There's No Place like Home for the Holidays
by Al Stillman & Robert Allen (1954)

Slow
G7\ C\ F\ A7\ D7\ G

Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays——
'cause, no matter how far away you roam——
When you pine for the sunshine of a friendly gaze——
For the holidays you can't beat home sweet home——

Faster
I met a man who lives in Tennessee and he was headin' for
Pennsylvania and some homemade pumpkin pie——
From Pennsylvania folks are travlin', down to Dixie's sunny shores
From Atlantic to Pacific, gee the traffic is terrific!

Oh, there's no place like home for the holidays——
'cause, no matter how far away you roam——
if you want to be happy in a million ways
For the holidays you can't beat home sweet home——

Bridge: Take a bus, take a train, go and hop an airplane
Put the wife and kiddies in the family car——
For the pleasure that you bring when you make that doorbell ring——
No trip could be too far——
I met a man who lives in Tennes-see and he was headin' for Pennsyl--vania and some homemade pumpkin pie------
From Pennsyl-vania folks are travlin', down to Dixie's sunny shores From At-lantic to Pa-cific, Whoa, the traffic is hor-rific!

Oh, there’s no place like home for the holi--days------
'cause, no matter how far a-way you roam------
if you want to be happy in a million ways------
For the holi--days you can't beat home sweet home------

San Jose Ukulele Club