

Tim McGraw, Dear Santa

Dear Santa I'm a grown man now,
But I've got a problem here.
If you've been watching then you must know,
I've not been good all year.
I Let her down lost sight of us,
I don't deserve one thing but she does

Dear Santa bring her a heart,
The one she's got is broken.
Fill up her stocking with the words,
That I left unspoken.
Now I'm not asking you to bring her love,
'Cause Christmas morning when she wakes up,
Dear Santa that's what she'll get from me.

Now I remember Christmas past,
When little was enough.
Now all the presents under all the trees
Couldn't save our love.
We need a miricale like the one on 34th,
To get us back to where we were before.

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(Vocalizing)
Oh Yeah That's Right