

WHITE CHRISTMAS AT PFA

The sun is shining, the grass is green
The beech and the elm trees sway
There's never been such a day
For a visit at PFA
But it's december the twenty fourth
So why can't we feel that we're up North?

We're dreaming of a white Christmas
Not melting glaciers at the poles
We don't want to finance
your fossil romance
The French connection has to go

We're dreaming of a white Christmas
with children playing in the snow
We just wish you'll let Total know
That we hate their fossil Christmas show

du du du du du (på vers med tale henover)

We're dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones we used to know
PFA we guess you know why
Our Christmas never will be white

We want our Christmas to be white