

Christmas Song "Call Me Claus"

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(Garth Brooks)

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
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 aahs
Are all because
They call me Claus

Hold your applause
Hey, watch the paws
They call me Claus

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