

Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer

Grandma got ran 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

She'd been drinkin' too much egg nog,
And we'd begged her not to go.
But she'd forgot her medication,
And she staggered out the door into the snow.

When we found her Christmas mornin',
At the scene of the attack.
She had hoof prints on her forehead,
And incriminatin' Claus marks on her back.

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Now were all so proud of Grandpa,
He's been takin' this so well.
See him in there watchin' football,
Drinkin' beer and playin' 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?

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Now the goose is on the table
And the pudding made of fig.
And the blue and silver candles,
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 wh

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(SING IT GRANDMA) --
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