

Home For The Holidays

Words & Music by Al Stillman & Robert Allen

♩ = 78

G7 C F C

Oh, there's no place like home for the ho - li - days 'cause no mat - ter how

*2° A Cappella and Instrumental till **

A7 D7 G7 C F F#dim7 C D7

far a - way you roam, when you pine for the sun - shine of a friend - ly gaze, for the

G7 F/A Bbdim7 G7/B C C7 F6

ho - li - days you can't beat home, sweet home. I met a man who lives in Ten - ne - see, and

** N.C.*

F F#dim7 C A7 G7 C C7

he was head - ing for Pen - syl - va - nia and some home - made pump kin pie. From Pen - syl -

F6 F#dim7 C G G#dim7 Am7 D7

- va - nia folks are trav - 'lin' down to Dix - ie's sun - ny shore, from At - lan - tic to Pa - ci - fic, gee, the

G C F C

traf - fic is ter - ri - fic. Oh, there's no place like home for the ho - li - days 'cause no mat - ter how

N.C.

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far a - way you roam, if you want to be hap - py in a mil - lion ways, for the

ho - li - days you can't beat home, sweet home. (Oh, there's) For the

ho - li - days you can't beat home, sweet home.