

The Night Before Christmas

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the garage
Not a creature was stirring, not even a Dodge;
The tires were all hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas would fill them with air.

When up jumped a Chevy, shivering with fright,
And yelled for the Rambler to turn on the light.
He heard a strange sound on top of the roof,
It sounded like Santa's little reindeer hoof.

Just then little Plymouth left out a great yap
He was hit on the fender by a big Cadillac.
Then up spoke a Chrysler who said in a rave
"Old Santa won't come if you don't behave."

The Olds tucked the Ford back in for the night,
And Packard went over and turned out the light.
They soon dozed off in the land of Nod,
But the first one awake was a little Hot-Rod.

He jumped up so quickly that he fouled a plug,
He yelled "merry Christmas," with a chug, a chug chug.
With a start they all rose and while trying to dress
The Falcon and Mustang upset the drill press.

With their lights on high beam they rushed over to see
What Santa had left for them under the tree.
Then all together they started to sing,
For there was a new valve grinding machine.

And a hole set of tires were placed in the rack,
And a new set of feathers for Chief Pontiac.
The Hot-Rod jumped and shouted with glee,
"Just look what Santa has let for me."

The hi-lift cam was set by the door
And a new stick shift, with four on the floor.
But while the others were having their fun,
It seemed like Santa had forgotten just one.

For the Volkswagen beetle, there was nothing at all
And everyone thought he was ready to bawl
But really he wasn't, he just looked that way.
His face always hangs, even when he feels gay.

It's been so long since he's had anything new,
So he didn't mind, and got in the fun too.
Now all were so happy and full of good cheer.
They all wished each other a Happy New Year.