

This Season Will Never Grow Old

Anne Murray

Christmas is coming, I can tell by the smiles
I remember the snowflakes that fell from the sky
And covered the village that lay sleeping below
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

I look through my window well into the night
Watching and waiting and hoping I might
See one little reindeer fly through the snow
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

Christmas is coming, may joy fill your home
And the spirit be with you wherever you go.
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And the spirit be with you wherever you go.

Trees with full branches were the first ones to go
I remember the children who came to the door
And sang out the carols we all used to know
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

All round the fire, the warmth of the flame
Tip-toeing softly trying not to awake
The ones who lie waiting for good things you know
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

Christmas is coming, may joy fill your home
And the spirit be with you wherever you go...