

Beverly Jayne

"The Christmas Song"

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Let me tell you what I
Want for Christmas
What I wanna find
Under my tree
I want a man with
Looks to freeze my pulse
Drivin' around in a Mercedes

Why do you look so dejected?
I'm only asking for perfection
And I know it can happen to me
I've seen it on TV

So what I'm looking for
Is a kinda Hercules
With a sorta Bill Gates mind
A little comedy
And sensitivity
With a dash of danger on the side

Why do you look so dejected?
I'm only asking for perfection
And I know it can happen to me
I've seen it on TV

Let me tell you what I want for Easter
What I wanna find
All covered in chocolate
I want a man with the body of a god
And a soft and sensitive heart

Why do you look so dejected?
I'm only asking for perfection
And I know it can happen to me
I've seen it on TV

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