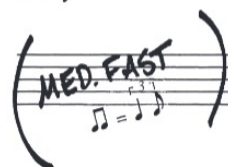


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LITTLE SAINT NICK

-BRIAN WILSON/MIKE LOVE

Well, _ way up north where the air gets cold, _ there's a
lit-tle bob - sled, we call it Old Saint Nick, _ but she'll
haul-in' through the snow at a fright-'nin' speed_ with a

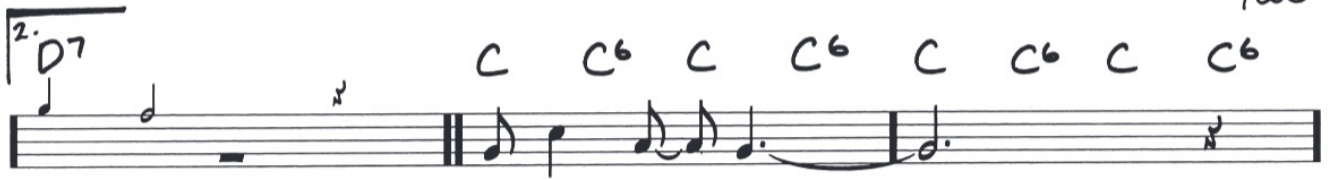
tale a - bout Christ-mas that you've all been told. _ And a
walk a to - bog - gan with a four speed stick. _ She's
half a doz - en deer _ with _ Ru - dy to lead. He's

real fa - mous cat all dressed up in red, _ and he
can - dy ap - ple red with a ski for a wheel, and when
got - ta wear his gog - gles 'cause the snow real - ly flies, and he's

spends the whole _ year work - in' out on his sled. _
San - ta hits the gas, man, just watch her _ peel. _ } It's the
cruis-in' ev - 'ry pad with a lit - tle sur - prise. _

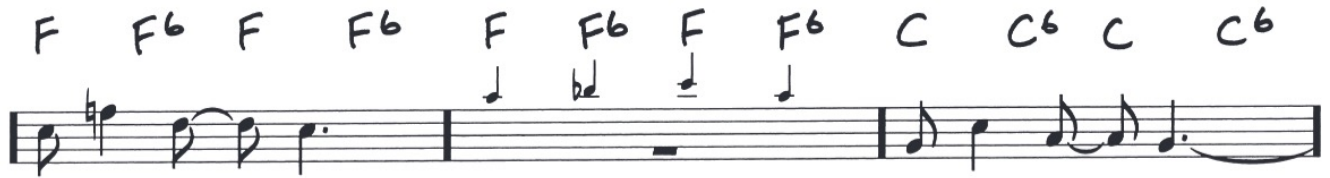
lit - tle Saint Nick. (Lit - tle Saint Nick.) It's the

lit - tle Saint Nick. (Lit - tle Saint Nick.) Just a



Saint Nick.)

Run, run, rein - deer. _____



Run, run, rein - deer.

(Oh.) _____

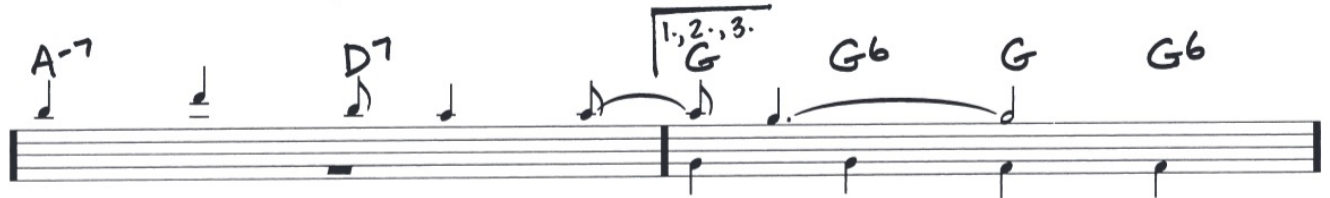
Run, run, rein - deer. _____



Run, run, rein - deer. He don't miss no one. And



lit-tle Saint Nick. (Lit-tle Saint Nick. Ah, _____)

Mer - ry Christ-mas, Saint Nick. _____
(Christ - mas comes this

time each year.) Ah, _____ Nick.) _____