

White Christmas

Barbra Streisand

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The orange and palm tree sway
There's never been such a day
In Beverly Hills, L.A.
But it's December the twenty-fourth
And I am longing to be up North
I'm dreaming of White Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen to hear sleighbells in the snow
For 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
And may all your Christmases be white...