

# Jeff Foxworthy, Twas The Night After Christmas

Twas the night after Christmas and all through the trailer,  
The beer had gone flat and the pizza was staler,  
The tube socks hung empty, no candies or toys,  
I was camped out on my old La-Z-Boy,

The kids they weren't talking to me or my wife,  
The worst Christmas they said they had had in their lives,  
My wife couldn't argue and neither could I,  
So I watched TV and my wife, she just cried

When out in the yard the dog started barkin'  
I stood up and looked and saw Sheriff Larkin  
He yelled, "Roy I am sworn to uphold the laws  
And I got a complaint from a feller named Clause."

I said, "Clause, I don't know nobody named Clause,  
And you ain't takin me in without probable cause."  
Then the Sheriff he said, "The man was shot at last night."  
I said, "That might've been me, just whats he look like?"

The Sheriff replied, "Well he's a jolly old feller, with a big beer gut belly  
That shakes when he laughs like a bowl full of jelly  
He sports a long beard and a nose like a cherry."  
I said, "That sounds like my wife's sister Sherri."

"It's no time for jokes Roy," the Sheriff he said,  
"The man I'm describing is dressed all in red  
I'm here for the truth now, it's time to come clean,  
Tell me what you done, and tell me what you seen."

Well I started to lie then I thought what the hell  
It wouldn't be the first time I spent New Years in jail.  
I said, "Sheriff it happened last night about ten,  
I thought that my wife had been drinking again."

When she walked in from works she was white as a ghost  
I thought maybe she'd seen one of them UFO's  
But she said that a bunch of deer had just flown over her head  
And stopped on the roof of our good neighbor Red,

Well I ran outside to look and the sight made me shutter,  
A freezer full of venison standing right on Red's gutter.  
Well, my hands were a shaking as I grabbed my gun,  
When outta Red's chimney this feller did run

And slung on his back was this bag overflowin'  
I thought he'd stolen Red's stuff while old Red was out bowlin'  
So I yelled, "Drop it fat boy, hands in the air."  
But he went about his business like he hadn't a care

So I popped off a warning shot over his head,  
Well he dropped that bag and he jumped in that sled,  
And as he flew off i heard him extort,  
"Thats assault with intent Roy, I'll see you in court." Ill tell you what sheriff if you put a su  
on me I wont show up ill hold up in the cellar  
and you'll never rout me outta there  
so why don't you just  
turn car off come  
in well watch wrestling eat some  
Easter bunny stew and talk about howta catch that tooth fairy  
she's been over here about every other night