

Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer

Autor:

Randy Brooks

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

She'd been drinking too much eggnog,
And we'd begged her not to go.
But she'd left her medication,
So she stumbled out the door into the snow.

When they found her Christmas morning,
At the scene of the attack.
There were hoof prints on her forehead,
And incriminating Claus marks on her back.

Grandma got run over by a reindeer,
Walking' home from our house Christmas eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

Now were all so proud of Grandpa,
He's been taking this so well.
See him in there watching football,
Drinking' beer and playing cards with cousin Belle.

It's not Christmas without Grandma.
All the family's dressed in black.

And we just can't help but wonder:
Should we open up her gifts or send them back?

Grandma got run over by a reindeer,
Walking home from our house Christmas eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

Now the goose is on the table
And the pudding made of fig.
And a blue and silver candle,
That would just have matched the hair in Grandma's wig.

I've warned all my friends and neighbors.
Better watch out for yourselves.
They should never give a license,
To a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves.

Grandma got run over by a reindeer,
Walking' home from our house, Christmas eve.
You can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe.

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