

White Christmas

*The sun is shining, the grass is green,
The orange and palm trees sway.
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills, L.A.*

*But it's December the twenty-fourth,
And I am longing to be up North:*

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases be white.

