

Room at the Inn  
Words and music by Steve Givens  
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Mile upon mile of unending road,  
She's feeling so wearied and worried.  
Where shall they go? With whom shall they stay?  
Is there room anywhere on the way?

*Will you make room for the Christ-child?  
Is there room in your inn tonight?  
Please open the door and let them come in,  
Open you heart to the light.*

They searched and they searched but nowhere in town  
Could they find the shelter they ached for.  
The slamming of doors, the innkeeper's cry:  
"No room in my inn tonight."

Outside of town in a stable she lay  
In a bed made of straw and a pillow of hay.  
She gave birth to her son, the Messiah, the Christ.  
Would you have made room for the Lord of Light?