

# William Fitzsimmons, Covered In Snow

You came a long way  
for only a birthday  
surprised that you knew  
the house where we grew  
long ago

everyone missed you  
last Christmas fell through  
but we heard your car  
and ran to the yard  
in the cold

we're holding out for you  
covered in snow  
we'll keep the lights on low  
in the spring  
we'll do this every year  
'till Christmas finds you here

i hope you remember  
come next december  
you can come home  
you don't have to go anymore

we're holding out for you  
covered in snow  
we'll keep the lights on low  
in the spring  
we'll do this every year  
'till Christmas finds you here