

# 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?