

Candy Cane Lane

Point Of Grace

Just a hint of peppermint and every single thing begins to feel
like Christmas
And just like the snowflakes, no two are ever the same

Red and white and candy striped in every shape and size, oh what a sweet treat this is
So hop on the choo choo and woo woo to Candy Cane Lane

You'll be all aglow from your head to mistletoes, oh
There's no road that could ever smell as sweet or look as good enough to eat
There's nothin' like a city block of hangin' lights, where I
Just wanta curl up by the fire for a couple cups of cider and
Roast all those marshmallows

They're hung up in the trees in line, the bulbs all fill the street just like a scene from a snow globe
So baby, let's go take a stroll down to Candy Cane Lane

You'll be all aglow from your head to mistletoes, oh
There's no road that could ever smell as sweet or look as good enough to eat
There's nothin' like a city block of hangin' lights, where I
Just wanta curl up by the fire for a couple cups of cider and
Roast all those marshmallows

Add a pinch of cinnamon and suddenly the world begins to taste like December
And you'll always remember comin' down to Candy Cane Lane ...
Just a couple licks from the minty sugar stick and everything turns wintergreen
On Candy Cane Lane, one block from Gum Drop Street