

# Its Beginning To Look A Lot Like Christmas

Auteur : Michael Buble

{c: Verse}

It's beg[D]inning to look a l[G]ot like Ch[D]ristmas  
E[D]verywh[F#]ere you g[G]o;  
Take a l[Em]ook in the five-and-[A7]ten, gli[D]stening once [Bm]again  
With ca[A]ndy canes and si[E]lver lanes a[A7]glow.

{c: Verse}

It's be[D]ginning to look a l[G]ot like Chr[D]istmas,  
T[D]oys in ev[F#]ery sto[G]re,  
But the pr[Em]ettiest sight to [A7]see is the h[D]olly that will[B7] be  
On your [Em/B]own [A]front [D]door.

{c: Bridge}

A pair of h[F#]opalong boots and a pistol that shoots  
Is the w[Bm]ish of Ba[F#]rney and B[Bm]en;  
D[E]olls that will talk and will go for a walk  
Is the h[A]ope of J[E7]anice and J[A7]en;  
And M[A]om and Dad can hardly wait for school to start again.

{c: Verse}

It's be[D]ginning to look a l[G]ot like Chr[D]istmas  
E[D]verywh[F#]ere you [G]go;  
There's a t[Em]ree in the Grand H[A7]otel, o[D]ne in the park as w[Bm]ell,  
It's the [A]sturdy kind that d[E]oesn't mind the s[A7]now.

{c: Verse}

It's beg[D]inning to look a l[G]ot like Chri[D]stmas;  
S[D]oon the b[F#]ells will s[G]tart,  
And the t[Em]hing that will make them r[A7]ing is the c[D]arol that you s[B7]ing  
Right with[Em/B]in [A]your h[D]eart.

{c: Outro}

It's be[D]ginning to look a l[G]ot like Chr[D]istmas,  
To[D]ys in ev[F#]ery st[G]ore,  
But the pr[Em]ettiest sight to [A7]see is the h[D]olly that will[B7] be  
On your [Em/B]own [A]front [F#]door. [B]  
Sure it's Chr[Em]istmas on[A]ce mo[D]re.