

# The Child With the Star On His Head

Sufjan Stevens

Positive Christmas energy, desperately seeking Santa, Take 3

Once in a while, you may think you see better than the others  
Scrambling around in the dark with your drum  
There is a time when young men must grow up and be brothers  
Are you afraid of growing too fast?

And the child with the star on his head  
All of the world rests on his shoulders  
And the mother with the child on her breast  
Blessed is she among women

And the trust we put in things  
In small ideas, in engineering  
The world of sports and second best  
In consequences we will not put to rest

Why crawl around in the snow  
When you know I am right here  
Waiting for you to expect something more?

For I am warm, I am calling you close to my table  
Where I have made us a feast  
For the year of troubles, they have gone  
The winter brings a Christmas song

And the child with the star on his head  
All of the world rests on his shoulders  
And the mother with the child on her breast  
Blessed is she among women

Does all the world know better than  
When Christmas comes the troubles end  
The troubles end, the troubles end

And by the time there's nothing left  
An empty tree, a winter vest  
A winter vest, a winter vest

And all the trust we put in things  
In dictionaries, in engineering  
In calendars, and television  
In father's friends, in consequences