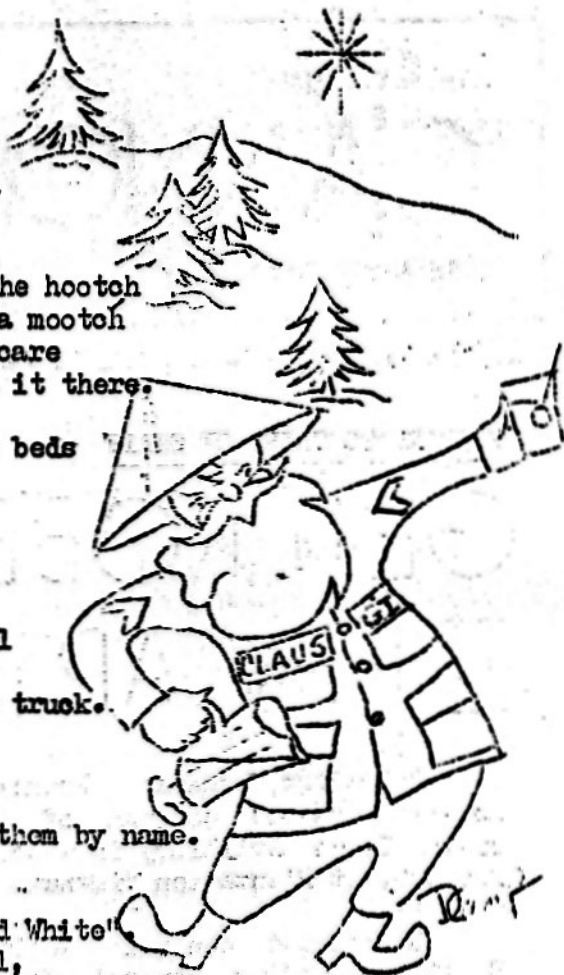


SANTA ON THE WAGON

Christmas Greetings



Twas the night before Christmas and all through the hootch
 There were empties and butts, left around by a mootch
 And the best quart I'd hid by the blastwall with care
 Had been swiped by some bum, who'd discovered it there.

My guests all had long since been poured in their beds
 To wake in the morning with god-awful heads.
 My mouth full of cotton, hung down to my lap
 Because I was dying for one more nightcap.

When through the doorway there came such a smell
 I sprang to my feet to see what the . . . well
 And what to my wondering eyes should show up
 But eight bloated reindeer, hitched to a beer truck.
 With a little old driver who looked like a hick
 But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick.
 Staggering onward, those eight reindeer came,
 While he hiccoughed and belched as he called them by name.

"On Schenley! On Seagram! We ain't got all night,
 You too, Haig and Haig, and you too, Black and White"
 "Scram up on this roof, get the hook off this wall,
 Get going you dummies, we've got a long haul."
 So up on the roof went the reindeer and truck
 But a banana tree branch hit Santa before he could duck.
 And then in a twinkling I heard from above
 A hook of a noise that was no cooing dove.

So I pulled in my head and I cocked a sharp ear,
 Down the doorway he plunged, landing smack on his rear.
 He was dressed in fatigues, unbloused wore his pants
 And the way the guy squirmed, well, I guess he had ants.
 He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back
 And a breath that'd blow a freight train right off the track.
 He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right
 But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work
 And he missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk.
 Then putting five fingers to the end of his nose,
 He gave me the password . . . up the doorway he rose
 He sprang for his truck at so hasty a pace
 That he tripped on a sandbag and slid on his face.
 But I heard him burp back when he passed out of sight,
 "Merry Christmas, you rum-dums, now really got tight!"