

Home for the Holidays

The dB's

Well I found a bunch of letters
That were written for the fellow who broke your momma's heart
And the envelope folds smelled of her ancient perfume
I'll bet she didn't know
How to respond before the blankets of snow
Caught him out wandering alone
With no place to goThere were stars in the sky
There were houses on the hill
And there bottles of pills that were easy to buy
To keep her warm from the oncoming stormWell I found them in the northwest corner of the attic in a box
Labeled tinsel and lights
Didn't know what I was I looking for
Maybe just a blanket or artifacts
Eisenhower sent him to war
He kept her picture in his pocket that was closest to his heart
And when he hit shore
Must have been a target for the gunmanThere were stars in the sky
There were bunkers on the hill and there were caskets to fill
Where he will lie
Shrouded in the red white and blue with the stripes

Songwriters

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