

Sailing Home For Christmas

Doug Stone

They looked out their windows at the ocean that surrounds them
In the service of their country, sailing to a foreign shore.
Tomorrow will be Christmas, and they wish that they could be home.

Their wives and children need them, but their country needs them more.

But they'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.

Tomorrow, they'll serve turkey and they'll sing the Christmas carols,

They'll talk about their families, their mothers and their sons.

It's the strangest contradiction, singing songs of peace and sharing

As they man the battle stations, hoping war will never come.

But they'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.

And maybe someday they won't have to be there anymore,

When we all start to live the things we have Christmas for.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Where a welcome candle in the window gleams.

They'll be sailing home for Christmas, sailing home for Christmas,

Sailing home for Christmas in their dreams.