

Barbra Streisand, White Christmas

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The orange and palm tree 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 tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleighbells in the snow
Oh, 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
And may all your Christmases be white