

# Colbie Caillat, Christmas In The Sand

I love Christmas in the snow  
But Christmas in the sand don't end  
I tell you that's where it's at  
Hawaiian Tropic on my skin  
A candy cane of peppermint, a hint  
Of cocoa on my lips  
It could've been the sun, it could've been the sea  
It could've been my childhood fantasy

I saw Santa in his bathing suit  
Tried to catch a wave, but he tried to soon  
He laughed so hard that he could barely breathe  
And washed up next to me  
He said that you look naughty, but I'm sure you're nice  
He was soaking wet but he cracked a smile  
With a present in his hand  
He said it's Christmas in the sand

I must have had too much to drink  
Cause Rudolph's nose was shining green  
I think  
He was playing reindeer games on me  
Santa only called him once  
But you should've seen him run so fast  
They were gone in a dash

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it could've been my childhood fantasy

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Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa

Don't need your winter coat  
Don't need your winter hat  
Just grab the one you love  
And say you're never coming back

If you see Santa in his bathing suit  
Tried to catch a wave, but he tried to soon  
He laughed so hard that he could barely breathe  
It's what he did to me  
He said that you look naughty, but I'm sure you're nice  
He was soaking wet but he cracked a smile  
With a present in his hand  
He said it's Christmas in the sand

Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa  
Christmas in the sand, whoa

I love Christmas in the sand