

Shawn Colvin, Little Road To Bethlehem

As I walk down the road
I sit up some
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem
Beside an open door as I drew night
I heard sweet Mary
A lullaby
She sang about the lambs at close of day
And rocked her tiny boy among the hay
Across the air the silver sheepbell rang
The lambs are coming home sweet Mary sang
You're a star of gold
You're a star of gold
Is shining in the sky
So sleep, my little baby
Go lullaby
As I walk down the road
I sit up some
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem