

Deacon Blue, Bethlehems Gate

There was a night
As purple as this
With a love so close
We longed to be missed
Summer '89
And everything stood
Sure and free and there
To be finished

I long to be there
As bright as the sky
At Bethlehem's gate

September again
You come so quick
So sudden your strength
So strong your kiss
The world groans and strains
For the hope of a time
Like a prayer that
Is wished and willed
To exist

Like knocking so hard
And trying to get through
To Bethlehem's gate

I'm chiding the heart
That the body will live
To question the power
And the gift of birth
To stand and grow and die
On the wasteland
That scorns the high temples
We build

And stand in the way
And darken the sky
At Bethlehem's gate

Stand in the way
And darken the sky
At Bethlehem's gate