

You better watch out, you better not cry,
You better not frown, I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is coming to town.

He's making a list; he's checking it twice,
He's gonna find out who's naughty or nice.
Santa Claus is coming to town.

*He sees you when you're sleeping. He knows when you're awake.
He knows if you've been bad or good,
So be good for goodness sake.*

Oh, you better watch out, you better not cry,
You better not frown, I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is coming to town.

With little tin horns and little toy drums,
With root-ti-toot-toots and rumpy-tum-tums;
Santa Claus is coming to town.

With curley-haired dolls to cuddle and coo,
Elephants, boats and kiddies' cars too;
Santa Claus is coming to town.

*The kids in girl and boy town will have a jubilee.
They're gonna build a toy land town all around the Christmas tree.*

So, you better watch out, you better not cry,
You better not frown, I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is coming to town!