

A GLOBAL WARMING CHRISTMAS

Vocal Duet or Trio*

By Lauren Lane Powell
arr. David Ezell

Allegro ♩ = 132

Bb Eb F

4

Bb 3

It's the first week of De-cem-ber, but no chill is in the air. In
mid-dle of De-cem-ber, but no snow is on the ground. I
last week of De-cem-ber, but it's sev-en-ty de-grees. I

7

Eb Bb 3 3

fact, it's kind of balm - y, and in In - di - an - a rare.
thought I saw a rob - in, whose off - spring has been found. He
think I can still get a tan a - midst the birds and bees. I

*For vocal duet, sing only the full-size notes.
The single notes can be sung by all voices in unison, or by alternating soloists, as desired.

9 Bb

See the trees be-gin to bud, and folks are fine in knick-ers. It's a
felt the sun up-on his face. Ju - ly was on his mind, On a
see the flow - ers pok - ing up. They're quite con-vinced it's spring._____ The

11 F Bb^Δ Cm/F Bb

glob - al warm - ing Christ-mas. Get the grill. Un-pack the wick-er. The
glob - al warm - ing Christ-mas;_____ the Tex - as, Flor - i - da kind.
sil - ly bird - ies must have heard. They're al - so par - ty - ing.

13 Eb Bb

rein - deer need rain gear._____ San - ta needs a slick-er._____ The

A GLOBAL WARMING CHRISTMAS

By Lauren Lane Powell

Verse

It's the first week of December, but no chill is in the air.
In fact, it's kind of balmy, and in Indiana rare.
See the trees begin to bud, and folks are fine in knickers.
It's a global warming Christmas. Get the grill. Unpack the
wicker.

Chorus 1

The reindeer need rain gear. Santa needs a slicker.
The ground is warmer than the air, The fog is getting
thicker.
The sleigh is sludging through the snow It can't go any
quicker.
Rudolph's brights and backup lights are nothing but a flicker.

Verse

It's the middle of December, but no snow is on the ground.
I thought I saw a robin, whose offspring has been found.
He felt the sun upon his face. July was on his mind,
On a global warming Christmas; the Texas, Florida kind.

Chorus 2

The reindeer need rain gear. Santa needs a slicker.
The ground is warmer than the air, The fog is getting
thicker.
The sleigh is sludging through the snow It can't go any
quicker.
This global warming Christmas can't be good for Santa's
ticker.

Verse

It's the last week of December, but it's seventy degrees.
I think I can still get a tan amidst the birds and bees.
I see the flowers poking up. They're quite convinced it's
spring.
The silly birdies must have heard. They're also partying.

Chorus 1

Coda

Global warming Christmas... Global warming Christmas...
Global warming Christmas... It's a global warming Christmas...
A global warming Christmas... It's a global warming Christmas.