

## Find Our Way Home

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

He believed in the things  
That he always thought he knew  
And had done all the things  
That he always wanted to do  
Collecting  
Each thing reflecting his worth  
But now he pondered  
How he had wandered this earth  
For we all seem to give our lives away  
Searching for things that we think we must own  
Until on this evening  
When the year is leaving  
We all try to find our way home  
He had time or at least then he  
Always thought he did  
And mistakes, well, he thought that time  
Always would forgive  
Each transgression  
For his intention  
Forgetting  
Years he squandered  
On things he now was regretting  
For we all seem to give our lives away  
Searching for things that we think we must own  
Until on this evening  
When the year is leaving  
We all try to find our way home  
For we all seem to give our lives away  
Searching for things that we think we must own  
But on this evening  
When the year is leaving  
I think I would be alright  
If on this Christmas night  
I could just find my way home  
THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS NIGHT  
THAT THE LORD HAS ARRANGED  
THAT REACHES DEEP INTO OUR SOULS  
AND CAUSES US TO WANT TO CHANGE  
AND ANGELS KNOW THINGS ABOUT US  
THAT NO ELSE CAN KNOW  
AND THIS ANGEL'S HEART IT FORMED A PLAN  
AND THEN CAUSED THE NIGHT TO SNOW