

White Christmas

Billy Gilman

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills, LA
But it's December the 24th
And I'm longing to be up North 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 snow I'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 I'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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