

Jolly Old St. Nicholas

Chicago

Jolly old St. Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way,
Don't you tell a single soul,
What I'm going to say.

Christmas Eve is coming soon,
Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me,
Tell me if you can!

When the clock is striking twelve,
When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney broad and black,
With your pack you'll creep!

All the stockings you will find,
Hanging in a row,
Mine will be the shortest one,
You'll be sure to know!

[Chorus]

What's it gonna be, Santa?
Underneath the tree, Santa?
What's it gonna be, Santa?
Be this for me!

Jolly old St. Nicholas,
Now you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me,
Tell me if you can.

-[Chorus]-

Jason wants a Fender bass,
Walt a saxophone,
Lee, he needs a flugelhorn,
Jimmy, a trombone!

Robert wants a baby grand,
Bill, a new B3,

Tris, he wants a dolly, but
What are you gonna bring to me, Santa?

-[Chorus]-

-[Chorus]-
How about a shiny electric guitar, Santa?

Lyrics submitted by alex.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>