

William and Rose

Heart

William and Rose sit on the settee
Wearing clothes from another day
They sit close together, two halves of a whole
Watching the grandchildren play
The lights of their memories, shine in their eyes
As the young ones tumble free
It's bitter and sweet as they recognize
All the old songs 'round the tree
Love comes home for Christmas
Love comes home again
Love comes home for Christmas
Every now and then
Little faces believing
Make Rose start to rain
And Willie takes her hand
Hmm, it's getting late and the little ones yawn
They're ready for Christmas day
William and Rose, by the light of the embers
Kiss them along their way
Memories of children so long ago
All grown up and fighting the fight
But William and Rose sit on the settee
Their hearts are so full tonight
Love comes home for Christmas
Love comes home again
Love comes home for Christmas
Every now and then
Love comes home for Christmas
Love comes home again
Love comes home for Christmas
Every now and then
And little faces believing
Make Rose start to rain
And Willie takes her hand

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