

Gloria

Hawk Nelson

Santa came and went
The whole year I have spent
Writing a letter and hoped I would get her
with Return to Sender

My package never came
The only man to blame
is Santa himself,
or maybe an elf who wasn't on his game

I lie in bed awake,
I turn and I toss,
As I anticipate
Old Saint Nicholas.

He brings me what I want
I tell him what I need
The only thing this year
Is the girl of my dreams

I try to write out
But my mind was a blur
The page drew a blank, and on it was only her
She showed up in a whirl
The perfect Christmas girl
Wrapped in sweater, she looked even better
Well, better than ever!

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I turn and I toss,
As I anticipate
Old Saint Nicholas.
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Glo-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oria
The girl I want for Christmas
Glo-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oria
The girl I want for Christmas this year
Is you
Is you
(la-la-la-la-la)
(from the top, man)