

# The Night Before Christmas

## The Robertsons

Now the night before Christmas, I was sitting in my house  
And there wasn't nothing moving around, not even a mouse.  
The socks were hung by the fireplace to dry,  
In hopes that old Santa Clause would bring me some pie  
My children are grown, so nobody's in bed  
And I got the sound of duck calls stuck in my head.  
Mama's in her gown, and I got on my cap,  
And I ain't tired, cause I took a three hour nap.  
When all of a sudden, I heard a big crash  
I figured it was some coon, diggin' in the trash  
I went to the window, and slipped on my shoes  
Cause I don't like critters, snooping around in my refuge  
Now the moon was bright, and there was no sight of  
snow  
And hey, I have the eyes of an eagle, just so you know.  
When all of a sudden, what seemed to appear,  
Was a tiny little tree stand, and whole lot of deer. Hmm  
I knew I had seen him, he was acting very silly  
And I was convinced, it could only be Willy  
Now he was yelling and screaming, calling out names  
And those deer started moving, and all those suckers came!  
Now I thought he said "Hey, Dasher, hey Prancer,  
and Spitzer  
Maybe Comet, something about Cupid, Donner and Wolf Blitzer  
Let's head to the roof, from there they would spring  
These deers had magical powers, and all of them had wings  
Now I took off my glasses, cause this was too weird  
Big bucks turned into ducks, is what seemed to appear  
Hey they circled around, and I swear that they flew  
These deer had bags of my garbage, and big Willy in there too  
And then, in a flash, they was tearing up my roof  
I heard the stompin' and chompin' of each little hoof  
As I drew out my pistol, not knowing what to say  
Down the fireplace came Willy, he must have got away  
He had on a mink coat, from his bandana to his foot  
And his clothes were all nasty, covered it ashes and soot.  
He had my bag of garbage flung over his back,  
And he looked like a fat raccoon, lookin' for a snack  
As I stood there, wondering why he was not in bed  
I yelled, "Hey, I don't have any cookies you crazy knuckle head"  
His mouth was wide open as he stood there in shock  
Then I realized, I was in my tighty whites, with only a top  
Alright, quit laughing boy  
OK, Willy looked like he  
was smoking a pipe  
I know I never seen that, and it didn't seem right  
Not sure it was Willy's face, but no doubt it was his belly  
With the unmistakable shake, cause hey, Willy loves his jelly  
Willy's chubby and plump, like a fat little mouse  
And I got tickled at seeing him and said "Why are you at my house?"  
He winked at me and smiled, as he set down his stash

I saw it was not my garbage, and it certainly was not my trash  
Hey, this cat didn't say a word, as he pulled out  
some toys

And not just cheap crap. This stuff was for big boys!

He was doing a job, and he was going to work

This could not be Willy, because Willy, he's a jerk! He left me some goodies, then he sprang in the air

I wasn't sure what I just saw, but hey, I didn't care

And I heard him yell out, as he left with his pack

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night, Jack!"

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