

# I Know Who Took The Milk And Cookies

Kina Grannis

I walk into the kitchen  
Momma's standing by the stove  
Daddy's at the mirror trying on his brand new coat  
When he rings the bell  
We'll gather 'round and watch it snow  
With gingerbread and cider spiced with nutmeg in the cold

Now that we are grown  
We have to fly back home  
But that's okay  
It's worth it all  
Because Christmas time  
It always will remind us that  
We'll never be alone

Stockings on the mantle with our names embroidered red  
We'll try to hang the mistletoe above our parents' heads  
Riding down the hill now we'll go faster on our sleds  
Tonight, we'll sleep on sofas 'cause our parents sold our  
beds