

# Twas Christmas Eve Day Night

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Not a creature was stirring, not even a dust mite.

All the Villagers were snug in their beds,  
while visions of watermelons danced in their heads.

When came from outside with such a clatter,  
twas Moe Hines and his bar that's a tatter.

He came in the backdoor from the back steps with care,  
as the steps ain't so good back there.

He spread happiness and cheer with the sale of every beer,  
though the reason for the prices is not very clear.

He ran out the front door in such haste,  
and found the front parking also a waste.

As he drove away in his Jag out of site,  
he said Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight.

Michael Dennis 20 December, 2000