

Surreal Xmas Medley

Tune: White Xmas

C **Dm7 G7**
I'm dreaming of a nice Xmas
F **G7** **C**
Just like the one we've never had
 C7 **F** **Fm**
Where the kids aren't bawling or Grandad snoring
 C **F** **D7** **Dm7 G7**
And mum's not bollicking my dad (for getting drunk)
C **Dm7 G7**
I'm dreaming of a nice Xmas
F **G7** **C**
Just like the one's on the TV
 C7 **F** **Fm**
Where the choirs are singing the bells are ringing
 C **F** **D7** **Dm7 G7**
the dog's not bringing up his tea
C **Dm7 G7**
I'm dreaming of a nice Christmas
F **G7** **C**
But still I'm filled with fear and dread
 C7 **F** **Fm**
So to make my dream come true this year Instead
 C Gdim Dm7 G7 C
I'll give Christmas a miss and stay in bed

Tune: Merry Christmas to You

C G7 C C7
Swinging gently in your manacles
F G7 Am
Christmas candles lit beneath your toes
F Fm C B7
Hours with your privates wrapped in barbed wire
E7 Bb7 Eb G7
And nipple clamps with little festive bows (*and there's a*)
C G7 C C7
A holly leaf shoved into every orifice
F G7 Am
A stirrup pump and half a pound of lard
F Fm C B7
Though it's been said many times many ways
C G7 Fm C
Merry Xmas from the Marquis de Sade

Tune: I Saw mummy kissing Santa Clause

I saw Mummy kissing Santa Clause though I suppose it's possible I'm wrong
'cause I'm not really sure that Santa Clause would be stripping her or slipping her
the tongue.

I was watching from my bedroom door and though I know that snooping is a
sin

Well I was shocked by gosh sir when he sat her on the washer and gave her,
her Christmas present on fast spin

Now kids at school all say it wasn't Santa Clause, that it was just my dad
dressed up in red

Well if that was my old man sir then the question I'd like answered is who's
that bloke upstairs asleep in bed