

Home for the Holidays

Words by Al Stillman, Music by Robert Allen, 1954

Soprano Baritone

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 be home, sweet home.

[VERSE 1:]

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.

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.

Last time (ritard):

For the holidays you can't beat home, sweet home.

[VERSE 2:]

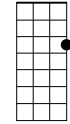
A home that knows your joy and laughter filled

With mem'ries by the score,
Is a home you're glad to welcome with your heart.

From California to New England down

To Dixie's sunny shore;
From Atlantic to Pacific, gee, the traffic is terrific.

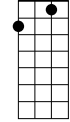
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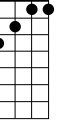
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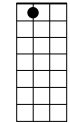
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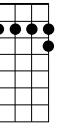
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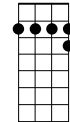
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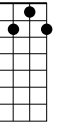
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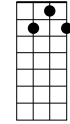
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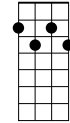
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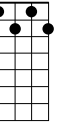
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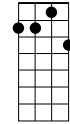
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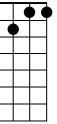
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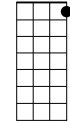
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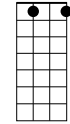
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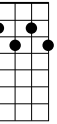
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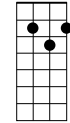
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