

The Rebel Jesus

Jackson Browne

^D All the streets are filled with laughter and light We guard our world with locks and guns
^G And the music of the season ^A
^D And the merchants windows are all bright We guard our fine possessions
And once a year when Christmas comes
^{Dmaj7} With the faces of the children ^{Bm} We give to our relations
And perhaps we give a little to the poor
^G And the families hurrying to their homes ^D
If the generosity should seize us
As the sky darkens and freezes
But if any one of us should interfere
^G Will be gathering around the hearths and tables ^D In the business of why there are poor
They get the same as the rebel Jesus
^{Bm} Giving Thanks for God's graces ^A
And the birth of the rebel Jesus ^G ^A ^D

Well they call Him by the prince of peace
To take the tone of judgment
And they call Him by the Savior For I've no wish to come between
And they pray to Him upon the seas This day and your enjoyment
And in every bold endeavor In a life of hardship and of earthly toil
And they fill His churches with their pride and gold There is a need for anything that frees us
As their faith in Him increases So I bid you pleasure and I bid you cheer
But they've turned the nature that I worship in From a heathen and a pagan
From a temple to a robber's den On the side of the rebel Jesus
In the words of the rebel Jesus