

Santa Here's An Occa

© John Givins

Do do do di do,
Do do do di do
Do do do di do

Verse 1

I saw my young child screaming out,
And she heard me say:
“You shouldn’t carry on like this so close to Christmas Day”
She said “Oh Daddy dearest, listen to what I say”
“Christmas is almost here, and I haven’t seen Santa’s sleigh”.
I said “The sleigh don’t come to Aussie land,
But Santa doesn’t stay away,
Instead of boots, he don’s his thongs, t-shirt and stubbies, eh?”

Chorus

‘Cause Santa, here’s an Occa, with a tinny in his hand,
But he still loves you all,
While sitting cozi, comfi on the sand,
La la la la, La la la la, La la la la la,
On the beach,

Verse 2

He drives a beat up Holden,
Has an aluminium boat,
Goes down to the pub on a Friday night,
And gets punched right up the throat,

Chorus

Verse 3

He’s often seen with Mrs Claus,
Following her demands,
Or down the shed, helping a mate,
With a hammer in his hands,

Chorus

Outro

Dadadadeda, Dadadadeda,
Dadadadeda, Dadadadeda,
“Eh, look out cobbers,
Here come the missus and the kids!”
Act...hick...Sober, Ho! Ho! Ho!
Cough, cough, “Put the fags out!”
“No way I’m going down that chimney!”
“I’m outta here – see yus later!”
“Merry Christmas, Ho! Ho! Ho!”
“Cough, cough, Ho! Ho! Hick!”
Sitting cozi, comfi on the sand,

This song can be listened to at:

https://youtu.be/DA88w_VUkYo?si=IQETJBA8mHGSmC06

<https://open.spotify.com/track/1HqemuB0w5g3XdFMrr7Cu1?si=Ta0or7x3SfiNJs vjNAkcPQ>