

# Somethin' About Christmas Morning

Kris Allen

Well, there's somethin' about Christmas morning  
I say there's somethin' about Christmas morning

The way that me and my brother would be coming down the stairs  
'Cause we couldn't wait to see what Santa Claus had left  
How he got down the chimney, no we never understood  
And why dad would wake up with cookie crumbs on his chest

Yeah, there's somethin' about Christmas morning  
I say there's somethin' about Christmas morning

The sound of all the neighbors out playing in the snow  
The smell of the firewood burning  
Ain't nobody working, ain't no cars on the road  
The only time of the year when the work stops turning

There's somethin' about Christmas morning  
I say there's somethin', oh yeah, about Christmas morning

There's grandma in the kitchen mixing up the mashed potatoes  
Daddy's got his new boots, he said made from alligators  
Bobby got a train set and he's putting it together  
I stare out the window wishing this would last forever

Saying somethin' about Christmas morning  
I said there's something, oh yes, about Christmas morning  
About that Christmas morning, oh, yes, about Christmas morning  
Ooh, hoo, about Christmas morning  
Well there's somethin' about Christmas morning  
I say there's somethin' about Christmas morning  
I can't wait, yeah, I can't wait... Christmas morning