

# Toby Keith, Christmas Rock

My billfold doesn't have a prayer  
There's Christmas catalogs everywhere  
She keeps looking at the jewelry section  
Cutting pictures out of her selections

I said we need to hold it down this year  
And in her eye she got a big ol' tear  
She wants a Christmas rock  
But Santa's pockets ain't got no roll

She don't want pots and pans  
Just something shinin' on her hand  
With an emerald or a diamond on it  
I had a budget but she's gone and blown it  
Down to the jewelry store, here I go  
Hear the clerk say, ho, ho, ho  
She wants a Christmas rock  
But Santa's pockets ain't got no roll

She don't want anything from sears  
No tools or garden shears  
There's something special on her mind  
And I can't even afford the shine

I wish she'd settled for a long nightshirt  
No, I've got to give till it hurts  
She wants a Christmas rock  
But Santa's pockets ain't got no roll

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She wants a Christmas rock  
But ol' Santa's pockets ain't got no roll