

It Must Be Getting Close To Christmas

Glen Campbell

When daughter starts
To greet you with her
Warmest grin
And Junior's
Ggot his room
Much neater than a pin
And if they fight
To hug you each time
You walk in it must be
Getting close
To Christmas

Suddenly
Your slightest wish
Is their command
And all at once
Your favorite things
Are close at hand
And suddenly Lombardo
Is their favorite band
It must be getting close
To Christmas

Nobody ever
Makes mention
Of the weather
Or season
But you
You just love
That attention
Whatever the reason

All at once
The wife is charcoal
Broiling stakes
Coming up with dishes
She'd refuse to make
And your little puppy
Doesn't bark
Till you're awake
This paradise
Is close to sublime
And very close
To Christmas time