

## **Garth Brooks**

### **"Call Me Claus"**

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Ow

May not know by lookin' at me

Who you're looking at exactly

Wonder who could that be in your stockin'

Suit of red and cheeks of cherry

Lookin' extraordinary

Spare me cause you scare with your gawkin'

Hold your applause

Pick up your jaws

Call me Claus, hoah

I got the spirit of the season in me

Spreadin' joy and toys a'plenty

Nimble down your chimney I'll be bumpin'

Give me room 'cause I'm a packin'

Only time for toys and snackin'

Love to stay here yackin'

But I'm humpin'

I got a cause

No time to pause

They call me Claus

Hoah, call me Santa

Call me Kringle

Call me Old Saint Nick

All those have a beautiful ring

Pleasin' is the reason

[Call Me Claus lyrics on ]

And the season's a kick

When your Santa

Baby, you gotta swing

Swing, I dare ya, yeah

Hey, call me Santa

Call me Kringle

Call me Old Saint Nick

All those have a beautiful ring

Pleasin' is the reason

And the season's a kick

When you Santa

Baby, you gotta swing

So while in your jammies sleepin'

Roof to roof I'll be a leapin'

Quickly if your creepin' for a peepin'

The oohs and aaahs

Are all because

They call me Claus

Hold your applause

Hey, watch the paws

They call me Claus

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