

Carpenters, The

"White Christmas"

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The sun is shining; the grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills L. A.
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 sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And my all your Christmases be white

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