

# Aselin Debison, As Long As There's Christmas

It's getting to be that time of year  
When the snow piles up outside my window  
The smell of evergreen is in the air  
And Frosty, the snowman's on the radio  
Climb up to the attic, the colored lights  
Rolled up in old newspaper  
The plastic baby Jesus, the three wise men  
And the gold frankincense and murrh  
I know that I'm gonna have trouble  
Sleeping Christmas Eve  
And I think I will  
When I'm a hundred and three  
As long as there's Christmas  
They'll always be a little bit of little girl in me  
What a child, inside of us, that'll always be there  
As long as there's Christmas, as long as there's Christmas, ooh  
Walking in a winter wonderland  
While thoughts of hope run through my head  
All the family will soon be there  
And Rudolf's nose will be shining red

All the cardboard boxes filled to the brim  
With our old decorations  
Silent Night sings afar with all of us  
And all the congregation  
There's a stocking with my name on it  
Over the fireplace  
And I hope that old St. Nick  
He won't be late  
As long as there's Christmas  
They'll always be a little bit of little girl in me  
What a child, inside of us, will always be there  
As long as there's Christmas  
I'll stay young, forever young at heart  
As long as there's Christmas  
They'll always be a little bit of little girl in me  
What a child, inside of us, will always be there  
As long as there's Christmas, as long as there's Christmas  
As long as there's Christmas, ooh