

# Louis Armstrong, Zat You, Santa Claus?

'Zat You, Santa Claus?  
Gifts I'm preparing for some Christmas sharing,  
But I pause because,  
Hanging my stocking I can hear a knocking.  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
Sure is dark out, ain't the slightest spark out.  
'Pon my slackened jaw!  
Who's there? Who is it stopping for a visit?  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
Are you bringing a present for me,  
Something pleasantly pleasant for me?  
Then it's just what I've been waiting for.  
Would you mind slipping it under the door?  
Cold winds are howling, or could that be growling?  
My legs feel like straws.  
My my oh me my, kindly would you reply?  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
Hanging the stocking, I can hear a knocking.  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
I say, who's there, who is it? Are you stopping for a visit?  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
Oh there, Santa, you gave me a scare.  
Now stop teasing cause I know you're there.  
We don't believe in no goblins today,  
But I can't explain why I'm shaking that way.  
Bet I can see ole Santa in the keyhole.  
I'll get to the cause.  
One peek and I'll try there; oh oh, there's an eye there!  
'Zat you, Santa Claus?  
Please, please, pity my knees!  
Say that's you, Santa Claus!