

Jesus the king was born in a shed
Laid in a trolley for a bed
So poor a birth. How can this be?
He lived a life like you and me.

Chorus (sung after verses 1 & 4):
No airs and graces
No fancy places
Just love and caring
healing and sharing
Jesus the servant king

Midas the king he loved his bling
Gold and more gold that was his thing.
Granted a wish he'd come to regret
Learnt a lesson he wouldn't forget.

The king's new clothes were never there
Tricked by the tailors, nasty pair
The king didn't say he couldn't see
Such was the strength of his vanity.

Jesus the king, not what we thought
No fame or things that he had bought.
Helped all he met and shared Gods love
Jesus, the son of God above.

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