

It Happens Each Christmas

On the night before Christmas, the elves were all pooped,
And Santa was checking the gifts as they're grouped.



Presents for kids and big bills for the rest,
A billion deliveries is really a test.

In days gone by he made all of those toys,
For little young ladies and well behaved boys.

But now he has WalMart, Best Buy and Sears,
With fast online shopping, no deadline he fears.

He's checking his list of who's naughty and nice,
(And it helps that their parents can meet that steep price.)

Counting his reindeer he jumped on his sled,
Saying, "Looks like we're ready." to his chief elf, Fred.

"All clear from the rooftops, but no time to spare,
You'd better leave now or you'll never get there."

"I will," said Saint Nick, "but did Bob send his list?"
"Not yet" said Elf Fred, "is it something we missed?"

"Not really," said Santa, "he does this each year,
I should skip him this Christmas and just grab a beer.

"Last year I delivered some stylish new socks,
And when I return they'll still be in that box.

"His closet is bulging with dozens of suits,
He has lots of shoes; he's got cowboy boots!

"He won't wear cologne no matter how chic,
I'm out of suggestions, so he's up the creek!"

It was then an idea popped into his head,
"Do you still have some gift cards, my faithful elf, Fred?"

He started to answer but then scratched his head.
"Victoria's Secret. He'll look great in red!"



Santa then chuckled as he left the North Pole,
"I know what I'll give him. Just load up some coal.

"We'll use that old sack, we won't need a box,
We'll teach him a lesson with black colored rocks."

He made all of his rounds and returned before dawn,
Landing with grace on his snow-covered lawn.



He marched to his door and opened the locks,
His own Christmas gift's a stiff drink on the rocks!