

# Glad Tidings (Takes 7-8)

Van Morrison

And they'll lay you down low in the easy  
And the lips that you kiss will say Christmas  
And the miles that you traveled the distance So believe no lies, dry your eyes and realize  
That surprise  
La, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
And the businessmen will shake hands and talk in numbers  
And the princess will wake up from her slumber  
Then all the knights will step forth with their arm bands  
And every stranger you meet in the street will make demands  
So believe no lies, then dry your eyes and realize  
That surprise  
La, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la, la, la And we'll send you glad tidings from New York  
Open up your eyes so you may see  
Ask you not to read between the lines  
Hope that you will come in right on time  
And they'll talk to you while you're in trances  
And you'll visualize not taking any chances  
But meet them halfway with love, peace and persuasion  
And expect them to rise for the occasion  
Don't it gratify when you see it materialize  
Right in front of your eyes  
That surprise La, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la, la, la

Songwriters

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