

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