

The Rebel Jesus

Bebo Norman

All the streets
Are filled
With laughter
And light
And the music
Of the season
And the
Merchants' windows
Are all bright
With the faces
Of the children
And the families
Hurrying
To their homes
As the sky darkens
And freezes
They'll be gathering
Around the hearths
And tales
Giving thanks
For all god's graces
And the birth
Of the rebel Jesus

Well they call him
By the prince
Of peace
And they call him
By the Savior
And they pray
To him
Upon the seas
And in every
Bold endeavor
As they fill
His churches
With their pride
And gold
And their faith
In him increases
But they've
Turned the nature
That I worshipped in
From a temple
To a robber's den
In the words
Of the rebel Jesus

We guard our world
With locks and guns
And we guard
Our fine possessions
And once a year
When Christmas comes
We give
To our relations
And perhaps we give

A little to the poor
If the generosity
Should seize us
But if any one of us
Should interfere
In the business of why
They are poor
They get the same
As the rebel Jesus

But please
Forgive me
If I seem
To take the tone
Of judgement
For I've no wish
To come between
This day
And your enjoyment
In this life
Of hardship
And of earthly toil
We have need
For anything
That frees us
So I bid you
Pleasure
And I bid you
Cheer
From a heathen
And a pagan
On the side
Of the Rebel Jesus