

## True Believers

Melanie

When I was just a little kid peeking around the corner  
Mom and Dad would pull in the Christmas Tree, decorate it before  
the morning  
And I'd look for Santa in the Christmas Eve sky or the Angel, did I see her  
With the King of Kings and the Ghost of Christmas past, a True  
Believer

And I kept believing till one year came, I saw no reason for the  
season  
The outstretched hand of my humanity, couldn't find the hope or  
the meaning  
I think I sipped a little more than a cup  
Sang the songs to keep me breathing  
With the King of Kings and the Ghost of Christmas past, and True  
Believers

I can't help choking up at the face of wonder  
Giving away more than I am earning  
It's a Christmas folly, it's a passion play  
The life in my soul returning  
And I still look up at the Christmas sky for the Angel, do I see  
her  
With the King of Kings and the Ghost of Christmas past, and True  
Believers