A SONG WRITTEN FOR TIM

Home is Waiting

Christmas



Each morning, coffee by my chair
You bring a calm that's always there
At night, you tuck me into bed
Your gentle words stay in my head
In our living room, we dance free
Like high school sweethearts, you and me

> *Tim, you are my home, my safe place*
> *My soul finds rest within your grace*
> *You may love me more, I suppose*
> *Forever, I love you the most*

Since I was fifteen, I loved you
Your hazel eyes still pull me through
At college, we let each other go
As adults, we found our way back home
On our hill, northern lights would glow
Shooting stars would steal the show
At eleven-eleven, I can see
Your love is always home to me

> *Tim, you are my home, my safe place*
> *My soul finds rest within your grace*
> *You may love me more, I suppose*
> *Forever, I love you the most*

This Christmas, let the whole world know
Through every storm, you shelter me
With all the years still left to grow
I'll keep you close eternally

> *Tim, you are my home, my safe place*
> *My soul finds rest within your grace*
> *You may love me more, I suppose*
> *Forever, I love you the most*

Each morning, coffee by my chair
And home is waiting when you're there