

## **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 yumped 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 whistle  
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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