

Camille West

"That Reindeer Can Play Guitar"

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It was a sweltering July at the North Pole
With the mercury at a balmy forty-two
Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen,
Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen
Were shvitzin' with nothin' to do
(they were tired of reindeer games)

Into the lodge strolled Raymond
What a reindeer! Everybody's pal.
He thought that he might try
To get on Santa's better side
By raising the reindeer morale
(Rudolph had a red nose-- Raymond's was brown.)

He said to Fred the elf
"You see that guitar on the shelf?
I can't get for myself—would you?"
And everyone agreed
Yeah, music's what we need
Hey Ray, can you play a song or two?

Please do.

CHORUS

Raymond, you're a reindeer with talent
Someday you may be a star
The world's gonna say
Have you hear about Ray?
That reindeer can play guitar
Now, it's true Raymond
knew about music
His guitar licks were tastier than salt
Though he felt a little tense
When someone in the audience
Said "You better be good 'cause Santa's watching"
Oy gevalt!

But he picked up that guitar and started wailing
And he nailed a couple very fancy moves
All the elves and Santa Claus
Stood with open jaws
'cause it's hard to play guitar with hooves

There were praises from Ray's reindeer family
As they looked upon their kin with new regard
And his cousin who saved Christmas
With that shiny red proboscis
Said "Raymond, I've got this agent—
Here's his card."

CHORUS

Raymond, you're a reindeer with talent
Someday you may be a star
The world's gonna say
Have you heard about Ray?
That reindeer can play guitar

Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Listen to that caribou
He's doing Purple Haze

Old Raymond was content to play the small gigs
Making doe-s, his future rosy and bright
Then his agent got the mother-of-all gigs
Said "You're playing the Tonight Show—tonight
Oy!

He said Raymond you'll be famous by the morning
I claim your name will be the latest rage
A star will be born
Another Stevie Ray Fawn
And with that he pushed Ray onto the stage

Some say it was a bad case of stage-fright
The stress of the big night — Who knows?
But it happened when they turned on the spotlight
Like a deer caught in the headlights --- he froze.

Raymond you're a reindeer with talent
But that'll only get you so far
If you want to hit the heights
Then you gotta handle light
And maybe someday
The world will say
That reindeer can play guitar.

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