

Perry Como, Home For The Holidays

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,
He was headin' for,
Pennsylvania, and some home made pumpkin pie.
From Pennsylvania, folks are travelin'
Down to Dixie's sunny shore,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Gee, the traffic is terrific.

Oh there's no place like home for the holidays,
'Cause no matter how far away you roam,
If you want to be happy in a million ways,
For the holidays,
You can't beat home, sweet home.

Take a bus, take a train
Go and hop an aeroplane

Put the wife and kiddies in the family car
For the pleasure that you bring
When you make that doorbell ring
No trip could be too far

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