

The Star of Bethlehem

By Kevin McWha Steele ©2009

Broken again was the man's long face
Keeping up with the human race
Had a child who cried and cried
On his own without his bride

The Star of Bethlehem was born
The Star of Bethlehem would not be torn

Some around here call him Robin Hood
Looking out for the local good
Keeps his chin up does the best he can
He's the good thief for his fellow man

The Star of Bethlehem would stay
The Star of Bethlehem would not be led astray, yeah, yeah..

But today,

Chorus:

There's no bitch for the bard with his quiet donation
No rose in the yard for his soul's salvation
When all the saints are on extended vacation
He stares at the ceiling in pure frustration
But, thank you, Lord,
Thank you, Lord, for his song
Yes, thank you, Lord,
Thank you, Lord, for all that went wrong
Long live the music,
Let it be strong

There are many who will come and go
Get lost in the sideshow
They are like the dust rising from the sand
Vanished between the water and your small hand

But, The Star of Bethlehem would stay
The Star of Bethlehem would not be led astray, yeah, yeah..

But today,

Chorus:

There's no bitch for the bard with his quiet donation
No rose in the yard for his soul's salvation
When all the saints are on extended vacation
He stares at the ceiling in pure frustration
But, thank you, Lord,
Thank you, Lord, for his song
Yes, thank you, Lord,
Thank you, Lord, for all that went wrong
Long live the music,
Let it be strong