

SANTA, BRING MY BABY BACK

(To Me)

Words and Music by
Claude DeMetruis and Aaron Schroeder

Medium bright rock



Don't need a lot of pres-ents to make my Christ-mas bright. I just need my ba-by's arms
Christ-mas tree is read-y, the can-dies all a-glow. But with my ba-by far a-way what



wound a-round me tight, } Oh, San-ta, hear my plea.— San-ta, Bring My Ba-by Back to
good is mis-tle-toe? }



me.— The me.— Please make those rein-deer hur-ry; the time is draw-in'



near. It sure won't seem like Christ-mas un-less my ba-by's here. Don't fill my socks with



can-dy, no bright and shin-y toy. You wan-na make me hap-py and fill my heart with



joy. Then, San-ta, hear my plea.— San-ta, Bring My Ba-by Back to me.—