



# THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

*Lyrics by Al Stillman, Music by Robert Allen*

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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'Cause no matter how far away you roam,

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