

Family Tree

Dave Barnes

Family car we barely fit
Christmas time had come again
Bundled up to fight the freeze
Picking out the family tree

We decorate with clumsy hands
And hope that Santa
Comes again
And the morning wake to see
Gifts beneath the family tree

And I don't know where I'm going
But I do know who I'll be
'Cause memories and names like these all hang
On us the family tree

We're older now
We all have changed
But we all have at the same old things
We'll spend the night with memories
Gathered round the family tree

And I don't where I'm going
But I do know who I'll be
'Cause memories and names like these all hang
On us

We're so much more than blood
We're more than names
We're bound by bonds that only God sustains

But, this time of year
We gather here
And I always know I'm home

There are voices now
Where silence was
The subtle signs of growing up
Where one is born another leaves
Branches on the family tree