

Maybe Next Christmas

George Jones

I'm thinking now of Christmas
Back home the fields are white
To far away to see them
Wish I were there tonight

I know folks back home all miss me
The children's eyes close tight
While I picture dad, momma
Kneeling by candle light

Yes, I'd give the world just to be home
I miss them most ev'ry day
I know what it means to be lonely
Lonely this Christmas, I'll stay

Maybe next year when the snow falls
I'll find my way back home
Maybe next Christmas I'll be there
Never again will I roam