

Doug Stone

"Sailing Home For Christmas"

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They looked out their windows at the ocean that
surrounds them

In the service of their country, sailing to a foreign
shore.

Tomorrow will be Christmas, and they wish that they
could be home.

Their wives and children need them, but their country
needs them more.

But they'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home
for Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for
Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.

Tomorrow, they'll serve turkey and they'll sing the
Christmas carols,

They'll talk about their families, their mothers and their
sons.

It's the strangest contradiction, singing songs of
peace and sharing

As they man the battle stations, hoping war will never
come.

But they'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home
for Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for
Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.

And maybe someday they won't have to be there
anymore,

When we all start to live the things we have Christmas
for.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for
Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for
Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.

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