

White Christmas

Bette Midler

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills, L.A.
But it's December the twenty fourth
And I am 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 May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases
All your Christmases
All your Christmases be white

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