

## Kay "Starr"

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December. It always happens in December.  
I get to yearning for a Christmas I know  
With holly and snow  
The kind we used to have back home a long time ago...

December, brings back a scene that I remember  
The lighted Christmas trees and windows and night,  
So cheerful and bright,  
And all the world a wonderland all covered with white...

Children sound asleep on Christmas Eve,  
They're dreaming dreams of make-believe.  
You can bet tomorrow they'll be thrilled  
When they awake to find their stockings filled.

December. These are the things that I remember  
And so no matter what my fortune may be  
Or where I may roam  
In December, I'll be going home.

You'll find the children all asleep on Christmas Eve  
They're dreaming dreams of make-believe  
You can bet tomorrow they'll be thrilled  
When they awake to find their stockings filled

December. These are the things that I remember  
And so no matter what my fortune may be  
Or where I may roam  
In December, I'll be going home.

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