

# Home For The Holidays

Words & Music by Al Stillman, Robert Allen

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 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 shore; from At -

lan - tic to Pa - cif - ic, gee, the traf - fic is ter - ri - fic. Oh, there's

can't beat home sweet home.

**Chords:** C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, C, B<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b7(b5)</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, F<sup>#dim7</sup>, C, D<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>/B, C, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>6</sup>, F, F<sup>#dim7</sup>, C, A<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>6</sup>, F<sup>#dim7</sup>, C, G/D, G<sup>#dim7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, G, C<sup>#dim7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>#dim7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>9</sup>, G<sup>7(b9)</sup>, C

**Annotations:** To Coda, D.S. al Coda