

Redneck Christmas Story

This story's bout Rednecks
A wondrous breed indeed,
You might think you ain't one
But believe this, the state of mind can't be beat.

Now if you know you are one
And proudly stand on our side
Be careful to represent us
With honor, morals, and pride.

Now those of you that don't want to admit it
And would deny it with all your glory,
Just might find a change to your thinking
When you hear this Redneck Christmas Story.

So come on now and join us
We welcome one and all,
We're all at least a little bit Redneck
So stand up proud and tall.

Twass a few weeks fore Christmas
And all across the south
Wuden arry a snowflake a'fallin
Wuden even any ice about.

Millions of good ole Rednecks
All desperately trying not to pout
Nascar season's over
And just ain't nutin else got that kind of clout.

Jeff and Jimmy, Dale Jr. and Michael
Matt, Kyle, Tony and all the rest
Done parked their cars in the shop for a while
So they can take a long winters' rest.

The PBR hadn't started bucking yet
So we can't keep up with who's hurt
Little Yellow Jacket and Mudslinger
Keeps putting them boys in the dirt.

Hunting season's been pretty good this fall
The freezer's bout full of meat
We've got lots a cooking to do
Wild game dishes can't be beat.

We do like watching football
From the Lazyboy in the den
But after hours of eatin and drinkin
We never get to see anybody win.

We love our college basketball teams too
Both the men and women we see
And it's baseball all through summertime
We root for any team but the Yankees.

It's true that Hockey's caught our attention of late
But not quite enough yet for the reason
To fill all the spare time we have
Left over after racing and deer season.

So bout all us good ole Rednecks can do
Is sit around the table and mull.
Thinking and thinking so we can be sure
Our letter to Santa Claus is full.

Rednecks do dream mostly of outdoor things
Still make sure it's understood and clear
Family and friends, and God and country
Are what we all hold the most dear.

Our lifestyle demands a different set of needs
And we require more toys to play our games
We use the same tools everyone else does
Just a bunch added that ain't so tame.

In case you haven't noticed yet
We love hunting for just about anything
But taking a big ole 10-point buck
is what makes any of us feel like a king.

Now we also hold no grudge or contempt
For those that might disagree
Cause we know God made us predators
And with that we're happy to be.

So our dreams and Christmas lists
Are filled with many an odd thing
Much different than ordinary folks
But much more to our own liking.

We love bows and arrows
Crawfish and polk salad
Flannel shirts, catfish
And a good ole country ballad.

Shotguns and rifles
Beef jerky and overalls
Boudin, coon dogs
Truck parts and turkey calls.

Yes it's frog gigs and snuff
Beer and boots
Wrestling, monster trucks
Spam and sasafrazz roots.

Our souls and hearts thrill
At the wonderfully country sound
Of Whip-poor-wills and coyotes
Bullfrogs, and our ole bluetick coonhound.

We dream of hay bales and shotgun shells
Pirogues and trot lines
Spot lights and hip boots
decoys and duck blinds.

So as we write our list to St Nick
We spend lots of time taking a super close look
At each and every picture on the page
In the big ole Christmas Bass Pro Shop book.

Now Santa Claus is many things to many people
But we know for sure he's one of us
We're also jolly and happy all the time
and we go about doing good without any fuss.

When our list is finished and full
We lick the envelope and pull a stamp from the roll
And proudly head it towards Christmas Village
Way up yonder at the North Pole.

Meanwhile way up North
Santa's getting ready for his run
He's loading up his sleigh
And it won't be long before he's done.

The reindeer are called different on the southern run
So as not to be insulting and cause a jeer
It's Bubba, Billy Bob, Leon and Earl... Buddy, Jimbo, Bobby Jo and Merl
And of course the one we all hold dear, Leroy, the Redneck Reindeer.

He also uses a little different sleigh down here,
Since there's no snow on which to land
This sleigh has retractable 4-wheel drive
And knobby tires that grip good in mud or sand.

Santa himself likes to get into the spirit
When he jumps into his sleigh headed South
It's Camo overalls and matching Santa hat
George Straight on the radio and a chew in his mouth.

Of course the bag he loads for the southern loop
Carries stuff much different than the rest
Besides the toys normal kids like
This one carries what Rednecks like best.

It holds fishing poles
Shotguns and skinning knives
New overalls, elk calls
Cowboy hats and pocket knives.

There's rolls of snuff
Duck calls and mud grips,
Decoys, beef jerky
Mayhall jelly and arrow tips.

You'd also see tree stands
Flashlights and sleepin bags
New waders, pit passes
hound dog pups and huntin tags.

Then finally on the big big night
Santa heads the pack this way.
He smiles and sighs because he knows
There's gonna to be a lot of happy Rednecks this day.

It takes him a little bit longer
on this section of his route.
Santa has to pause and play
Cause he also loves this stuff no doubt.

So when he finishes this loop
He's always a little blue.
But he goes on anyway knowing
The rest of the world loves him too.

Bright and early the next morning
The wide-eyed kids are full of glee
At the sight of the glorious Redneck gifts
That were left under the tree.

We'll spend the next few days enjoying
All the wonderful things we got to pick
But we'll always be very thankful
For that great Redneck from up north... St. Nick.

There you have the story
How Christmas is so grand
For all of us good ole Rednecks
From all across the land.

We hope you saw some of yourself
Within this story so true
Because whether you admit it or not
You are probably part Redneck too.

So have a wonderful Christmas
Be very good every day
So you can enjoy next Christmas
The wonderful Redneck way.

Merry Christmas Ya'll!!

