

# Family Tree

Dave Barnes

Family car we barely fit  
Christmas time had come again  
Bundled up to fight the freeze  
Picking out the family tree

We decorate with clumsy hands  
And hope that Santa  
Comes again  
And the morning wake to see  
Gifts beneath the family tree

And I don't know where I'm going  
But I do know who I'll be  
'Cause memories and names like these all hang  
On us the family tree

We're older now  
We all have changed  
But we all have at the same old things  
We'll spend the night with memories  
Gathered round the family tree

And I don't where I'm going  
But I do know who I'll be  
'Cause memories and names like these all hang  
On us

We're so much more than blood  
We're more than names  
We're bound by bonds that only God sustains

But, this time of year  
We gather here  
And I always know I'm home

There are voices now  
Where silence was  
The subtle signs of growing up  
Where one is born another leaves  
Branches on the family tree