The Locket

Marie Osmond

Somehow Grandpa new that soon he'd be going home
So he wrapped a pretty package for the one he loved so long
His instructions were to open up this gift on Christmas Eve
It was a lovely locket for the women of his dreamsThere's a picture
In a locket
Of a man that she dearly loved
And every Christmas
Her eyes would sparkle
As she'd open the locket upNow it's been ten years since that sad day
We told Grandpa Goodbye
And Christmas isn't quite the same
Without him by her side
Grandma sure looks homesick
I've seen that look before
To take that locket in her hand
And open it once moreThere's a picture
In a locket
Of a man that she dearly loved
And every Christmas
Her eyes would sparkle
As she'd open the locket upThere's a picture
In a locket
Of a man that she dearly loved
And every Christmas
Her eyes would sparkle
As she'd open the locket up
As she'd open the locket up

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