

# 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

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

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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?

