

Where Christmas Goes

Sawyer Brown

Gold cardboard angels - popcorn on string
One matchbox manger not fit for a King
Old decorations going back in their box
Down came the Christmas tree -
Just a child in its spot

And I was that child asking my Daddy why
Some things just come when it's Christmas time

Tell me where Christmas goes
After all the gifts and snow
I hope it doesn't go far
Daddy said close your eyes
Remember when and you will find
That it's right where you are
Cause Christmas goes right to your heart

Two little people look up from their beds
No bedtime stories - just questions instead
How do reindeer fly and where do they live?
And do little elves really make all the gifts that Santa gives

Oh I was that child asking my Daddy why
Now I look at their faces through my Daddy's eyes

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