Christmas Song

Dave Matthews & Tim Reynolds

She was his girl, he was her boyfriend
She'd be his wife and make him her husband
A surprise on the way, any day, any day
One healthy and little giggling, dribbling baby boyThe wise men came, three made their way
To shower him with love while he lay in the hay
Shower him with love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love was all aroundNot very much of his childhood was known
Kept his mother Mary, worried always out on his own
He met another Mary, who for a reasonable fee
Less than reputable was known to beHis heart was full of love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love was all aroundWhen Jesus Christ was nailed to his tree
Said, Oh, Daddy, oh, I can see how it all soon will be
I came to shed a little light on this darkening sea
Instead I fear I've spilled the blood of my children all aroundThe blood of our children all around
The blood of our children all aroundSo I'm told, so the story goes
The people then knew they were less than golden hearted
Gamblers and robbers, drinkers and jokers
But all soul searchers just like you and me, like you and meRumors insisted that he soon would be
For his deviations taken into custody
By the authorities, less informed than he
Drinkers and jokers, all soul searchersSearching for love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love was all aroundPreparations were made for His celebration day
He said eat this bread but think of it as me
Drink this wine and dream
It will be the blood of our children all aroundThe blood of our children all around
The blood of our children all aroundFather, up above, why in all this anger
Do you fill us up with love, love, love?
Love, love, love, love, love is all aroundAnd Father, up above, why in all this hatred
Do you fill us up with love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love is all around

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