

Anta Claus From Antarctica

In a small cozy cottage on the cold South Pole,
Lives a black bearded fellow, a contrary old soul.
Christmas is close, and Anta's checking his list.
Wants to make sure there is nothing he's missed.

Chorus:

Oh, oh, oh, Anta's on his way.
With his eight brave yaks pulling his big black sleigh.
Oh, oh, oh, Anta's traveling around,
Collecting Christmas stuff that Anta has found.



The tall skinny man puts on his furry black suit.
Grabs an empty sack; pulls on white boots to boot.
He's off to snatch each Christmas tree and toy,
For his two troll helpers, Tis and Twas, to destroy.

Chorus:

One Christmas Eve a mighty wind did blow,
Took Anta up North where he never did go.
Mr. Claus looked down at the bright, blinking land.
He said, "Great bother! This I don't understand!"

Christmas toys and trimmings could be seen everywhere,
And the children didn't seem to mind it all there.
Seeing their smiles on this magical night,
Anta Claus knew he wasn't doing things right.

Chorus:

Chorus: