Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer

Words and music by Randy Brooks, 1984

Grandma got run over by a reindeer. Soprano Baritone 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 begged her not to go. But she forgot her medication, And she staggered out the door into the snow. When we found her Christmas morning At the scene of the attack, She had hoof-prints on her forehead And incriminating Claus marks on her back. Now we're 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 Mel. 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? (Send them back!!) 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 on 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.