



Comes to Town...



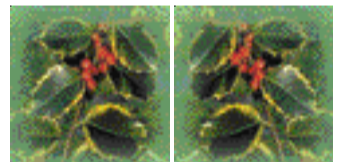
It was some days before Christmas
and BuSanta was bent
the Elves ran away
and he couldn't make rent

So he revved up his sled
and rolled into town
it was winter in Busan,
no snow on the ground



He went into Lotte
for some holiday cheer,
and found himself drawn
to the booze and the beer

"The kids won't like whiskey
under the tree,"
so reasoned BuSanta,
"Cool, more for me!"



He toyed with the bottle
and played with the lid
"I'd love a wee nip,"

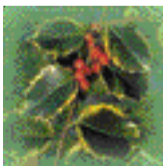
And one led to two
and two to nineteen
when at last the kids saw him
his red face had turned green



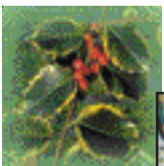
"What a poor Saint am I,"
thought BuSanta, abashed,
"And what's even worse,



He looked for some charity,
there was none to be found



He guzzled his stash,
nothing was spared,
kids approached him with joy



Three 7's on the payline
the jackpot bells rang
"Hot damn!" cried BuSanta,





Only one place to go,
He cruised down to Texas
a vortex of flesh



The kids of Busan
were all snug in their
beds,



He was buying them juice
and having a ball
"Ho, Ho, Ho!" he chuckled,



He danced like a flame
and drank like a sponge
but he soon found
he was all out of funds



"I give and I give,
and what do I get?
some cookies, some milk,



BuSanta can't live
on cookies alone
"Help me out!" he implored,



The Beat January, 2003



No help was forthcoming,
BuSanta was pissed,
his fists flailed in the air
but repeatedly missed



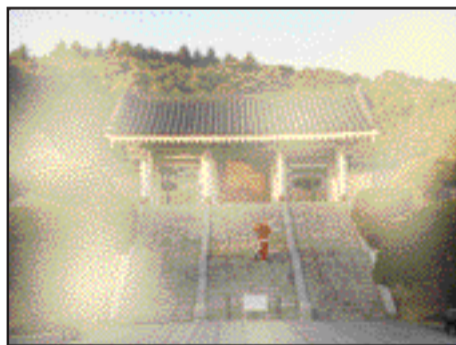
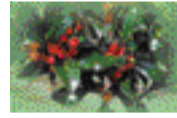
When a chair came down swiftly
on BuSanta's head
he hit the ground hard
and they left him for dead



From the haze and the darkness
of knockout slumber
a stone Buddha appeared



A mellow voice called
to the depths of the pit,
"You are troubled" said Buddha



"Desire is suffering,"
the wise Buddha said.
A light lit in BuSanta,
and he smacked his forehead



"Of course! That explains it!
I've given a lot!
Did I ask for anything?
No, I think not."

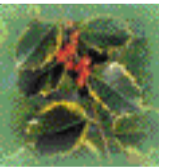
"But for all of those centuries,
desire was there,
I've simply denied it
too busy to care."



"But now I've gone apeshit
what can I do?"
"Chill out," said the Buddha



So BuSanta set out
to learn Buddha's way
He trained and he prayed
for the rest of the day.



From that day forth
his gi was renewed,
he was back on top,



He no longer needed
his reindeer to fly
an astral plane rider



Kids love him again,
they think he's just swell,
he still hits the bottle,

