

William Fitzsimmons, Covered In Snow

You came a long way
for only a birthday
surprised that you knew
the house where we grew
long ago

everyone missed you
last Christmas fell through
but we heard your car
and ran to the yard
in the cold

we're holding out for you
covered in snow
we'll keep the lights on low
in the spring
we'll do this every year
'till Christmas finds you here

i hope you remember
come next december
you can come home
you don't have to go anymore

we're holding out for you
covered in snow
we'll keep the lights on low
in the spring
we'll do this every year
'till Christmas finds you here