

A Cowboy Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the bunkhouse
not a creature was stirring, not even a bed louse.

The cowboys were passed out and strune on their beds,
All snoring so loudly the sound buzzed in my head.

When out on the prairie there arose such a rukus,
I jumped from my bunk to see what was upon us.

Away to the window I flew like a bolt,
tore open the shutters, and drew out my Colts.

And what, to my bleary and blood-shot eyes did appear, but a
buckboard and horses! There wern't no reindeer.

The driver was reckless and weaving about and I feared for the
bunkhouse so I gave out a shout.

"Hey! Watch it!" I hollered, to sound the alarm.

But he just kept on comin' so I knew he meant harm.

My eyes, they was bleary, but I took careful aim.

Just meaning to wing 'em, and find out his game.

My pistol barked loudly in the still winter's night,

Couldn't tell if I hit him but he dropped out of sight.

That slowed them dern horses as they came to the hut.

But soon as I saw them, I knew in my gut.

They were decked out in ribbons and glitter and such.

And the buckboard was loaded with presents too pretty to touch.

Then I saw with all horrors my mind could attest,
a short little fat-man, drilled right through the chest.

"Well shoot." I said loudly, Now I've done it fer sure.

The problem I'm facin', I don't think there's a cure.

He shouldn't have come racin' across the prairie like hell,

Didn't know he was friendly, it was dark. Couldn't tell!

My mind was a-whirrlin', and I had to be quick,

Got to clean-up this screw-up,

cause I'd just shot St. Nick.