

# Little Wood Guitar

## Sugarland

It's Christmas day  
And the snow is comin' down  
Church bells sway  
They're ringin' to wake the town  
Preacher Kline recites his lines  
The pews will be full today  
Mr. Howell cranks up his plow  
His blades'll clear the way  
It's Christmas day  
And the pecan pies are bakin'  
Mothers say  
"It's the givin' not the takin'"  
My brother's brand new bicycle  
Is out janglin' in the street  
I watch him through the icicles  
With this wood box beneath my feet  
All I got is this little wood guitar  
What it brought is neon lights in crowded bars  
Like all the Kings with all their gold  
Went chasin' 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, I'm a waitress  
Chicago's a winter wonderland  
And my brother's and his wife's  
Are passin' 'round their dinner plates  
And dissecting my life  
All I got is this little wood guitar  
What it brought is neon lights in crowded bars  
Like all the Kings with all their gold  
Went chasin' down your star, I'm told  
Every highway takes me where you are  
With this little wood guitar  
I never stopped believin'  
I just kept on singin'  
Now people come to hear from miles around  
And I don't mind confessin'  
But I still count my blessin's  
I just never thought I'd settle down  
It's Christmas day  
And the little ones are wakin'  
I hear them play

I can hear the presents shakin'  
A boy's outside on his new bike  
Janglin' in the street  
A little girl, she's watchin' him  
That wood box beneath her feet All she got is this little wood guitar  
What I thought is it might take her pretty far  
Like all the Kings with all their gold  
Went chasin' down your star, I'm told  
Every highway takes me where you are  
With this little wood guitar  
Little wood guitar

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>