Pine cones and Holly BerriesPopcorn for you, apples for meRed striped candy, nut cracker handyKettle a-bubbleing hot as can be.Snow clouds hang low and threateningMaybe it won't, praying it mayThe brightest fireplace glows in every faceWaiting for Christmas day.It's beginning to look a lot like ChristmasEverywhere you go;There's a tree in the Grand Hotel,One in the park as wellThe sturdy kind that doesn't mind the snow.It's beginning to look a lot like ChristmasSoon the bells will startAnd the thing that will make them ringIs the carol that you singRight within your heart.