The night before Christmas

 It was Christmas eve, no Molly or Duke to be heard,

 Not even a little bird,

 My vision completely blurred,

 Feeling like a nerd.

 It was Santa really Santa,

 In his big read coat,

 And his bright fluffy hat,

 With Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet Cupid, Donner and Blitzen, waiting afloat.

 I swept to my feet ,

 Just to see him sat on my seat,

 Eating his cookies and milk !

 It was him, really him,

 But the lights were so dim,

 The only thing I could see was his chin!

 I got a bit nearer,

 And everything was clearer,

 I got my camera out,

 But I started to pout,

 Because gone just gone !