

The Child With the Star On His Head

Sufjan Stevens

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
And father's friends, and consequences
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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