

Little Wood Guitar

Sugarland

It's Christmas day
And the snow is coming down
Church bells sway
They're ringing awake the town
Preacher Kline recites his lines
The pews'll be full today
Mr. Howe cranks up his plow
His baldes'll clear the way

It's Christmas day
And the pecan pies are baking
Mothers say it's the giving not the taking
My brother's brand new bicycle is out jangling in the street
I watch him through the icicles
With that wood box beneath my feet

All I got was this little wood guitar
What it brought was neon lights and crowded bars
Like all the kings with all thier gold
Went chasing down your star I'm told
Every highway takes me where you are
With this little wood guitar

It's Christmas day
Funny how the years can shape us
Much has changed
I'm a musician not a waitress
Chicago's a winter wonderland
At my brother's and his wife's
Passing around thier dinner plates
And dissecting my life

All I got was this little wood guitar
What it brought was neon lights and crowded bars
Like all the kings with all thier gold
Went chasing down your star I'm told
Every highway takes me where you are
With this little wood guitar

I never stopped believing
I just kept on singing
Now people come to hear from miles around
And I don't mind confessing
That I still count my blessings
I just never thought I'd settle down

It's Christmas day
And the little one's are waking
I hear them play
I can hear the presents shaking
The boy's outside on his new bike
Jangling in the street
That little girl, she's watching him
With that wood box beneath her feet

All she got was this little wood guitar
What I thought is it might take her pretty far

Like all the kings with all their gold
Went chasing down your star I'm told
Every highway takes me where you are
With this little wood guitar
Little wood guitar