

I'm Dressing Up Like Santa **(When I Get Out on Parole)**

I'm Dressing Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
as soon as I can get out on parole
I'll hang out on your street
Your kids I'd love to meet
as soon as I get out of this rat hole

I won't mind just sliding down your chimney
Cause I just spent fifteen years shoveling coal
I'm Dressing Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
as soon as I can get out on parole

I'm anxious to get out among the living
and I'm making up a list of those to see
duded up in red and white
instead of these old stripes
just think of how surprised they will be

The old home town will sure be glad to see me
cause by now it slipped their minds how much I stole
I'm Dressing Up Like Santa Claus on Christmas
as soon as I can get out on parole

I'm careful to be on my best behaviour
cause the warden's watching everything I do.
thank God he didn't see that fight in cell block 3
or I'd be stuck here till I'm 92
just a few more questions from that nice committee
then through those rusty gates I'll proudly stroll
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