

Bob Rivers

"A Visit From St. Nicholson"

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TwasÃ¢â€šâ€™ the fright before Christmas
No one upset me
With a big bowl of popcorn, watching TV

I stretched, gave a yawn, settled back in my chair
In hopes that St. Nicholson soon would be there
The children were lying awake without sleep
TheyÃ¢â€šâ€™d seen all his movies; He gives them the
creeps

IÃ¢â€šâ€™d cued up cuckooÃ¢â€šâ€™s nest with my
trusty remote
To the part where he had all the nuts in the boat
When out in the yard, there arose such a noise
I turned off the TV to see what it was

And what to my wandering eyes should approach
But the Los Angeles Lakers, and Pat Riley, their coach
The limo was racing, the team at its heels
ThatÃ¢â€šâ€™s when I saw him: the man at the wheel
He ranted and cursed, and waved round his swizzle
stick
And I knew in a second it must be Jack Nick

More rapid than the Celtics these Lakers they came
He screamed like a mad man and called them by name
Ã¢â€šâœNow Magic, now Worthy, now Scott and
Kareem
On Cooper, on Rambis and the rest of the teamÃ¢â€šâœ

Down the chimney St. Nicholson came with a groan
Then he brushed off the suit and said, Ã¢â€šâœHoney,
IÃ¢â€šâ€™m homeÃ¢â€šâœ

He was wearing a trench coat, with beer it was stained
And his shirt was clawed to shreds by Shirley Maclaine
He had a fat face and a flabby beer belly
From too many trips to the bar and the deli

He said, Ã¢â€šâœIt's tough when an actor becomes fat
and lazy
I only get calls to play weirdoÃ¢â€šâ€™s and crazies

And middle-aged has-been "s with washed up careers
But I'll fix them all and play Santa this year

And with that, he buried his head in the sack and said
"Lets see what you get from your old buddy Jack

A hatchet for daddy", he reared back his head
To scare all those little buggers upstairs in bed
And a stiff drink for mommy in a nice tall glass
She could really use something to kill that bug up her chimney

With a wink of his eye and a twist of his face
He threw all the stockings into the fireplace
What could I do? What could I say?
What would I wear on my feet Christmas day?

I asked for a reason and turning his head
He looked straight at me and here's what he said
"Why? You wanna know why?
Do you really wanna know why, pal? I'll tell you why

When you're out Christmas shopping
You know, doing your little Christmas things
With all your little Christmas friends
Spreading all that Christmas cheer
With those stupid Christmas songs?

Did you ever stop and think of
Picking up a little something for old Jack?
Did you ever stop to think of what Jack might like for Christmas?
You know Jack from the movies up on the big screen
Pouring his heart out, giving it everything he's got

Day in and day out, just trying as hard as he can
To bring a tiny little bit of sunshine
Into your miserable little humdrum lives
Did you ever think of good ole Jack for a second?
No, not once, maybe old Jack just wasn't that good

Maybe, I wasn't good enough
In the postman always rings twice
Acting my guts out for you in that one
Cuckoo's nest, the shining, witches of fricking

Eastwick
Prizzi's fricking honor, all for you, pal

Just to brighten things up for you
Not good enough though, is it?
No, you want me to brighten up the Christmas season
too?
Isn't that what you want, pal?
Okay, let's make things real bright around here

What do you say we decorate the tree?
String up these pretty lights here
Oh, she's looking brighter already
What do you say we take this cute little angel
And ram her on the top branch, huh?

How about some gasoline for the whole thing?
I mean, let's make her just as bright as she can be
What do you say we light her up and chuck her
Through the old picture window here?

No point in having a tree as bright
As all that without giving the neighbors
A chance to see, don't you think?
There, aren't you glad ole' Jack
stopped by

The flames towered brightly in the cold, wintry sky
As he made for his limo and bade his goodbye
And an age may unfold air I fail to regret
That visit from St. Nicholson, which I'd sooner
forget

But I swear by the goose bumps upon my skin
That I'll always remember that devilish grin
And his voice, crying out as he faded from sight
Merry Christmas to all and I hope I never see
you again
For as long as I live, for crying out loud

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