

Barry Manilow, (There's No Place Like) Home Fo

Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays
'Cause no matter how far away you roam
When you pine for the sunshine of a friendly gaze
For the holidays you can't beat home, sweet home

I met a man who lives in Tennessee
And he was headin' for
Pennsylvania and some homemade pumpkin pie
From Pennsylvania folks are trav'lin' down
To Dixie's sunny shore
From Atlantic to Pacific, gee,
The traffic is terrific!

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