

## This Season Will Never Grow Old

Anne Murray

Christmas is coming, I can tell by the smiles  
I remember the snowflakes that fell from the sky  
And covered the village that lay sleeping below  
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

I look through my window well into the night  
Watching and waiting and hoping I might  
See one little reindeer fly through the snow  
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

Christmas is coming, may joy fill your home  
And the spirit be with you wherever you go.  
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And the spirit be with you wherever you go.

Trees with full branches were the first ones to go  
I remember the children who came to the door  
And sang out the carols we all used to know  
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

All round the fire, the warmth of the flame  
Tip-toeing softly trying not to awake  
The ones who lie waiting for good things you know  
Thank goodness this season will never grow old.

Christmas is coming, may joy fill your home  
And the spirit be with you wherever you go...