

# The Supremes, It Won't Be Long 'Til Christmas

Writers Robert Sherman, Richard Sherman

Let them go, let them go  
Let them try their wings  
Little birds were born to fly  
Not until they're home  
And they miss their home  
And it won't be long 'til Christmas  
When the branches appear  
That'll descent the air  
Comes alive with frost and pine  
And they'll yearn to be  
By the family tree  
Oh, it won't be long 'til Christmas  
The years go by  
And every night you'll say  
Sweet dreams, sleep tight  
Then there comes the day  
You're forced to say  
Don't forget to write  
There'll be holly and popcorn and mistletoe  
There'll be songs by the fireplace  
Oh, it won't be long 'til Christmas  
Let them go  
Let them go  
Let them go  
Let them go