

## A Redneck Night Before Christmas

'Twas the Night before Christmas, and all through the shack  
Not a creature was stirrin', cept the lice on my harry back.

The skoal cans wuz nailed to the screen door with care,  
With hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were sleepin', all snug in their beds,  
While visions of tractor pulls danced in their heads.

And Ma in her nightgown all stained with pound cake.  
Had just settled down to watch Ricki Lake.

When out in the driveway, a loud noise I heard,  
I opened the winder to check muh T-bird.

I ran to the door, like I's on a mission,  
But I tripped on some parts from an old truck transmission.

When what to my blue and brown eye should I see  
But a Chevy S-10, pulled by eight flyin' sheep.

With a fat nasty driver, so disgustin' and sick  
I said "Shoot Fire!" That must be St. Nick!

More rapid than X-lax his wooly sheep came  
And he belched and he hollered, and he called 'em by name.

Now CLIFFORD! Now VERNON! Now LESTER and  
ENUS! On FESTUS! On ELMER! On ROSCOE and  
CLETUS!

"To the top of the satellite dish! To the top of the shed!  
Now move it n' Step on it! Ya'll get out the lead!"

I heard a loud sound on the roof of my shack.  
Pud down my spit cup and went fer my gun rack.

He fell through the roof, just about killed my dog,  
I swear that ole' Santa looked just like Boss Hog.

He was dressed in red-and-green camo, from his neck to his  
feet, and I had to give him credit, he still had most of his  
teeth.

Looked like stuff from a yard sale slung on his back,  
There was flyswatters an' Tupperware, and Wade Hayes on '  
8-track.

When he winked his eye, I knew fer sure he'd treat us right,  
why, he just might even, leave me some ammo tonight!

Some Crisco, some Spam, some Oatmeal Cream pies,  
And a Nascar T-shirt in Double X size.

He topped off our stockin's with Moon Pies and bottle rockets, then squoze up that dryer vent like Spam in your pocket.

He hopped in his truck, to his sheep gave an order  
"Hurry up youins! To the Tennessee border!"

And I heard him cry out, with a strong southern drawl,  
"Merry Christmas You Rednecks! Merry Christmas Y'all!"