

The Pretty Little Donald

by Chris (Hunt), Wise Hat



Dear Santa Claus,
My mommy and mommy said that if I was very good,
I could have whatever I wanted for Christmas.
Well, I would like a Donald for Christmas.
It is a very special Donald.
I saw it advertised on television.
In case you don't know which Donald I mean,
I will try to describe it to you.
The pretty little Donald can sit.
The pretty little Donald can stand.
He will even swagger round the room and wave his tiny hands.
The pretty little Donald can spurn.
The pretty little Donald can dare.
If you feed him flattering remarks, he'll primp his hair.
Climate Change gives him mange
If you give him a scientific fact
He'll go completely whacked
Oh the pretty little Donald's so cute.
The pretty little Donald's so real.
If you put him in a room full of women, he preens
and then he'll cop a feel.
The pretty little Donald can sneer
The pretty little Donald's can pose
Pull his mane real hard and snot will dribble out his nose
The pretty little Donald can brood
The pretty little Donald can bruise
If you tell him the truth, he'll steam and scream fake news
Heavy thinking gets him stinking
On his back you can turn a key
And he'll start World War Three
Oh the pretty little Donald can wet.
The pretty little Donald can cry.
If you put a microphone near his head he'll choke, turn purple and lie.
Oh Santa, remember your part.
Don't break a little boy's heart.
Don't forget this Christmas, the pretty little Donald is the present you must leave.
Remember that fat boy, bring that kid, if you want to see New Year's eve.
Love,
Fred



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