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(MED. FAST) **LITTLE SAINT NICK**  
-BRIAN WILSON/MIKE LOVE

**S:**

A-7 D7 A-7 D7

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

G Gmaj7 G6 G#7

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

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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

G Gmaj7 G6 G7

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. }

C C6 C C6 C C6 C C6 F#

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

A-7 D7

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

C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup>  
F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup>

Saint Nick.) Run, run, rein - deer.

F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> F F<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup>  
Run, run, rein - deer. (Oh.) Run, run, rein - deer.

C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> A  
Run, run, rein - deer. N.C.  
D.S. AL

G G<sup>6</sup> G G<sup>6</sup> E7/G# A-7 D7  
lit-tle Saint Nick. (Lit-tle Saint Nick. Ah,  
He don't miss no one. And

A-7 D7 G6 G G6  
Mer - ry Christ-mas, Saint Nick.  
(Christ - mas comes this

E7/G# D7 G6 G G6  
time each year.) Ah, Nick.)