

Merry Fishes to All ©2004

Chocolate Christmas
Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI)

It's gonna be a chocolate Christmas. I'll have a chocolate Christmas tree.
Chocolate reindeer pull a chocolate sleigh full of chocolate toys for me.
I'll bite off chocolate Santa's head and nibble his chocolate feet,
Wash him down with chocolate milk and go right back to sleep.

And dream about chocolate ice cream and a German chocolate cake.
He knows if you've been bad or good so be good for chocolate's sake.
Chocolate stars in a chocolate sky, chocolate people walking by.
I'm so happy I could cry. It's Chocolate Christmas time.

I'm talking 'bout a Chocolate Christmas,
A cha cha cha cha Chocolate Christmas,
It's gonna be a Chocolate Christmas.
Well, it's Chocolate Christmas time.

I'm gonna decorate my chocolate house with chocolate Christmas lights.
Hang a chocolate wreath on a chocolate door and call it paradise.
Between the double chocolate brownies and a batch of chocolate fudge
I'll be so full of chocolate that I can barely budge.

But you're standing under chocolate mistletoe, oh now give me a little chocolate kiss.
I'll take my chocolate fishing pole and catch a big chocolate fish.
If my chocolate wish comes true I'll share my chocolate dreams with you.
I love chocolate. You do, too! It's Chocolate Christmas time.

I'm talking 'bout a Chocolate Christmas,
A cha cha cha cha Chocolate Christmas,
It's gonna be a Chocolate Christmas.
Well, it's Chocolate Christmas time.

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My First Christmas

Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI)

On my first Christmas I was zero years old
I don't remember but they tell me all about it.
It was a silent night till I woke up and cried,
"Peace on earth!" somebody shouted.
On my first Noel I made a big, bad smell
The merry gentlemen were all dismayed.
What child is this going rum-pa-pum-pum?
Hark, the herald angels did say.
I was a joy to the world on my first Christmas,
Joy to the world on a midnight clear,
A joy to the world on my first Christmas,
I was zero years old that year.

On my first Christmas I was zero years old
I don't remember but they say it wasn't right.
Yuletide caroling and gay appareling
Smelled like away in a manger that night.
I was doing all right with my Christmas of white
'Til they had to go and burp me once more.
While the shepherds were watching and the sheep were flocking,
I was flocking all over the floor.
I was a joy to the world on my first Christmas,
Joy to the world on a midnight clear,
A joy to the world on my first Christmas,
I was zero years old that year.

On my first Christmas I was zero years old,
I don't remember but they say it wasn't right.
Just a little drummer boy pounding hammers on the floor
Singing fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la all night.
They really don't know how I swallowed that bow,
The jingle bell or the one horse sleigh,
But ho, ho, ho, we went dashing through the snow
To the doctor on Christmas Day.
I was a joy to the world on my first Christmas,
Joy to the world on a midnight clear,
A joy to the world on my first Christmas,
Wait 'til I tell you what I did the next year.

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Snow is Falling

Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 (BMI)

Snow is falling. They said rain but I know snow when I see it.
Always nice to have a little snow at Christmas,
Helps you keep believing, keep on believing.
Four in the morning and all through the house
Somebody's stirring, it's not a mouse.
Looks like you caught me helping Santa with this bike.
He had to hurry on his way 'cause he's a busy man tonight.

Snow is falling. They said rain but I know snow when I see it.
Our yard looks like a birthday cake.
Can you believe it? I believe it,
And I believe I can put this bike together,
Even though Santa left instructions in Japanese.
Hand me the pliers and the socket wrench,
With a little time and a few kind words, part A will fit into part B.

I told Santa you were sorry about the syrup on the cat.
He said your grades were getting better and he was happy about that.
He's understanding and forgiving and he put the coal away.
You'll be glad to hear you won't be getting any. No coal today.

How about some breakfast? Are you thirsty?
I know you'd rather open presents but we gotta wrap 'em first.
No one knows it's snowing and everyone's asleep.
Let's wait for them to wake up and see how happy they will be.
Snow is falling. They said rain.
Snow is falling. They said rain.

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**Santa Brought Me Clothes
Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 (BMI)**

I wanted toys for Christmas, toys for Christmas. Santa Brought Me Clothes.
Even wrapped in pretty packages, clothes are still clothes.
You gotta wash 'em. You gotta wear 'em.
You gotta fold 'em and take care of 'em.
Any way you look at it, it's not what I chose. Santa Brought Me Clothes.

There's nothing like having the whole family there,
Laughing when you open up a big box of underwear.
When I said I like rocks, somebody must've thought I said socks.
I got about a hundred pair.

I wanted toys for Christmas, toys for Christmas. Santa Brought Me Clothes.
Even wrapped in pretty packages, clothes are still clothes.
You gotta wash 'em. You gotta wear 'em.
You gotta fold 'em and take care of 'em.
Any way you look at it, it's not what I chose. Santa Brought Me Clothes.

One little game and my life would be so changed.
One little toy and my heart would fill with joy.
A bike with one little wheel might be a better deal.
I want to have some fun. Do you remember how that feels?

Maybe some day I'll like suits and ties,
But for now it's trampolines and slides.
And I don't think I'll ever be happy with a sweater,
I'd rather have a sled.

I wanted toys for Christmas, toys for Christmas. Santa Brought Me Clothes.
It's better than switches, better than coal, better than nothing I suppose.

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Snow Day

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It's a chilly winter morning got the covers up over my head,
Trying to find a way to make myself get out of bed,
When I notice it's too quiet and look out over the drive.
Such a beautiful sight, a blanket of white, I'm the happiest man alive.

Snow Day, Snow Day, there's not a thing that we can do,
And I'll spend the whole day with you.

Not a thing is open in this winter wonderland,
Might as well forget about whatever we had planned.
We've been working hard all winter, been busy just getting it done,
What a wonderful way for Mother Nature to say
"Today we're just going to have fun."

Snow Day, Snow Day, there's not a thing that we can do,
And I'll spend the whole day with you.

No one can say we're lazy, we can't help that we're snowbound
Because outside there's a foot or more and it's still coming down.
We've been working hard all winter, been busy just getting it done
What a wonderful way for Mother Nature to say
"Today you're just going to have fun."

Snow Day, Snow Day, there's not a thing that we can do,
And I'll spend the whole day making snowballs,
Throwing snowballs at you.

Merry Fishes to All ©2004

The Eleven Cats of Christmas

Grimwood/ldlet © 2004 (BMI) and emily kaitz Pingleblobber Music (BMI)

Ten years ago today I looked under my Christmas tree
There was a tailless gray and white cat,
I named him Nicodemus.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from me and Nicodemus.

Nine years ago today I looked under my Christmas tree
There was a multicolored gypsy cat,
I decided to call her Tie-Dye.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Tie-die, me and Nicodemus.

Eight years ago today falling out of my Christmas tree
Was a playful orange alley cat,
I decided to call him Newton.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Seven years ago today under my Christmas tree
There was another orange tabby tom,
I decided to call him Nelson, because he looked a lot like Newton.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Six years ago today under my Christmas tree
There was a black prima donna of a cat,
She said, "Just call me Cleo."
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Five years ago today under my Christmas tree
Was a note from a cat, the weirdo of the group,
Saying look for me in the chicken coop,
I call him Chicken Joe.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Four years ago today under my Christmas tree
There was a fat, majestic cat,
I decided to crown her Princess.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,

With all our love from Princess, Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Three years ago today under my Christmas tree
There was a sweet little calico cat,
I decided to call her Sweet Pea.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Sweet Pea, Princess, Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

Two years ago today I looked under my Christmas tree
There was a growling cross-eyed cat,
I let her stay in spite of that,
She's gray so I call her Gracie.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Gracie, Sweet Pea, Princess, Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

One year ago today under my Christmas tree
Was another ungrateful, grouchy cat,
I decided to call him Oscar.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Oscar, Gracie, Sweet Pea, Princess, Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

This morning I went downstairs hoping I wouldn't see
Another feline under the tree but that was not to be.
There was a hungry, calico cat. I said, "This is the end."
I tore down the tree, threw it outside,
Picked up the kitty and looked her in the eye
And decided to name her Ender.
So to you and yours Meowy Christmas,
With all our love from Ender, Oscar, Gracie, Sweet Pea, Princess, Chicken Joe, Cleo, Nelson, Newton, Tie-dye, me and Nicodemus.

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Just Because, Mrs. Claus Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI)

A quorum was collected when certain problems were detected.
Committees for reform, everyone must fit the norm.
And no child will be neglected. Each and every one inspected,
Even Santa is expected to conform.
Just because, Mrs. Claus, just because we really care,
You've got to start the diet or the man won't fit his suit.
It's because Mr. Claus will not stop eating that we beg you,
If he won't take care of himself, it's clearly up to you.

Sure he's a jolly fellow, brings joy to boys and girls around the world,
But he's a roly-poly role model and his body mass index must be absurd.
It was decided by decree to measure children in the schools.
It only stands to reason, Santa must obey these rules.

Just because, Mrs. Claus, just because we really care,
You've got to stop your baking or the deer can't pull his weight.
It's because Mr. Claus will not stop eating that we beg you,
If he won't take care of himself, you've got to set him straight.

Be judicious with the fast food. Please curtail the use of oil and butter.
If he simply must munch a bit try vegetables not bread and peanut butter.
Hide the potato chips, no in-between meal snacking,
When he was walking rooftops last year, ceilings started cracking.

I know its cold at the Pole but Santa needs to get some exercise
He now requires assistance of an elf when his boots become untied.
By following our guidelines and generally behaving
He'll shed a few lbs. and we'll try and talk him into shaving.

Just because, Mrs. Claus.
Just because, Mrs. Claus.
Just Because, Mrs. Claus.

Merry Fishes to All ©2004

I Got a Cheese Log

**Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI) and Fred Bogert Maxbox
Music (BMI)**

My Christmas stocking's full of jellybeans,
Candy canes and a tambourine,
I got a magic kit, a top hat and a wand.
I got a baseball and a catcher's mitt,
An atomic watch that'll never quit.
Hey, man, what did you get?
(I got a cheese log.)

I got a Lego set with a million blocks,
A fuzzy robot dog that barks,
I got an automatic fly catching frog.
I got a model plane with remote control,
A kit for making donut holes.
Hey, man, how did it go?
(I got a cheese log.)

(I didn't ask for everything and I've been good all year,
Washed the dishes and I even fed the dog.
Everybody I know got exactly what they wanted,
But I got a stinky cheese log.)

I got a microscope and a dozen slides,
A skateboard that's a blast to ride
A train set with mountains and a town.
I got a DVD and a VHS,
Some BVD's and a BMX.
(I don't even know what that is but I got a cheese log.)

Share your toys with all your friends
The happiness of Christmas Eve
Remember when it comes to cheese logs
(It's better to give than to receive.)

Merry Fishes to All ©2004

Bob and Bob

Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI)

I'm Bob. He's Bob. We're Bob and Bob,
A one of a kind two of a kind freak of nature.
They said they knew it couldn't be true,
But here we are a scientific breakthrough.
We're different just because we are the same.
We're flaky little snowflakes with ordinary names.
Being just alike makes us different and strange,
Identical six-sided siblings, silly scatterbrains.
I'm Bob. He's Bob. We're Bob and Bob.
We're a one of a kind two of a kind freak of nature

It's long been said no two of us
Could ever be created exacally alike.
Smart folks investigated, got up early and stayed up late
And up 'til now it looked like they were right.
We're different just because we are the same.
We're flaky little snowflakes with ordinary names.
There's never been a guy quite as handsome as my brother.
That's what I always say when we're mistaken for each other.
I'm Bob. He's Bob. We're Bob and Bob.
We're a one of a kind two of a kind freak of nature.

Did you know some people have never seen snow?
It only snows on one-third of the earth.
Did you know the record for accumulated snow
Is 454 inches on Tamarack, California way back in 1911?

When Mr. Sun comes shining through
Bob and Bob and all our friends will all turn back to water,
Make our homes in waterbeds, clean your teeth and wash your heads,
Turn us into Kool-Aid we don't care.
We're different just because we are the same.
Flaky little snowflakes with ordinary names.
Being just alike makes us different and strange,
Identical six-sided siblings, silly scatterbrains.
I'm Bob. He's Bob. We're Bob and Bob.
We're a one of a kind two of a kind freak of nature.

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You Gotta Get Up

Rich Mullins © 1993 BMG Songs, Inc/ASCAP (Admin. By Brentwood-Benson Music Publishing, Inc. (used by permission)

I thought Christmas Day would never come
But it's here at last so Mom and Dad
The waiting's finally done.
And you gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up,
Its Christmas morning.

Last night I heard reindeer on my roof
Well, you may think it's crazy
But I swear it is the truth.
And you gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up,
Its Christmas morning.

Did my sister get a baby doll; did my brother get his bike?
Did I get that red wagon, the kind that makes you fly?
I hope there'll be peace on Earth
I know there's good will towards men
On account of that baby born in Bethlehem.

Mom and Daddy stayed up too late last night,
I guess they got carried away in the Christmas candlelight.
But you gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up.
Its Christmas morning.
You gotta get up, you gotta get up, you gotta get up...
You gotta get up.

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My Birthday Comes on Christmas

**Louis Bush/Burning Bush Music/ASCAP and Leon Pober/Sis 'N Bro
Music Company/ASCAP/used by permission**

I got a drum. I got a horn.
They gave me a bicycle just for being born.
But I'm only getting half of what I oughta,
'Cause my birthday comes on Christmas.

I got a train that really runs.
They gave me a space suit that should be lots of fun.
But I'm only getting half of what I oughta,
'Cause my birthday comes on Christmas.

Gee but it's tough to be a kid like me
But I guess there is nothing I can do,
'Cause all of the stuff beneath the Christmas tree
Has to count for my birthday, too.

I get so mad at Mom and Dad,
Of all of the days that they picked to have me had,
And they only give me half of what they oughta,
'Cause my birthday comes on Christmas.

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The Christmas Letter

Grimwood/Idlet © 2004 Troutoons (BMI)

Merry Christmas friends or should we just say Happy New Year?
Keeping with tradition, letter's late again this year.
Snow kept us from shopping, that's my excuse for stopping.
Still the thoughts are warm and the wishes are sincere.

The kids are doing well in school; can't believe how big they've grown.
The oldest one is driving. Can you believe the price of gas?
It all goes by so quickly; we're always in a hurry.
They're looking to the future; I'm still clinging to the past.

Took a trip last summer, just like we always do,
Stopped in to see the folks, visited the zoo.
We went fishing, went swimming, tipped over the canoe,
The kids had lots to write about when they went back to school.

Baseball broke my heart again, but that's the way it's always been.
By October I swear I won't care anymore,
But blossoms bloom with every spring, I can't remember everything.
There's something about a fresh start, maybe this year...

My wife's busy all the time. She loves to volunteer.
I still love her madly but there's rarely time alone.
Her hobbies include yard sales, garage sales, any kind of sale.
My hobby's finding places for the treasure she brings home.

I still have a job and I'm still finding it fulfilling.
Getting better at convincing other people I can do it.
In my spare time, there's my un-finish-able project
Always something more important, some day I'll get back to it.

Your friendship is important. We wish you all the very best.
Hope the future brings you peace, happiness and cheer.
We'd really love to see you, let's try and get together.
Have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
Have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.