

# John Mark McMillan - Baby Son

tom:

Intro: A D A A A A

We thought you'd come with a crown of gold  
A string of pearls and a cashmere robe  
We thought you'd clinch and iron fist  
And rain like fire on the politics  
But without a sword, no armored guard  
But common born in mother's arms  
The government now rests upon  
The shoulder's of this baby son

( A D A )  
( A A A )

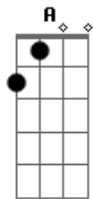
Have you no room inside your heart

The inn is full, the out is dark  
Upon profane shines sacred sun  
Not ashamed to be one of us

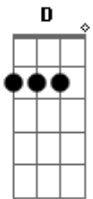
But without a sword, no armored guard  
But common born in mother's arms  
The government now rests upon  
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Gloria, Hallelu  
Christ, the Lord  
We've longed for You  
Gloria, Hallelu  
Christ, the Lord  
We've longed for You

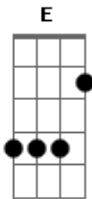
## Acordes



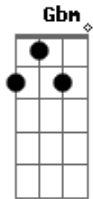
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