# 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 childrenI 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 ChristmasRed 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 ChristmasBlack 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 ChristmasNow 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 ChristmasChristmas in my soul
Christmas in my soul
Christmas in my soulCome young braves
Come young children
Christmas in my soul
Christmas in my soul
Joy to this world.

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