

Van Morrison, Glad Tidings

And they'll lay you down low in the easy
And the lips that you kiss will say Christmas.
And the miles that you traveled the distance

So believe no lies, dry your eyes and realize
That surprise

La, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la, la...

And the businessmen will shake hands and talk in numbers
And the princess will wake up from her slumber
Then all the knights will step forth with their arm bands
And ev'ry stranger you meet in the street will make demands
So believe no lies, then dry your eyes and realize
That surprise
La, la, la...

[Bridge:]

And we'll send you glad tidings from New York
Open up your eyes sa you may see
Ask you not to read between the lines
Hope that you will come in right on time
And they'll talk to you while you're in trances
And you'll visualize not taking any chances
But meet them halfway with love, peace and persuasion
And expect them to rise for the occasion
Don't it gratify when you see it materialize
Right in front of your eyes
That surprise

And they'll lay you down low and easy