

Diana Ross

"Won't Be Long Before Christmas"

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Let them go, let them go
Let them try their wings
Little birds were born to fly

Not until they're home
Can they miss their home
And it won't be long 'til Christmas

When the branches appear
That 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 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

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