



SANTA CLAUS
That Scary Hairy Man
By Wayne Visser

Mommy, don't make me
Please, please don't take me
To see Santa Clause at the mall
There's still time turn back
If I sit on his lap
There's always the chance that I'll fall!

His knees are (ouch!) knobbly
His legs are (yikes!) wobbly
And he has that strange look in his eye
His breath smells (eeew!) funny
His nose is (yuck!) runny
And he says he's got pets that can fly!

So mommy, don't make me
Please mom don't you take me
To see Santa Clause at the mall

His fur hat you'll note
Like his ketchup-red coat
Match the colour of his ruddy nose
And he wiggles his belly
It jiggles like jelly
Every time he erupts with ho-hos!

There's still time turn back
'Cos my favourite cap
Is at home, mom, I've just now recalled

His sack's full of toys
For good girls and boys
But you said 'don't take presents from strangers'
He's got fairies and elves





And wild reindeers by twelves
Really mom, there's no end to the dangers!

So please please don't make me
Mommy, don't take me
To see Santa Clause at the mall

But if you insist
I'll tell him my list
I'll be brave, mom, I'll give it a try
But he's all big and hairy
Quite frankly, he's scary
So don't be surprised if I cry!

It's too late to turn back
I just sat on his lap
And he whispered I had a great haul
Of gifts there for me
Waiting under the tree
Thanks mom, I like Santa after all!

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