

'Twas the Nite Before...



'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the place
The aroma of garlic
Was right in your face

The children were sleeping
All snug in their beds
While visions of garlic bulbs
Danced in their heads

I woke up at two
To see what was doing
Imagine my shock
When I saw what was brewing

Santa stood on a stool
In front of the oven
A spoon in his hand
He was cooking with lovin'

A great pot of soup
Was bubbling away
What a weird concoction
For this Christmas day

Old Santa was grinding
With a great deal of noise
Some Goodness of Garlic
And ignoring the toys

I looked at the sack
Just tossed on the floor
While Santa was mumbling
"I think it needs more"

So he reached in the cupboard
For the Garlic he sought
And proceed to grind it
All into the pot

The air was intense
Oh my, it was smelly!
Santa's nose began twitching
And so did his belly

He said with great gusto
His face red as a beet
"I'm tired of cookies
And the treats and the sweets"

"Now this is a dish
That can rightly be said
Will clear up my sniffles
And the rest of my head"

He finished his soup
With no hint of dismay
And went up the chimney
To find his great sleigh

His reindeer were waiting
To finish the rounds
Santa jumped in the sleigh
Making satisfied sounds

It was truly a Christmas
I'll not soon forget
As I washed up the dishes
I had no regrets

I had spent time with Santa
While he cooked up a storm
He was jolly and happy
In really fine form

I wasn't quite sure
What would happen that day
When Santa got home
In his smelly old sleigh

Perhaps Mrs. Claus
Would wrinkle her nose
'Cause Santa would surely
Stink not like a rose

As I pondered all that
My thoughts were jarred loose
By the sleigh starting up
It was time to vamoose

And I heard from the roof
The familiar refrain
"Merry Christmas to all
And to all a Good Night!"