

Keane, White Christmas

The sun's been hiding
The streets are grey
The rain has been falling down
Seems everyone wears a frown
For Christmas in London Town

It reminds me each time I roam
I'm longing to be back home

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
Just like the ones we used to know
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear, sleighbells 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

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
Just like the ones we used to know
Where the tree tops glisten
And we all listen
To the Evening Session with Lammo
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