

# Bebo Norman, The Rebel Jesus

All the streets are filled with laughter and light  
And the music of the season  
And the merchant's windows are all bright  
With the faces of the children  
And the families hurry into their homes  
As the sky darkens and freezes  
We'll be gathering around our hearths and tables  
Giving thanks for God's graces  
And the birth of the rebel Jesus  
Well, they call Him by the Prince of peace  
And they call Him by the Savior  
And they pray to Him upon the seats  
And in every bold endeavor  
And they fill His churches with their pride and gold  
As their faith in Him increases  
But they've turned the nature that I worship in  
From a temple to a robber's den  
In the words of the rebel Jesus  
We guard our world with locks and guns  
And we guard our fine possessions  
And once a year when Christmas comes  
We give to our relations  
And perhaps we give a little to the poor  
If the generosity should seize us  
But if anyone of us should interfere  
In the business of why there are poor  
We get the same as the rebel Jesus  
But pardon me if I have seemed  
To take the tone of judgment  
For I've no wish to come between  
This day and your enjoyment  
In a life of hardship and of earthly toil  
There's a need for anything that frees us  
So I bid you pleasure and I bid you cheer  
From a heathen and a pagan  
On the side of the rebel Jesus