

My Dad Would Like To Be Santa

— Graham Craven

His belly's getting bigger,  
And his hair is turning white.  
His eyes shine and sparkle  
Like the stars on Christmas night.

He couldn't fit down chimneys  
When he can just fit through a door.  
One mince pie would never do  
He'd only ask for more.

He likes a nip of brandy;  
It sets his cheeks aglow.  
When he forgets the words to carols,  
He just shouts Ho, Ho, Ho.