

White Christmas

Collin Raye

The sun is shining the grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
There's never been such a day
In Beverly Hills, LA
But it's December the 24th
And I'm longing to be up north.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know.
Where the tree-tops glisten,
And children listen
To hear sleighbells 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".

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