

John Mark McMillan - Baby Son

tom:

Intro: A D A A
A A A

We thought you'd come with a crown of gold
A string of pearls and a cashmere robe
We thought you'd clinch and iron fist
And rain like fire on the politics
But without a sword, no armored guard
But common born in mother's arms
The government now rests upon
The shoulder's of this baby son

(A D A)
(A A A)

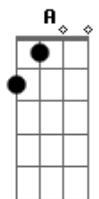
Have you no room inside your heart

The inn is full, the out is dark
Upon profane shines sacred sun
Not ashamed to be one of us

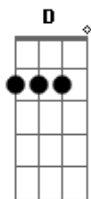
But without a sword, no armored guard
But common born in mother's arms
The government now rests upon
The shoulder's of this baby son

Gloria, Hallelu
Christ, the Lord
We've longed for You
Gloria, Hallelu
Christ, the Lord
We've longed for You

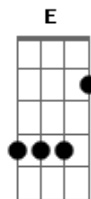
Acordes



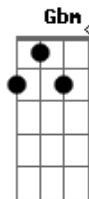
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