

Little Saint Nick

Brian Wilson

Merry Christmas Santa
Christmas comes this time each year
Oh oh

Well, way up North where the air gets cold
There's a tale about Christmas that you've all been told
And a real famous cat all dressed up in red
And he spends the whole year workin' out in his sled

It's the little Saint Nick
Oh, little Saint Nick
It's the little Saint Nick
Oh, little Saint Nick

Just a little bobsled we call it Old Saint Nick
It's a rockin' toboggan with a four speed stick
She's candy apple red with a ski fro a wheel
And when Santa hits the gas, man, just watch her peel.

It's the little Saint Nick
Oh, little Saint Nick
It's the little Saint Nick
Oh, little Saint Nick

Run run reindeer
Run run reindeer
Whoa
Run run reindeer
Run run reindeer

He don't miss no one

Well hes cruisin' through the snow at a frightnin' speed,
With a half a dozen deer and a Rudy to lead,
Hes gotta wear his goggles cos the snow really flies
And he's cruisin' every pad with a little surprise

It's the little Saint Nick
Oh, little Saint Nick
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