

Christmas Memories

[Mac Wiseman](#)

There's a blanket of snow coverin' up the old road
To the house where I was raised
Through the window, I see the lights on the tree
And a glow from the old fireplace
Though it all looks the same
So much as changed from the way it used to be
Christmas memories of happy years gone by
They come back to me and keep me warm inside
Still those Christmas memories make me cry
Now the stockings are filled, the house is still
And the kids are dreamin' away
There's that old, easy chair, me and Daddy sat there
Waitin' for Santa's sleigh
Now Daddy's gone but we carry on
'Cause the little ones will need
Christmas memories of happy years gone by
They come back to me and keep me warm inside
Oh, they mean so much to me
Those Christmas memories make me cry

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