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SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

(I just got back from a lovely trip
along the Milky Way
I stopped off at the North Pole
to spend a holiday.
I called on dear old Santa Claus
to see what I could see
He took me in his workshop
And told his plans to me, so...)

You better watch out!
Better not cry!
Better not pout!
I'm telling you why,
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list
and checking it twice.
He's going to find out who's naughty or nice.
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He sees when you're sleeping.
He knows when you're awake.
He knows if you've been bad or good.
So be good for goodness sake!

You better watch out!
Better not cry!
Better not pout!
I'm telling you why,
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

With little tin horns and little toy drums,
rootie-toot-toots and rum-a-tum tums.
Curly head dolls that toddle and coo,
elephants, boats and kiddie cars too.
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

The kids in girl and boy land
will have a jubilee.
They're going to build a toyland,
all around the Christmas tree.

You better watch out!
Better not cry!
Better not pout!
I'm telling you why,
Santa Claus is comin' to town.