

**Copyright 2020 Charlene Sullivan**  
**For all Time**  
**Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):**  
**Celine Dion**

**Verse 1**

Another year has come and gone, another day snowflakes falling, gently,  
to the ground.

Tree branches in hues of charcoal grays, sprinkled white with snowflakes,  
standing tall, skyward bound, never peering down.

Watching, from your window seat, panes of glass each displaying, from  
moment to moment, a different scene.

The stark beauty of nature, surrounding me, on this pure and Holy Eve,  
matched only by the caroler's voices as they pass by, out in the street.

Singing the harmonies of traditional Christmas hymns, harkening me  
back to thee, and  
Christmases, together, in years gone by when there was only you and  
me.

Old family photos still sitting upon the shelf, your favorite homemade  
quilt, still is soft to my touch.

A family portrait painted, using your favorite brush, my (Alternative:  
your) needlepoint, a tapestry of life and love, unfinished, sitting in the  
corner, now, collecting dust.

## **Chorus**

Merry Christmas Angel, I'm thinking about you.  
Images sketched on the canvass of my mind.

The tapestry of our life, our love, black and white negatives, sitting in this dark room, emotions, tonight, and for all time.

Merry Christmas Angel, I'm thinking about you.  
Images sketched on the canvass of my mind.

The tapestry of our life, our love, black and white negatives processed, as memories in this dark room, etched, now and forever, in my mind;

For all time.

## **Verse 2**

This Holy Eve, the birth of new life, rich with memories of Christmases past, a history painted in sterile grays, and black and white.

Every sheet of glass positioned in its rightful frame, panes of stained glass casting light in Christmas hues affording warm perspective, now, on this chilly December night.

Warming my heart and soul as I process in this dark room memories from Christmases past, snowy blustery nights, exactly, like this.  
Snap shots of our Christmases, together, in Christmas past, a Christmas Eve just like this.

The proverbial window to my soul haunts me, daily, with still images of you and I before you'd gone.

The dining room table and holiday scene are set, images of life and love in vivid living colors remind me that we were blessed; I wish you were here singing with me this our holiday song.

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## **Bridge**

Still sitting here, propped up in your window seat, a mug (Alternative: cup) of Apple Cider, our favorite Christmas drink.  
Warming my hands, wrapped up in your favorite homemade quilt.

Another scene has come and gone another snapshot undeveloped in the dark room of time.

A new day, a brand new dawn, snowflakes falling from the sky, trees with branches, completely, covered, now, in the purest of pure white.

Bending, no longer skyward bound, but rather, humbly, peering downward, reaching towards the ground as if to say,  
The beauty surrounding you on this holiday, reminds you of your loved ones as you stop by your local Church and pray.

Choirs signing traditional choral hymns, congregations sitting in silence, reflecting silently, respectfully, once again.

Upon that which grace and faith is needed to believe, and that is what is needed to generously give and openly receive the gifts of love and life, I send.

### **Verse 3**

Christmas present is colored, now, by the warm glow of yellow, green, blue, and red.

Holiday lighting reflecting on the virgin snow, melting everything it touches within my heart and head.

What Christmas future will look like no one knows for sure, but as the Northern Winter winds begin to blow, again, this year  
Swirling snowflakes from left to right, images of you and I as we dance throughout another Christmas night to the melody of this holiday song I write.

And reminisce, again, about Christmases past when you and I danced in this very room, when you and I were here.  
Photographs of you and I playing on repeat in the slide projector are the memories I, now, pass on and share.

Another scene, another Take, in this moving picture classic, our holiday story about our life as a happy family, yours and mine.  
Wish you were, here, Angel. Sing and dance; your family loves you for all time.

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