

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 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 trashHey, 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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