

# You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To

John Barrowman

You'd be so nice to come home to  
You'd be so nice by the fire  
While the breeze on high sang a lullaby  
You'd be all that I could desire

Under stars chilled by the winter  
Under an August moon burning above  
You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise  
To come home to and love

Under stars chilled by the winter  
Under an August moon burning above  
You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise  
To come home to and love