

I Was Born in Bethlehem

Nick Lowe

I was born in Bethlehem
2,000 years have passed since then
And I've done what I can
To be there when a man can't find a friend
On the streets of Bethlehem

As the story always said
We were trying to find a bed
It was cold, I was late
And we stood outside the locked gate of the inn
Until the kindness of strangers let us in
To a stable 'round the back

Little more than a shack
Where my sweet mother, meek and mild
And herself only a child
Gave her best, then took her rest
Do do do do do do...

At the door then came a knock
Shepherds who had quit their flock
With their eyes round with fear
Daddy jumped up and cried
"Get out of here!"
But mother stilled him and bid them draw near

I was there but couldn't see
The unfolding mystery
Kings with their presents
Of gold, myrrh and frankincense
Who set them before the Lamb
'Neath the star of Bethlehem

I was born in Bethlehem
It's been 2,000 years since then
But I've done what I can
To be there when a man can't find a friend
I was born in Bethlehem