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 whiteThe 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
And may all your Christmases be white

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