

## Home for the Holidays

Written by Scott Wilcox © December 2005

Trim the Tree, with the holly and the ivy  
I'll be home for sure by Christmas Day.  
Chill the wine. I'll be home in just a short time.  
I can't wait to see that look on your face.

I'm coming home, for the holidays,  
So I can see your lovely face,  
And feel your warm embrace,  
As though it was the first time.

Tell my friends, I won't see them till the weekend  
Cause I'm spending every Christmas moment with you.  
Wear that dress, yes; the one that always makes me confess.  
'cause I've got only one thing left on my mind...

Coming home for the holidays.  
Taking long walks in the snow  
Like we've got no where else to go  
As though it were the first time.

And when the lights are low  
And you're sitting 'neath the mistletoe.  
That's when I will know I'm home...

For the holidays.