

Christmas Songs

"A Mum's Night Before Christmas"

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It was the night before Christmas, when all through the
abode
Only one creature was stirring, and she was cleaning
the commode.
The children were finally sleeping, all snug in their
beds,
While visions of Nintendo and Barbie, flipped through
their
heads.
The dad was snoring in front of the TV,
With a half-constructed bicycle on his knee.

So only the mum heard the reindeer hooves clatter,
Which made her sigh, "Now what's the matter?"
With toilet bowl brush still clutched in her hand,
She descended the stairs, and saw the old man.
He was covered with ashes and soot, which fell with a
shrug.
"Oh great!!" muttered the mum, "Now I have to clean
the rug."

"Ho-Ho-Ho!!" cried Santa, "I'm glad you're awake.
Your gift was especially difficult to make."
"Thanks, Santa, but all I want is some time alone."
"Exactly!!" he chuckled, "I've made you a clone."
"A clone?" she asked, "What good is that?"
Run along, Santa. I've no time for chit-chat."

It was the mother's twin.
Same hair, same eyes, same double chin.
"She'll cook, she'll dust, she'll mop every mess.
You'll relax, take it easy, go out, buy a dress."
"Fantastic!!" the mum cheered. "My dream come true!
I'll shop. I'll read. I'll sleep a whole night through!"

From the room above, the youngest began to fret.
"Mummy?!? I'm scared, and I'm wet."
The clone replied, "I'm coming, sweetheart."
"Hey," the mum smiled, "She knows her part."
The clone changed the small one, and hummed a tune,
As she bundled the child, in a blanket cocoon.

"You're the best mummy ever. I really love you."
The clone smiled and sighed, "I love you, too."

The mum frowned and said, "Sorry, Santa, no

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