

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, 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.

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.