

This Time Of The Year

Steve Tyrell

This is that time of the year,
A tinselly, glittery time;
Long distance calls to uncle and aunt,
On ev'ry corner you bump into Santa,
'Cause this is that time of the year,
A holly and jolly old time;
Windows are dressed in ribbons of silk,
And Junior drinks all of his milk!
Poppa . . . keeps buying presents
And sneaks them into the closet;
Momma . . . goes to the bank
But she holds out a dollar from ev'ry deposit;
'Cause this is that time of the year,
A silver bow, mistletoe time;
Spirits are high, good will and good cheer,
We're putting the tree up,
The kids shouldn't be up,
Saint Nick says, "Giddeyup!"
To Dasher, Dancer, Blitzen, Prancer;
This is that time of the year!

This is that time of the year,
A tinselly, glittery time;
Dumpling and goose and pudding and pie,
(Perfect excuse to go right off your diet!)
'Cause this is that time of the year,
A holly and jolly old time;
Snow on your roof, your face and your shoes,
And presents that you'll; never use!
Grandma . . . feels twenty-two so,
She dons her gayest apparel;
He stands at the spinet and sings ev'ry carol;
'Cause this is that time of the year,
A silver bow, mistletoe time;
Etc.