

Bette Midler, White Christmas

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.