

Walter Brennan**"A Good Year for Santa Claus"**

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It's gonna be a good year for Santa Claus
At our house there's hardly room for another gifts
'neath the tree
But when I was a boy one year he nearly got lost
Hm, almost didn't get around to me.

You see I was the youngest and dad called to me one
day
Said he'd found a nice tree to cut down
So we hauled it home, an' I could hardly wait
For the gifts to start pilin' around.

It kept getting closer to Christmas eve
And the tree was still bare, not a gift of any kind
Then one evenin' dad called us together
And said something about it bein' hard times.

Christmas eve we sat listenin' to it storm
Till mom called, "It's time for bed."
Dad said run along son I'll keep watchin' for him
Then kinda to himself he said.

What with this an' that an' now the weather
Old Santa just might-a got lost
But you can just bet it won't storm forever
It's just been a bad year for Santa Claus.

But I couldn't figure it out but I layed there a-tryin'
And before droppin' off to sleep in my prayers
I mentioned dad bein' worried about hard times
And Santa havin' a bad year.

Christmas morning dad shook me awake
Said come on out to the barn and see what Santa
brought
And there in the corner by his mother
Layed the prettiest new born colt you ever saw.

So what with this an' that an' then the weather
Old Santa don't never get lost
You can just bet it won't storm forever

It's gonna be a good year for Santa Clause...

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