

Diana Ross, Won't Be Long Before Christmas

Let them go, let them go
Let them try their wings
Little birds were born to fly
Not until they're home
And they miss their home
And it won't be long 'til Christmas
When the branches appear
That'll descent the air
Comes alive with frost and pine
And they'll yearn to be
By the family tree
Oh, it won't be long 'til Christmas
The years go by
And every night you'll say
Sweet dreams, sleep tight
Then there comes the day
You're forced to say
Don't forget to write
There'll be holly and popcorn and mistletoe
There'll be songs by the fireplace
Oh, it won't be long 'til Christmas
Let them go
Let them go
Let them go
Let them go