

Alabama, Christmas in Your Arms

All my friends are asking me
Where I plan to spend the holidays
People seem to celebrate the season
In so many different ways
Some go where the weather's freezing cold
While others like it warm
I don't care about the weather
Just whether I spend Christmas in your arms
We could drive up to the mountains
Build a fire and watch it snow
We could sail down to the islands
Where the gentle breezes blow
I'd be happy in the city
I'd be happy on the farm
I don't care where I spend Christmas
As long as I spend Christmas in your arms
It was only last December
I had no Christmas spirit in my heart
My world lay cold and shattered
In the ashes of a dream that fell apart
But now you're here beside me
No greater gift is wrapped beneath my tree
And the arms you wrap around me
And the precious gift of love you give to me
We could drive up to the mountains
Build a fire and watch it snow
We could sail down to the islands
Where the gentle breezes blow
I'd be happy in the city
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