

Coming Home For Christmas

Jim Brickman

When I think of snow, I think of Christmas.
When I think of you, I think of home.
I know all these miles that come between us for a while will melt away.

If I could make this plane go any faster,
I'd be standing right outside your door.
I can close my eyes and see that sweet look of surprise there on your face.
It's worth the wait

Hang the mistletoe by the fire's glow, put the angel on the tree.
Light a candle in the window, just for me.
I'll bring you all my heart and soul, my love, my hugs and kisses.
I'm coming home, I'm coming home for Christmas.

Everywhere I go, it makes me miss you, cause everywhere I look,
it's red and green.
Everybody celebrating only makes the waiting slow down the day.
I'm on my way.

Hang the mistletoe by the fire's glow, put the angel on the tree.
Light a candle in the window, just for me.
I'll bring you all my heart and soul, my love, my hugs and kisses.
I'm coming home, I'm coming home for Christmas.

Wanna hear all about all the things you're doing and make up for lost time.
Tell you what I've been through, laugh like we always do.
God, I've been missing you.

Hang the mistletoe by the fire's glow, put the angel on the tree.
Light a candle in the window, just for me.
I'll bring you all my heart and soul, my love, my hugs and kisses.
I'm coming home. You won't be alone.
I'm coming home for Christmas.