

Sugar Plums

The lone star in the sky isn't beckoning kings
Still the snowy hills want to know what I'll bring
The old Christmas photos are more like ghosts
Faded and worn, forgotten almost

Some pray for money, some pray to be free
I pray in the shadow of old memories
Marshmallow yams you made 'em best
We made a racket, but you know who made a mess

Ma, I can't come home for Christmas
But don't you know I'm missing you
Candy canes, broken dishes, sugar plums
And all my love too

The lone star in the sky isn't calling me home
Still the snowy hills haunt me where I roam
The old Christmas photos sad eyed ghosts
Singing in silence, forgotten almost

Ma, I can't come home for Christmas
But don't you know I'm missing you
Silver bells, strung out wishes, sugar plums
And all my love too