Real

Nichole Nordeman

Frozen statues in the cold
Washed in moonlight, blue and gold
Mary's babe in plastic hay
Quiet wonder on her face
Mary you look so serene
Far too pretty, much too clean
We might think we know you well
But what stories would you tell?
Of all the dirt and dust and shame
Everybody burning labour painAnd as I turn to walk away
I hear you say
I am real
Don't turn me into memory or myth
Let me be real
And I'll show you what it means to love like this
To be realShepherds bending to the ground
Bethlehem is safe and sound
Joseph you look brave and true
Do we know what it was like to be you
How many sleepless nights awake
Found you desperate and afraidAnd as I turn to walk away
I hear you say
I am real
Don't turn me into memory or myth
Let me be real
And I'll show you what it means to love like this
To love like you don't even care about the hurry and the hustle
Like you are unaware December comes with so much trouble
'Cause you believe a baby came, not in paintings or in plays
But every minute, every hour, every day
To be real, realYou are real, realShow us what it means to love like this
To be real
To be realMore than a memory
More than a story
Real

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