

## *Christmas Eve in Millennium Park*

Sit down here a moment, child– I got the scuttle  
About what happened on my Christmas Eve shuttle.

I was doing the *red* route up to the old tower.  
That one block of Randolph just seemed like an hour.

The snow just kept falling – it was so unforgiving.  
Traffic a cluster – I do this for a living?

The lights along State Street somehow lost their glow.  
The huge tree in the plaza obscured the Picasso.

The tip box was full – but it's not folding money.  
That handful of nickels and dimes wasn't funny.

At the Marshal Field's stop I shifted it into park.  
When I saw something above me piercing the dark.

Just over the band shell – that metallic eye-sore  
I saw the red blur and I heard a loud roar.

"Hey kids," he shouted when he finally touched down  
"I'm in kind of hurry. You better gather 'round."

He kicked the door open and he hit Wrigley Square  
His beard caught the snowflakes that whisked through his hair

He reached in and a grabbed a big sack from *his* trolley  
It had all kinds of toys - every plushie and dolly

He set up a crèche with a twist of his wrist  
"We wouldn't have anything if we didn't have this."

The children were all giddy – the mothers beguiled  
The fathers worked cameras – I just stood there and smiled

He handed a brightly wrapped gift to each child  
He turned to leave and the crowd just went wild

"I have to bring joy to the rest of the world  
Then get back in time to catch the 'Gilmore Girls'."

He flicked the gear shifter - lifted off with a jerk  
He pulled on the cord, but the bell didn't work

I walked back to my trolley - a new lease on life  
The ticket on my window wouldn't get me tonight

So that is the story of Kris Kringle's visit  
I'm glad I was working and I didn't miss it