

No Room

So, come to me, and say to me,
The lights are on My Christmas tree,
The table's set with china fine,
I lit the fire, I poured the wine.

But, I have lots of things to do;
Don't have the time to spend with You.
Another day will come, You'll see,
When not so much depends on me.

Chorus 1:
It's another crowded night: no room.
Like Bethlehem that night: no room
For the God who is here,
For the love that is near,
For the child who came to bear our gift of tears—
No room.

Another day, You came to me
As a homeless man in poverty,
But my credit cards were full, You see,
For things under the Christmas tree.
Oh, Christmas tree, oh Christmas tree...etc.

And my house, I crowd with things: no room,
And no more life than money brings: no room.
And in my heart, I hear Your call,
That there's a meaning to it all.
The One who fills eternity
Made the room to come to me.

Room at the cross,
Room for the lost,
A room in Heaven set for me.
There's room!