

Xmas wRap

Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house
not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse.
The mouse had ate poison,
— it was dead.

The kids — they'd all
gone up to bed.
The adults — they'd all had
lotsa' beer.
Their heads were filled
with Christmas cheer.
Pretty soon the grown-ups
had all passed out.
Only the cat was
up and about.

Only the cat, how about that.
Only the cat, how about that.

Bye and bye —
he thought he heard a sound.
It came from the roof,
not from the ground.
All of a sudden,
with the volume advancing,
it sounded like a bunch of little guys
tap dancing.

He ran to the kitchen,
he ran up the hall,
back in the living room
he heard something fall.
He snuck back in.
What'd he spy? In the
middle of the room was a
short fat guy.
He had a red suit, and
a big beer gut,
a long white beard and a
big fat butt.

He had soot on his butt, like he'd
been in the chimmeny,
He couldna' got down that way,

by Jimmeny!
He's too darn fat!
So how'd he get in?
He's got a red nose and he
smells like Gin.
He must be a slick
old fart to disarm
that brand-new state-of-the-art
burglary alarm.

He's got a sack on his back
and he's casing the place.
I better keep quiet.
He's probably got Mace. What's a
cat to do?
It's not my job
to protect the stupid humans from this
smelly old slob.

Well he put down his sack
and he opened it up,
pulled out a big wheel
and a pickup truck,
a new X-box
and a baseball bat,
some children's clothes
and a winter hat.
He stole a cookie,
drank something from a jar,
but he didn't take the TV
or the keys to the car.
He went
over to the socks, started
fillin' 'em with toys,
Barbie dolls for the girls,
toy guns for the boys.
This crazy old man's leavin'
stuff, by golly.
He's givin' stuff away and he
sure looks jolly.

Now he turned with a jerk --
scared hell outta me, I hauled
ass out from under that
Christmas tree, I ran
under the recliner, then I
heard a wierd noise.

Then all was quiet —

I regained my poise.

I peeked into the room,
the coast was clear.
Now how'd that old man
disappear? There's a
sound outside —
what could that be? I hopped
up on the sill,
and peeked out to see the
fat man in a sleigh
with eight tiny reindeer.
They's a-paw in' up the lawn,
and then I hear,
"On Dasher, On Dancer,
Go Prancer and Vixen,
On Comet, On Cupid,
Go Ollie and Nixon.

"Get up some speed,
let's take to the sky.
We got lots a' stops,
so we better fly."
And as they took to the air
I heard the old man say,

"Merry Christmas,
and Have A Nice Day."