

Libera

"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 twenty-fourth
And I am longing to be up north

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops 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 may all your Christmases be white

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