

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Find Our Way Home

He believed in the things
That he always thought he knew
And had done all the things
That he always wanted to do
Collecting
Each thing reflecting his worth
But now he pondered
How he had wandered this earth

For we all seem to give our lives away
Searching for things that we think we must own
Until on this evening
When the year is leaving
We all try to find our way home

He had time or at least then he
Always thought he did
And mistakes, well, he thought that time

Always would forgive
Each transgression
For his intention
Forgetting
Years he squandered
On things he now was regretting

For we all seem to give our lives away
Searching for things that we think we must own
Until on this evening
When the year is leaving
We all try to find our way home

For we all seem to give our lives away
Searching for things that we think we must own
But on this evening
When the year is leaving
I think I would be alright
If on this Christmas night
I could just find my way home

There is something about this night
That the Lord has arranged
That reaches deep into our souls
And causes us to want to change

And angels know things about us
That no else can know
And this Angel's heart it formed a plan
And then caused the night to snow