

Anta Claus of Antarctica

In a small cozy cottage on the cold South Pole,
Lives a black-bearded man, a contrary old soul.
On Christmas Eve, he checks his Naughty List.
Wants to make sure there is no one he missed.

Chorus:

Oh! Oh! Oh! Anta's on his way.
With his eight air-yaks pulling his big black sleigh.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Naughty children beware,
Because Anta Claus will soon be there.

The tall skinny man puts on his furry black suit,
A pointy black hat and white boots to boot.
Grumbling, he grabs his bulky black sack,
That his two troll helpers, Tis and Twas, did pack.

Chorus:

The Four Winds are listening all year long,
To hear what every boy and girl did wrong.
Anta brings gifts naughty children have earned,
By next Christmas will the lesson be learned?

Dirty sock for Sara, salt rock for Sam,
Rotten orange for George, slug for lazy Pam.
Dust bunny for Brit, and Larry the liar,
Gets a pair of pants that had been on fire.

Chorus:

Chorus:

Oh! Oh! Oh! Anta's on his way,
With his colorful yaks pulling his big black sleigh.
Oh! Oh, remember what Anta Claus gave,
To help you remember, better to behave.

