

Crestopher Dumapias

"Axel And The Dog's The Night Before Christmas"

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Was the night before Chris'moose
When all through the place I was stayin' at
There wasn't nobody makin' no noises, not even some
mouses
Except my brooder-in-law, and he is a rat!

The stockings was hung by the schimney kinda careful-
like
Because the fella wid dose red knickers was s'posed to
get dere!
The monsters was tucked all snug in their beds
While wisions of sugar plums dance in their heads.

Mama in her curlers and me in my nightshirt
Had just washed our feet for a long winter's nap.
When out on the grass dere rose a heck of a noise
I jumped outta my bed to see if it was the boys!

Over to the window I flew like a flash
(I coulda made it faster but I was fulla mama's hash).
The moon was shining on the new snow what had just
come down
And it was shining kinda like it wasn't night

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a teensy-weensy sleigh and eight teensy-weensy
reinhorses!
There was a tiny little driver, so sudden and quick
I could tell right away in my goosepimples - it was yolly
Saint Nick.

More faster dan eagles, his horses they came
And he whistled and hollered and called 'em all
names:
Now Hasher, now Trasher, now Victor, now Prancin'!
On, Tackhead! On, Stupid! Onnnnn, 'Sisconsin!

To da top of da porch, to da top of da wall
Now dash away, dash away!
Would you reinhorses please get da heck up on da
wall,

If you don't mind please?

Then in two shakes of a wildcat's tail
I heerd those aminated monkeyin' around wid their
hoofs
As I sucked in my head and tripped over the pewsycat
Down the schimney come Santa Claus - flat on his back.

He was a fat old fella, right yolly old elf
And I laughed when I seen him - I couldn't help it.
A vink of his eye and a tvist of his neck
Soon give me to know I deent have nothin' to worry
about.

What was left of his pipe he held in his toot'
And his smoke wrap'd around his head like a hoop
He was quite broad in places, and he had a round little
belly
That shook when he giggle like a bowlful of yelly.

His eyes they was glassy, his suit was the berries
His scheeks was like roses and his nose like a scherry
His droll little mouth was drawed up like a bow
And da beard on his schin dragged clean down in da
snow.

He deent say nothin' but went straight to his werk
And filled up the hosiery and turned wid a squirt
And pewtin' his fingers alongside of his nose
He says, "Have a good time, schildren!"
And up the shimney he goes - psssshht!

He yumped in his sleigh and to his team gave a vhistle
They yumped up and ran like they sat on a tistle!
I heard him say as he scrambled outta dere
"A Merry Christmas to all, and to all Good Night!"

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