

I meant to run this last night. It's so good, I have to run it today. It's a modified version of "Twas The Night Before Christmas" - Cavalier style, and in anticipation of tonight's game and the exciting season ahead of us. Is LeBron James Santa Claus? We'll find out in June. This just in: Papa Cass can write.



Visit the Papa Cass weblog at <http://papacass.blogspot.com/>

This Cavaliers season is so highly-anticipated, I can't resist a little poetic license. Is LeBron James Santa Claus? We'll find out in June.

"Twas the Night Before Tipoff"

Twas the night before tipoff
And all through the town
Not a TV screen was safe
From watching the Browns

The loafers were stuck
in a quite violent manner
through the picture screen glass
which caused it to shatter

The leaves had dropped
The sky had turned gray
All hopes of the playoffs
Were slipping away

The fans needed someone
Brave and sincere
Some marvelous wonder
To dry all the tears

A man who can fly
A man who can shoot
A man whose star power
Was quite absolute

They waited and wished
For days and for nights
They hoped that a king
would hear of their plight

Then one night at the Q
There arose such a clatter
The whole town streamed in
To see what was the matter

The thunderous rattle
of spheroid through rim
Brought with such force
Nearly sucked the roof in

The town watched and gaped
Gawked and gasped
For the source of the sound
Was but 20 years past

A boy wonder stood
Six foot and eight
A man that young
A game that great

What shall we call him?
This elegant power
Too pretty to be a rock
Too strong to be a flower

We'll call him "LeBron";
"LBJ" for short
And he is the king
Of our basketball court

He'll carry us forth
To heights far and near
And save us from the funk
Of forty-two years

Born for the spotlight
He shines it on us
On our fair little town
the buckle of rust

Now the curtain goes up

On season number four
Will this be the year
He steps to the door?

A title run beckons
Greatness awaits
Failure's no option
For losing he hates

And with a flash of a smile
And a gleam in his eye
He took to the floor
He took to the sky

"On Larry, on Damon
On Z, Drew and Snow!
On Donyell, on Pollard,
On Andy Varejao!"

And with that he glided
To his small forward spot
And took over the league
The haves and have-nots

And with every fast break
And every play set
He'll tell you for certain
"You've seen nothing yet."