

# 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  
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