

Back Home

B.J. Thomas

Back home in my little town
It's almost Christmas time
Children are playing in the fallen snow
'Round the steep that I used to climb

Someday they'll how lucky they are
After the years have flown
They can look back
Looking forward to a Christmas time back home

Back home to memories
Candy canes and Christmas trees
Momma baking a homemade pie
And Daddy's wearing his Christmas tie

And the happiest times I've ever known
I've left but I've never been gone
When it's Christmas time
It's time to go back home

And it came to pass in those days
That there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus
That all the world should be taxed
And this taxing was first made when Syrinus was governor of Syria
And all was to be taxed
Everyone unto his own city
And Joseph also went up from Galilee
Out of the city of Nazareth
Into Judea into the city of David
Which is called Bethlehem
Because he was of the house and minage of David
To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife
Being great with child
And so it was that while they were there
The days were accomplished
That she should be delivered
And she brought forth a first-born son
And wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger
And so in the hometown of Joseph
Jesus Christ was born
And since that night almost 2000 years ago
There is in the heart of ever man and woman
The seed... a need to go back

When it's Christmas time it's time to go back home

Back home to memories
Candy canes and Christmas trees
Momma baking a homemade pie
And Daddy's wearing his Christmas tie

And the happiest times I've ever known
I've left but I've never been gone
When it's Christmas time
It's time to go back home

Yeah, when it's Christmas time

It's time to go back home