

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Three Kings And I

O Holy night
The stars are brightly shining
It is the night of our dear savior's birth

Now you all heard the story about Bethlehem
How the child was born and the three wise men
Heard the preacher tell it like the preacher does
But let me tell you, children
That's not how it was

Now you might ask me what I'm talking about
But I know the part that they all left out
Yes, I do

Now do you hear what I said
That Herod wanted those wise men dead
But on that blessed evening
My great great great great great granddad
He saved those kings

Now granddad made his living
Playing jazz you see
But jazz wasn't big around one A. D
So he got himself a job in the palace band
Where he heard about three kings
In the desert sand

Let me tell you children that at any time
Three kings in the desert that's a real rare find
Yes, it is

But Herod heard of it too
And when he heard his curiosity grew
So he asked those kings to drop by
And my great great great great great
Granddad
He wondered why

So the Magi told old Herod
That they had come here
To find a newborn king of kings
Who'd heal our sins
Then old Herod told his guards
To follow those Magi
And that the only king around here
Was gonna' be him

Then he told his soldiers as I recall
When they found that child, to kill them all
But granddad overheard what Herod said
And he had to act fast or else they'd all be dead
Yes, they would

So granddad got to those kings
Filled them in on the plan, told them everything
When they heard what he had in store
They grabbed the gold
The frankincense
The myrrh, the jewels
The desert tents
And when they found
His plan was sound
They followed granddad out the back door
Yes, they did

They followed him down

And what a night
It must have been
But when God is on your side
You kinda' know that in the end
You're gonna win

They traveled fast
They traveled far
And in the end they found
That they were standing with the Child
Beneath the star

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

And so you see we've reached the end
Of our story
When granddad and the kings
Reached that stable on the hill
And while I said that
Three kings in the desert is a rare sight
Angels singing in the desert that's far rarer still

Now I ain't sayin' that the bible was wrong
But ya' see the whole tale
Would have taken too long
'Cause way back then in the promised land
Every copy they sold
It had to be written by hand

And granddad lived a long life
Stayed friends with those kings
And found a good wife
And eventually I came along
But that my children
That my children
That's another song

THE NEXT LETTER INCLUDED A RECEIPT
FOR ONE TOY STUFFED BEAR
DONATING IT TO A SMALL THRIFT SHOP
BUT SOMEHOW IT WAS LEFT THERE

FOR ATTICS HAVE THEIR SECRETS
AND TOYS WILL HAVE THEIRS, TOO
LIKE WHO ONCE HELD OR LOVED THEM
WHEN THEY LAST WERE NEW

WHETHER THEY WERE MADE OF METAL
OR THEY WERE COTTON STUFFED
OF HOW THEY HAD BEEN LEFT HERE
WHEN THEY WERE NOT ENOUGH

AND SO IT'S HERE THAT THEY MUST WAIT
BETWEEN REALITY AND DREAM
HOPING ALL WILL BE REMEMBERED
AND THAT ALL CAN BE REDEEMED

THEN IN THE SOUND OF THE WIND
WHISTLING THROUGH A DOOR
SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD THE SOUND OF CHILDREN
THAT HAD HELD THIS TOY BEFORE

AND SHE THEN THOUGHT TO HERSELF
AS SHE NOW HELD IT IN HER HAND
THAT NO ONE COULD SAVE ALL THE WORLD
BUT WE SHOULD SAVE WHO WE CAN

SO SHE PLACED IT NEAR HER CANDLE
FOR SHE HAD DECIDED IN HER MIND
THAT WHEN SHE LEFT THIS ATTIC
HE WOULD NOT BE LEFT BEHIND