

'Twas the night before Christmas, and in my front room,
I teemed with excitement for tomorrow's new Who
Matt Smith as the Doctor, I just couldn't wait
I set the DVR just in case I ran late

Would Amy and Rory be part of this show
The prequel made it doubtful, but I surely hoped so
I'd held a Christmas Who-athon for nye on a week
Watching any Who story I had on DVD

With the Doctors of Hartnell, Troughton, Pertwee, and
Baker, Davison, Baker, McCoy, even McGann
Eccleston, Tennant, and Smith round them out
And so many companions we've all cared about

My daughter, now sleeping, was ever so fond
Of her favorites Rose Tyler, Donna Noble, and Amy Pond
I began to feel tired, so I went to lie down
But sleep never came, for I heard a strange sound

Just outside, that familiar whine suddenly stopped
I flung open my window and saw a blue Police box
I stared at the TARDIS, in the white snow it gleamed
I reached round, pinched myself, this I knew was a dream

But the pain in my backside said this was all true
I was going to meet the real Doctor Who
Then the door opened up, and a woman walked out
"Doctor," she called, "Do you think this is the house?"

He came through the doors of the TARDIS so fast
I just caught the streak of a bow tie go past
Sonic screwdriver held tight, he took readings, then said,
"No, just a man in his jammies, and his child in her bed"

Then he told his companion, "We must be on our way"
And in the TARDIS they went, off, I'm sure, to save the day
Then I heard him exclaim as the TARDIS did fade
"Watch The Doctor, The Widow, and The Wardrobe, on BBC-A"