

PRETTY PAPER

Words and Music by
Willie Nelson

Flowing

Crowd-ed streets, bus - y feet hus - tle by you; Down - town shop - pers

Christ - mas is nigh. There he sits all a - lone on the

side - walk. hop - in' that you won't pass him by. Should you

stop; bet - ter not, much too bus - y; you'd bet - ter hur - ry, my

how time does fly. And in the dis - tance the ring - ing of

laugh - ter, and in the midst of the laugh - ter he cries. Pret - ty

Pa - per, pret - ty rib - bons of blue, wrap your

pres - ents to your dar - ling from you. Pret - ty pen - cils to

write, "I love you." Oh, Pret - ty Pa - per, pret - ty rib - bons of blue.