

Going Home For Christmas

Steven Curtis Chapman

Her house was where the family gathered every Christmas eve;
A feast was set on the table and gifts were placed beneath the tree.

Everything was picture perfect, Grandpa would laugh and say,
That woman spends the whole year getting ready for this day.

One year the leaves began to fall and her health began to fade;
We moved her to a place where they could watch her night and day.

But she kept making plans for Christmas from her little room;
She told everyone, I'll miss you but I'll be leaving soon.

I'm going home for Christmas and I'm going home to stay;
I'm going home for Christmas and nothing's gonna keep me away.
I'll be with the ones I love to celebrate the Savior's birth;
This gift will be worth more to me than anything on earth.
I'm going home, home for Christmas.

All the leaves outside have fallen to be covered by the snow;
The family comes with food and gifts and Grandpa comes alone.
There's a sadness in our silence as the Christmas story's read,
And with tears, Grandpa reminds us of the words that Grandma said.

I'm going home for Christmas and I'm going home to stay;
I'm going home for Christmas and nothing's gonna keep me away.
She'll be face to face with Jesus as we celebrate His birth,
And this gift will be worth more to her than anything on earth,
'Cause she'll be home.

And as we sing 'Joy to the World' I can't help thinking
Of the joy that's in her eyes right now.
And though our hearts still ache, we know that as we celebrate,
She's singing with the herald angels and heaven's glowing on her face.

And now she's home for Christmas and now she's home to stay;
She's home for Christmas, and nothin' could've kept her away.
She'll be face to face with Jesus, as we celebrate His birth,
And this gift will be worth more to her than anything on earth.
She's home, she's home for Christmas.
She is home, she's home for Christmas.