

White Christmas, Pt. 2

Pink Martini

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The orange and palm trees sway
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills, LA
But it's December the 24th
And I'm longing to be up north
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases be white