

Sometime Every Christmas

Michael W. Smith

I'm thinking about the holiday
And the sands of time
Years pass like pages of old family
Photos in my mind

Faces and the places
How Decembers used to be
A little loneliness and longing
It rises up in me

Sometime every Christmas
Can't say where or when or why
But some moment or some memory
Takes me by surprise
And something in the season
Wells up in my eye
Sometime every Christmas
I cry

Might be some choir of children
Singing 'Silent Night'
Or driving through my hometown seeing
Main street dressed in lights

Maybe that old video
When I hear my granddad's prayer
Or my mother's living room
With my father's empty chair

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And I read Luke chapter two
How God came to pursue
A world in need
Someone like me

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