

## Where Christmas Goes

Sawyer Brown

Gold cardboard angels - popcorn on string  
One matchbox manger not fit for a King  
Old decorations going back in their box  
Down came the Christmas tree -  
Just a child in its spot

And I was that child asking my Daddy why  
Some things just come when it's Christmas time

Tell me where Christmas goes  
After all the gifts and snow  
I hope it doesn't go far  
Daddy said close your eyes  
Remember when and you will find  
That it's right where you are  
Cause Christmas goes right to your heart

Two little people look up from their beds  
No bedtime stories - just questions instead  
How do reindeer fly and where do they live?  
And do little elves really make all the gifts that Santa gives

Oh I was that child asking my Daddy why  
Now I look at their faces through my Daddy's eyes

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