

There's No Place Like Home

Glen Campbell

When the soft snow is falling
Each roof becomes a dome
Then you'll hear your heart calling:
"There's no place like home."
There's no place like home
That's when you must believe
There's no place like home
Especially Christmas Eve
And the meadows gleam neatly
As though brushed, by a comb
And the night bird sings sweetly:
"There's no place like home."
There's no place like home
The song will sweetly say
There's no place like home
Especially Christmas Day
And though good fortune's found you
Wherever you may roam
With your loved ones all around you
There's just no place like home
And the distant bell is ringing
And a choir is softly singing
The gate out front is swinging
And there's no place like home