

# Collin Raye, White Christmas

The sun is shining the grass is green  
The orange and palm trees sway  
There's never been such a day  
In Beverly Hills, LA  
But it's December the 24th  
And I'm longing to be up north.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
Just like the ones I used to know.  
Where the tree-tops glisten,  
And children listen  
To hear sleighbells in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
With every Christmas card I write,  
"May your days be merry and bright,  
And may all your Christmases be white".

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