

Christmas Presents

by Laura McCollough Moss

There's something Dad's been telling us
that I don't think is true
He'll smile at Mom, she'll smile at him
and this is what they'll do
They'll head upstairs
in broad daylight
and make us stay down here
Then halfway up he turns around and says
do not come near
(Chorus): He says they're going up to talk about
our Christmas presents
there's lots to discuss so we must stay away
They gotta make plans for
our Christmas presents
Or Santa can't come with his sleigh
Now I can't figure out
why Santa needs advice
from parents on what to bring
He's a pretty smart man
we've all sent him letters
and he's never forgotten a thing
But you can't tell my Dad
'Cause he'll stand on the landing
saying put a movie in
This could take a long time
your lists get longer every year
then he reminds us with a grin
We're going up to talk about
your Christmas presents
there's a lot to discuss so you have to stay away
We've gotta make plans for

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/laura-mccollough-moss/christmas-presents>»*

Copyright © 2012 Laura McCollough Moss. All rights reserved.

your Christmas presents
Or Santa can't come with his sleigh
Now it's Christmas morning
all the toys are here
Every one that we asked for
we run upstairs to Mom and Dad's room
and we all pound on their door
It opens up and Dad stands there
scratching at his head
Says it's not time yet
still dark outside
You all get back to bed
We're tired out from talking 'bout
your Christmas presents
We need another hour
then we'll all go down and play
It's a lotta work talking 'bout
your Christmas presents
Can't we just sleep in on Christmas day?

