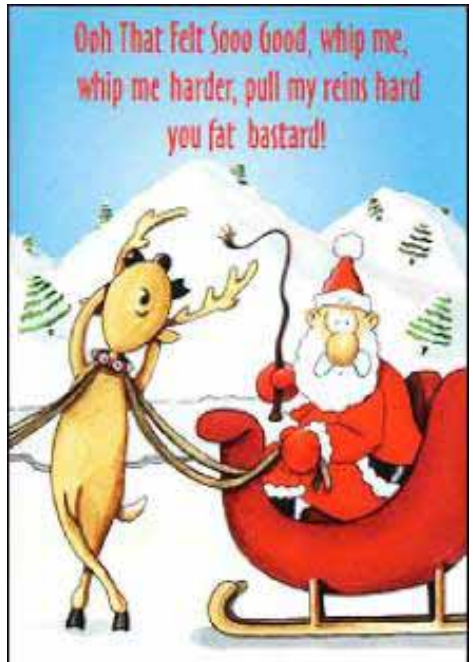
All of the other ravers  
Used to laugh and call him names (LIKE A GOTH KID!)  
They never let poor Rudy  
Join in any raver games (LIKE A HAND MASSAGE!)

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

## 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  
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 – MOTHER VERSION

*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

*(originally sung by the 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



## 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!

## 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

*to the 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?!



## **WE WISH YOU A MERRY XMAS**

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.

*(Repeat, repeat, and repeat as often as necessary and with staunch determination until desired result is achieved)*

## **WE WISH YOU'D GET OUT OF OUR WAY**

We wish you'd get out of our way  
We wish you'd get out of our way  
We wish you'd get out of our way  
In the parking structure  
Good tidings we bring  
To you and yours  
Unless you're in front of us  
At the cash register

## **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.

## **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  
Santa Claus is coming on your face.



## ***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.

