

# It Must Be Getting Close To Christmas

Glen Campbell

When daughter starts  
To greet you with her  
Warmest grin  
And Junior's  
Ggot his room  
Much neater than a pin  
And if they fight  
To hug you each time  
You walk in it must be  
Getting close  
To Christmas

Suddenly  
Your slightest wish  
Is their command  
And all at once  
Your favorite things  
Are close at hand  
And suddenly Lombardo  
Is their favorite band  
It must be getting close  
To Christmas

Nobody ever  
Makes mention  
Of the weather  
Or season  
But you  
You just love  
That attention  
Whatever the reason

All at once  
The wife is charcoal  
Broiling stakes  
Coming up with dishes  
She'd refuse to make  
And your little puppy  
Doesn't bark  
Till you're awake  
This paradise  
Is close to sublime  
And very close  
To Christmas time