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# Tenors' show is worth leaving the trailer for

By MALCOLM MAYHEW

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FORT WORTH -- Now, Foat Wuth, I have seen my share of Christmastime-like performers. Heck, every single year, me and the boys go down to Hooters and watch those gals in dem Santy Clause hats. You talk about some Christmas cheer.

But I tell ya, I ain't never seen nuthin' like this here 3 Redneck Tenors Holiday Spec-Tac-Yule-Ar that I seen last night down at Bass Hall. Now, first off, I didn't know Bass Hall was so spiffy. They didn't have no beer spilt on the floor or nuthin'. If I knew that place was gonna be so durn nice, I would have worn me some socks.

But I can't really understand why, at a "redneck" show, that they didn't at least have some refreshments. No pockcorn. No Mike & Ikes.

They didn't even have no pork rhines. I just about put my shoes back on and up and left.

But then them tinnars came out and started sangin' and, boy, they shure could sang real good like. The first part of the show was them tryin' to find this ol' gal Edna Mae and talk her into gettin' into the spirit of Christmas. Kinda reminded me of my first ex-wife. But, unlike these fellas, I ain't never found her.

They sang and danced to songs like *Grandma Got Run'd Over by a Reindeer*, *White Christmas* and, my favor-ite of the evenin', *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*. Then there was this slow part when one of 'em sang *I'll Be Home for Christmas*. I didn't like that too much. That was kinda depressin', like when my TV don't work.

But then they did *Santa Baby* and -- woo-hoo! -- they all came out dressed up like women, with knee-high boots and skirts. I thought I was back at Hooters for a second!

After intermission -- and why I was the only smoker out there, I dunno -- they came back onstage and drank beer and sang some more and told some jokes. I liked the beer-drinkin' part.

Tell you what, they sure did beat that ol' Larry the Cable Guy. Why people think he's so dang funny, I dunno. Reckon I just don't get it.

Merry Christmas, y'all.