

## **THE GATOR RACE SONG**

By Warren Swenson

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Papa Noel every year  
Travels almost everywhere  
In a sleigh pulled by reindeer  
But not when he gets down here.  
In the bayous there's no way  
He can travel in a sleigh  
So he travels in a skiff  
With eight gators pulling it.

Sound off, Tuson  
Sound off, Lejohn  
Time you got on  
To the gator races.

Hut Hut One, two, three, four  
Stand forth two more Hut Hut

Hidden in the lost bayou  
Is a cabin known to few.  
Papa Noel every year  
Holds the gator races there.  
On Thanksgiving day each year  
You'll find Papa Noel there  
Holding races in November  
Choosing his team for December

Sound off, Rochelle  
Sound off, Chanelle  
Hope you do well  
At the gator races.

Hut Hut one two three four  
Stand forth two more Hut Hut

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From Florida clear to Texas  
Gators race to see whose fastest.  
Those who win compete right here  
On Thanksgiving Day each year.  
Those gators who win the races  
On Thanksgiving earn their places  
Pulling Papa Noel's skiff  
On December twenty-fifth

Sound off, Cherie  
Sound off, Marie  
I'm sure you'll be  
At the gator races  
Hut Hut One two three four  
Stand forth two more. Hut Hut

Every little gator dreams  
They'll grow up to make the team  
That pulls Papa Noel's skiff  
But they must be trim and fit  
So they grow up doing paces  
Preparing them for the races  
That they hope to run down here  
On Thanksgiving Day one year.

Sound off, Pierre  
Sound off, Robert  
We'll see you there  
At the gator races  
Hut Hut One two three four  
Sound off once more

Tuson, Lejohn  
Chanelle, Rochelle  
Cherie, Marie  
Robert, Pierre  
We'll all be there  
At the gator races  
The Thanksgiving Day Gator Races