

Chicago, Jolly Old St. Nicholas

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

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

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

Jason wants a Fender bass
Walt a saxophone
Lee, he needs a flgelhorn
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?

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this

What's it gonna be, Santa
Underneath the tree, Santa
What's it gonna be, Santa
Be this for me
How about a shiny electric guitar, Santa?