

# Garth Brooks, Call Me Claus

May not know by lookin' at me  
Who you're looking at exactly  
Wonder who could that be in your stockin'  
Suit of red and cheeks of cherry  
Lookin' extraordinary  
Spare me cause you scare with your gawkin'  
Hold your applause  
Pick up your jaws  
Call me Claus, hoah

I got the spirit of the season in me  
Spreadin' joy and toys a'plenty  
Nimbly down your chimney I'll be bumpin'  
Give me room 'cause I'm a packin'  
Only time for toys and snackin'  
Love to stay here yackin'  
But I'm humpin'  
I got a cause  
No time to pause  
They call me Claus

Hoah, call me Santa  
Call me Kringle  
Call me Old Saint Nick  
All those have a beautiful ring  
Pleasin' is the reason  
And the season's a kick  
When your Santa  
Baby, you gotta swing  
Swing, I dare ya, yeah

Hey, call me Santa  
Call me Kringle  
Call me Old Saint Nick  
All those have a beautiful ring  
Pleasin' is the reason  
And the season's a kick  
When you Santa  
Baby, you gotta swing

So while in your jammies sleepin'  
Roof to roof I'll be a leapin'  
Quickly if your creepin' for a peepin'

The oohs and aaahs  
Are all because  
They call me Claus

Hold your applause  
Hey, watch the paws  
They call me Claus