

# Christmas Without Crying

Lori McKenna

My mother's in a polyester coat  
I'm smiling so hard that my eyes are closed  
Her hand is on my shoulder  
It's snowing outside

Someone took all the old pictures out  
And we're laughing and passing them around  
Sitting on the couch, Bic pen on the back she wrote 1975  
The days of the wish book catalog

You can sing all of the Sunday hymns  
Cause you've known the words all your life  
You can roll past that old high school and smile  
At the glory days long gone by  
You'll be thinking about Grandpa  
When you're stringing up those lights  
And that will be why  
You can't make it through Christmas without crying  
Without crying

Any mall Santa Clause will take you right back  
Or the Church bazaar that your mama worked at  
We all know we can't buy time, but we damn sure try  
Little make believe to make the real world make a little sense

You can sing all of the Sunday hymns  
Cause you've known the words all your life  
You can roll past that old high school and smile  
At the glory days long gone by  
But you'll remember being 11  
When you're stringing up those lights  
And that will be why  
You can't make it through Christmas without crying  
Without crying

Daddy's still dragging the decorations down from the attic  
Betting we'd all take the chance to go back if we had it

You can sing all of the Sunday hymns  
Cause you've known the words all your life  
And roll past that old high school and smile  
At the glory days long gone by  
And even if you wouldn't change one single thing about your life  
It's a matter of time  
You can't make it through Christmas without crying  
Without crying  
Without crying