

CHRIS MOOSE

Up near the North Pole, where it gets real cold, A-E-F#m-E
There lives a great big Moose named Chris F#m-A-E7
One day he just stopped by Santa's workshop A-E-F#m-E
To help Santa with his Christmas list. F#m-A-E7-A

Cho: Chris Moose, Chris Moose, I'm a Merry Chris Moose!
Hi there Santa! Tell me what to do!!
Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a hairy, Merry Chris Moose!
I came over to help you!

Then he bumped a table that was a bit unstable
And a whole wall of toys started to sway, (CRASH!!)
It just missed two elves who might have hurt themselves
If they hadn't jumped quickly out of the way
Cho: Chris Moose, Chris Moose, I'm a clumsy Chris Moose!
That was an accidental thing to do
Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a hairy, Merry Chris Moose!
Sorry Santa, let me make it up to you!

So Santa said "Okay Chris, maybe some Christmas
You could help me bring the kids their toys
But I've got reindeer, to help me this year
And I wouldn't want to scare the girls and boys!"
Cho: Chris Moose, Chris Moose, I'm a jolly Chris Moose!
Oh Boy! Santa's gonna let me pull the sleigh!
Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a hairy, Merry Chris Moose!
I'm gonna fly with Santa some Christmas Day!

Then late one December, I'm sure that you remember
When colds and flu bugs get inside our head
The flu bugs this year, infected Santa's reindeer
And Santa had to tell them all to stay in bed
Rudolph said "Achoo!" cause, his nose was full of mucous
It was a sort of pink and luminescent goo
Prancer was wheezing and Dancer was sneezing
And Donner and Blitzen had runny noses too!

So it was Christmas Eve and no one could believe it
When Santa decorated Chris with Moosel-toe
His antlers full of lights, they took off through the night
And Chris sang louder than Santa's "HO! HO! HO!" He said,
Cho: Chris Moose, Chris Moose, I'm a Merry Chris Moose!
Flying over rooftops, pulling Santa's sleigh
Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a hairy, Merry Chris Moose!
Helping out the reindeer on Christmas Day!

The story's almost over, the deer are eating clover
They're playing with the antelopes, out on the range
And Chris has painted his nose, it's like a giant red rose
"Next time we go flying I won't look so strange!"
Cho: Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a very Merry Chris Moose
Yes Sir, Santa! I can pull your sleigh!
Chris Moose, Chris Moose, a hairy, Merry Chris Moose!
Merry Chris Moose to you this Chris Moose Day

Merry Chris Moose to you this Chris Moose Day F#m-A-E, D9-F-A-(E)-A