

Neil Young, Star Of Bethlehem

Ain't it hard
when you wake up
in the morning
And you find out
that those other days
are gone?
All you have
is memories of happiness
Lingerin' on.

You might wonder
who can I turn to
On this cold
and chilly night of gloom
The answer to that question
Is nowhere in this room.

All your dreams
and your lovers
won't protect you,
They're only passing
through you in the end.
They'll leave
you stripped of all
that they can get to,
And wait for you
to come back again.

You might wonder
who I can turn to
On this cold
and chilly night of gloom
The answer to that question
Is nowhere in this room.

Yet still a light is shining
From that lamp on down the hall.
Maybe the star of Bethlehem
Wasn't a star at all.