

## "The Biker's Night Before Christmas"

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad,  
There was nada happenin', now thats pretty bad.  
The woodstove was hung up in that stocking routine,  
In hopes that the Fat Boy would soon make the scene.  
With our stomachs packed with tacos and beer,  
My girl and I crashed on the couch for some cheer.  
When out in the yard there arose such a racket,  
I ran for the door and pulled on my jacket.  
I saw a large bro' on a '56 Pan  
Wearin' black leathers, a cap, and boots (cool biker, man).  
He hauled up the bars on that bikeful of sacks,  
And that Pan hit the roof like it was running on tracks.  
I couldn't help gawking, the old guy had class.  
But I had to go in -- I was freezing my ass.  
Down through the stovepipe he fell with a crash,  
And out of the stove he came dragging his stash.  
With a smile and some glee he passed out the loot,  
A new jacket for her and some parts for my scoot.  
He patted her fanny and shook my right hand,  
Spun on his heel and up the stovepipe he ran.  
From up on the roof came a great deal of thunder,  
As that massive V-twin ripped the silence asunder.  
With beard in the wind, he roared off in the night,  
Shouting, "Have a cool Yule, and to all a good ride!"

Author Unknown