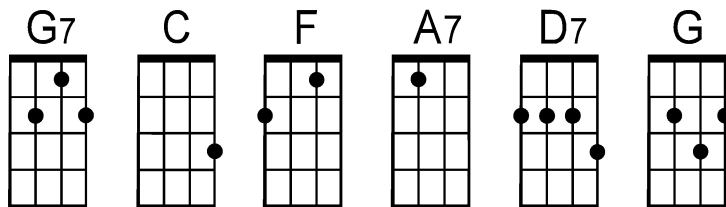


# There's No Place like Home for the Holidays

by Al Stillman & Robert Allen (1954)



## Slow

G7\ \ . . . . . | C\ . . . . . F\ . . . . . | C\ . . . . . C\  
 Oh, there's no place like home for the holi—days—  
 . . . . . | C\ . . . . . A7\ . . . . . | D7\ . . . . . G7\  
 'cause, no mat—ter how far a—way you roam—  
 . . . . . | C\ . . . . . | F\ . . . . . | C\ . . . . .  
 When you pine for the sunshine of a friendly gaze—  
 D7\ . . . . . | G\ . . . . . G7\ . . . . . | C . . . . . C7  
 For the holi—days you can't beat home sweet home—

## Faster

. . . . . | F . . . . . | G7 . . . . . C  
 I met a man who lives in Tennes-see and he was headin' for  
 . . . . . | G . . . . . G7 . . . . . | C . . . . . C7  
 Pennsyl-vania and some homemade pumpkin pie—  
 . . . . . | F . . . . . | G7 . . . . . C  
 From Pennsyl-vania folks are travlin', down to Dixie's sunny shores  
 . . . . . | G . . . . . D7 . . . . . | G . . . . . G7  
 From At-lantic to Pa-cific, gee the traffic is ter-rific!

. . . . . | C . . . . . F . . . . . | C . . . . .  
 Oh, there's no place like home for the holi—days—  
 . . . . . | . . . . . A7 . . . . . | D7 . . . . . G7  
 'cause, no mat—ter how far a—way you roam—  
 . . . . . | C . . . . . F . . . . . | C . . . . .  
 if you want to be happy in a million ways  
 D7 | G . . . . . G7 . . . . . | C . . . . . C\  
 For the holi—days you can't beat home sweet home—

## Bridge:

. . . . . | C . . . . . F . . . . . | C . . . . .  
 Take a bus, take a train, go and hop an aero—plane  
 . . . . . | . . . . . A7 . . . . . | G . . . . .  
 Put the wife and kiddies in the family car—  
 . . . . . | F . . . . . | C . . . . .  
 For the pleasure that you bring when you make that doorbell ring—  
 G\ . . . . . | F\ . . . . . | G . . . . .  
 No trip— could be— too— far—

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, 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-----

For the holi---days you can't beat home sweet home----- F\ C\

**San Jose Ukulele Club**