

## **Trans-Siberian Orchestra**

### **"The Three Kings & I"**

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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

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

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 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

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

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

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  
Or 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

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