

Dear Santa,

DO YOU REMEMBER ME?
I SAT UPON YOUR KNEE.
I WROTE TO YOU, WITH CHILDHOOD FANTASIES

WELL I'M ALL GROWN UP NOW,
AND STILL NEED HELP SOMEHOW.
I'M NOT A CHILD, BUT MY HEART STILL CAN DREAM

SO HERE'S MY LIFE LONG WISH,
MY GROWN UP CHRISTMAS LIST,
NOT FOR MYSELF BUT FOR A WORLD IN NEED

CHORUS

NO MORE LIVES TORN APART
AND WARS WOULD NEVER START
AND TIME WOULD HEAL ALL HEARTS
AND EVERYONE WOULD HAVE A FRIEND
AND RIGHT WOULD ALWAYS WIN
AND LOVE WOULD NEVER END
THIS IS MY GROWN UP CHRISTMAS LIST

AS CHILDREN WE BELIVED,
THE GRANDEST SIGHT TO SEE
WAS SOMETHING LOVELY, WRAPPED BENEATH OUR TREE
WELL HEAVEN SURELY KNOWS
THAT PACKAGES AND BOWS
CAN NEVER HEAL A HURTING HUMAN SOUL

CHORUS

WHAT IS THIS ILLUSION CALLED?
THE INNOCENCE OF YOUTH.
MAYBE ONLY IN OUR BLIND BELIEF
CAN WE EVER FIND THE TRUTH

CHORUS

NO MORE LIVES TORN APART
AND WARS WOULD NEVER START
AND TIME WOULD HEAL ALL HEARTS
EVERYONE WOULD HAVE A FRIEND
AND RIGHT WOULD ALWAYS WIN
AND LOVE WOULD NEVER END
THIS IS MY GROWN UP CHRISTMAS LIST
THIS IS MY ONLY LIFE LONG WISH.
THIS IS MY GROWN UP CHRISTMAS LIST