Santa Stole My Lady Fitz and The Tantrums

F Gm F Gm

My friends want to know how it came to be

F Gm F Gm

That ooh this holiday don t mean nothing to me

F Gm F Gm

Cause I caught santa under my tree

F Gm

He was flirting with my honey

F Gm

Trying to take her from me

Am Dm

Hey don t be fooled by these fairy tales

Am Di

Watch out or it he could do this to someone else

Am Dm

He took my girl and he made me cry

Gm An

And that s the way I feel about christmas time

Same as rest of song

Oh, I wasn t dreaming can t believe
I woke up to my woman kissing santa not me
Before I could reach him, even think
He scooped away my honey up the chimney sweep

Hey don t be fooled by these fairy tales Watch out or it he could do this to someone else He took my girl and he made me cry And that s the way I feel about christmas time

Better hide your mistletoe Break out your fire hose Better hold your ladies close Or before you know You ll be all alone You ll be all alone