

Jesse McCartney, Little Saint Nick

Merry Christmas, Sasnty..

Christmas comes this time each year...

Wella way up North where the air gets cold
There's a tale about Christmas that we've all been told
And a real famous cat all dressed up in red
And he spends the whole year workin' out on his sled...

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

Just a little bob sled he calls Little Saint Nick
But she'll walk the toboggan with a four-speed stick
She's candy apple red
with a ski for a wheel
And when Santa hits the gas
Man, just watch her peel!

(Run round reindeer) Run round, Reindeer!

(Run round reindeer) Run round, Reindeer!

(Run round reindeer) Run round, Reindeer!

(Run round reindeer) Run Round, Reindeer!

don't you miss no one...

Haulin' through the snow
at a frightening speed
With a half a dozen reindeer
with the Rudy the lead.

He's gotta wear his goggles
'Cause the snow really flies
And he's cruisin' every pad
With a little surprise.

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

I don't miss no one...

Wella way up North where the air gets cold
There's a tale about Christmas that we've all been told
And a real famous cat all dressed up in red
And he spends the whole year workin' out on his sled...

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

It's the little Saint Nick (Little Saint Nick...)

Merry Christmas, Santa!

Christmas comes this time each year...