

It's Not What You Give

Buck Owens

My little boy wrapped the toy in some paper
And he places it underneath our Christmas tree
It was his very favorite toy, he got last Christmas
And to think he give it up and just for me.

Then little sister came runnin' with her dolly
And very shyly she climbed upon my knee
She said daddy here's your Christmas present
To you with love especially from me.

It's not what you give that really matters
Or how much money you may pay
It's that feeling of giving to others
That's what makes Christmas such a pretty day.

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