

Chicago "Jolly Old St. Nicholas"

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Jolly old Saint Nicholas lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say
Christmas Eve is coming soon now you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me, tell me if you can

When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast asleep
Down the chimney broad and black with your pack
you'll creep
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row
Mine will be the shortest one you'll be sure to know

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this year for me

Jolly old Saint Nicholas now you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me, tell me if you can

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this year for me

Jason wants a Fender bass, Walt a saxophone
Lee he needs a fluglehorn, Jimmy a trombone
Robert wants a baby grand, Bill a new B3
Tris, he wants a dolly, but
What are you gonna bring to me, Santa

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this year for me

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this year for me
How about a shiny electric guitar, Santa

