

# Time for Me to Come Home

Blake Shelton

There's music in the city  
And the lights are on display  
There's a big old tree for all to see  
where the children run and play

I look out through my window  
Somethin' just don't seem right  
Till I said hello and heard her voice  
On the other end of the line

Now it's Christmas, Christmas I'm hurrying' on my way  
Christmas, Christmas, like I'm riding in a one horse sleigh  
Well, I don't have to hear no jingle bells, just the ringing of  
the phone  
Mama just called and said it's time  
For me to come home

The pies are in the oven  
You can almost taste the air  
And it warms my heart to feel her love  
And know how much she cares  
It's funny how going back can get you back to where you belong  
It's the difference between in just a melody and my favorite Christmas song

Well, it's Christmas, Christmas I'm hurrying' on my way  
Christmas, Christmas, like I'm riding in a one horse sleigh  
Well, I don't have to hear no jingle bells, just the ringing of  
the phone  
Mama just called and said "It's time for you come on home."  
Mama just called and said "It's time for you to come home."