

Zat You Santa Claus

Harry Connick, Jr.

Gifts I'm preparin'
For some Christmas sharin'
But I pause because
Hangin' my stockin'
I can hear a knockin'
'Zat you, Santa Claus

Sure is dark out
Not the slightest spark out
Pardon my clackin' jaws
Uh, who there
Who is it
Uh, stoppin' for a visit
'Zat you, Santa Claus

Are you bringin' a present for me
Something pleasantly pleasant for me
That's what I've been waitin' for
Would you mind slippin' it under the door

Four winds are howlin'
Or maybe that be growlin'
My legs feel like straws
Oh my, my, me, my
Kindly would you reply
'Zat you, Santa Claus
Yeah

Oh hangin' my stockin'
I can hear a knockin'
'Zat you, Santa Claus

Yeah, say now
Hey there, who is it
Stoppin' for a visit
'Zat you, Santa Claus

Whoa there Santa you gave me a scare
Now stop teasin' 'cause I know you're there
We don't believe in no goblins today
But I can't explain why I'm shakin' this way

Well I see old Santa in the keyhole
I'll give to the cause
One peek and I'll try there
Uh-oh there's an eye there
'Zat you, Santa Claus

Please, please
I pity my knees
Say that's you Santa Claus
That's him alright