

It Won't Be the Same This Year

Vince Gill

It's time to pack our bags and hit the highway,
And head on out for christmas holiday,
I'll fall apart when I pull in the driveway,
It's my first time home since brother passed away,
His favorite time of year was always christmas,
We'll reminisce about the days gone by,
Oh how I wish that he was still here with us,
My memories with him will never die,
(bridge)
But when the stockings are hung,
And silent night has been sung,
And christmas is finally here,
It won't be the same this year, Losing my big brother hurt so badly,
It's help me learn what christmas really means,
There's nothing more important then your family,
We're all the children of the king of kings,
(bridge)

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