

# Tennessee Christmas

B.J. Thomas

Come on weatherman,  
Give us a forecast snowy white.  
Can't you hear the prayers  
Of every childlike heart tonight?  
Rockies are calling,  
Denver snow falling,  
Somebody said it's four feet deep.  
But it doesn't matter,  
Give me the laughter;  
I'm gonna choose to keep

Another tender Tennessee Christmas,  
The only Christmas for me.  
Where the love circles around us,  
Like the gift around our tree.  
Well I know there's more snow  
Up in Colorado  
Than my roof will ever see,  
But a tender Tennessee Christmas  
Is the only Christmas for me.

Every now and then,  
I got a wanderin' urge to see  
Maybe California,  
Maybe tinsel town's for me.  
There's a parade there;  
We'd have it made there;  
Bring home a tan for New Year's Eve.  
Sure sounds exciting,  
Awfully inviting,  
Still I think I'm gonna keep

Another tender Tennessee Christmas,  
The only Christmas for me.  
Where the love circles around us,  
Like the gift around our tree.  
Well they say in L.A.,  
It's a warm holiday;  
It's the only place to be.  
But a tender Tennessee Christmas  
Is the only Christmas for me.

(Ooh, yeah, yeah.)  
(Oh, you know I wanna be home.)  
(Ooh-ooh.)

Well I know there's more snow  
Up in Colorado  
Than my roof will ever see,  
But a tender Tennessee Christmas  
Is the only Christmas for me.

A tender Tennessee Christmas  
Is the only Christmas for me.