White Christmas

Phil Spector

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 snowI'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 The sun is shining The grass is green The orange and palm tree sway There's never been such a day, in old L.A. But it's December the twenty fourth And I'm longing to be up north So I can have my very own white ChristmasI'm dreaming of a white Christmas With every Christmas card I write May your days be merry and bright

Songwriters

And may all your Christmases be white

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