

My Father At Christmas



He was the Christmas clown
it's true
And here are the things
he'd do

He'd toss the tinsel around
the room
And dance like a crazy loon

He'd do funny little holiday
poses

Put on a wig and pretend he
was Moses

Take a couple more sips of
the nog
And start singing to our
family pet dog

And as a joke in trying to
be funny
He'd give gifts of Monopoly
money

And you talk about the fruits
of labor
He'd leave apples for a
crabby neighbor

When it came to comedy he
was King
For he'd have us laughing
so hard it would sting

My father was a gem at
Christmas
Full of pranks and props
and blissness

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