

## **Bob Rivers**

### **"A Visit From StNicholson"**

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Twasâ€™ 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  
Theyâ€™d seen all his movies; He gives them the  
creeps

Iâ€™d cued up cuckooâ€™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  
Thatâ€™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  
â€œNow Magic, now Worthy, now Scott and Kareem  
On Cooper, on Rambis and the rest of the teamâ€

Down the chimney St. Nicholson came with a groan  
Then he brushed off the suit and said, â€œHoney,  
Iâ€™m homeâ€

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, â€œIt's tough when an actor becomes fat and  
lazy  
I only get calls to play weirdoâ€™s and crazies  
And middle-aged has-beenâ€™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  
"Let's 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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