

# Christmas In My Soul

Laura Nyro

Come young braves, come young children  
Come to the book of love with me  
Respect your brothers and your sisters  
Come to the book of love I know it ain't easy  
But we're gonna look for a better day  
Come young braves, come young children

I love my country as it dies  
In war and pain before my eyes  
I walk the streets where disrespect has been  
The sins of politics, the politics of sin  
The heartlessness that darkens my soul  
On Christmas

Red and silver on the leaves  
Fallen white snow runs softly through the trees  
Madonnas weep for wars of hell  
They blow out the candles and haunt Noel  
The missing love that rings through the world  
On Christmas

Black panther brothers bound in jail  
Chicago seven and the justice scale  
Homeless Indian on Manhattan Isle  
All God's sons have gone to trial  
And all God's love is out of style  
On Christmas

Now the time has come to find  
Laws in that big book of love the blind people  
You must read through the miracle  
Deep and deep for all the high court  
World is same  
On Christmas

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Come young children  
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