

# 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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