

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

(There's No Place Like)

Words by Al Stillman
Music by Robert Allen

Moderately

Oh, there's no place like Home For The Hol - i - days: 'Cause no mat - ter how
far a - way you roam, When you pine for the sun - shine of a
friend - ly gaze, for the hol - i - days you can't beat home sweet home.
I met a man who lives in Ten - nes - see and he was head - in'
for Penn - syl - va - nia and some home - made pump - kin pie. From Penn - syl - va - nia folks are
trav - 'lin' down to Dix - ie's sun - ny shores; From At - lan - tic to Pa - ci - fic, gee, the
traf - fic is ter - rif - ic. Oh, there's no place like Home For The Hol - i - days 'cause no
mat - ter how far a - way you roam, If you want to be hap - py in a
mil - lion ways. For the hol - i - days you can't beat home, sweet home.
Oh, there's can't beat home, sweet home.

Chords: G7, C, C7, F, G7, C, G7, C, Dmi7, Emi, F6, F#0, G7sus, G7, C, F, C, C6, D7, G7, Dmi7, G7, C6, F, Cma7, G7, Dmi7, G7, C6, F, Dmi7, G7, Cma7, G, Ami7, D7, G7, C#0, Dmi7, G7, C7, F, C, G7, C, Dmi7, Emi, F6, F#0, G7sus, G7, C7, F, C, Dmi7, G7, C6, G7, Dmi7, G7, C6