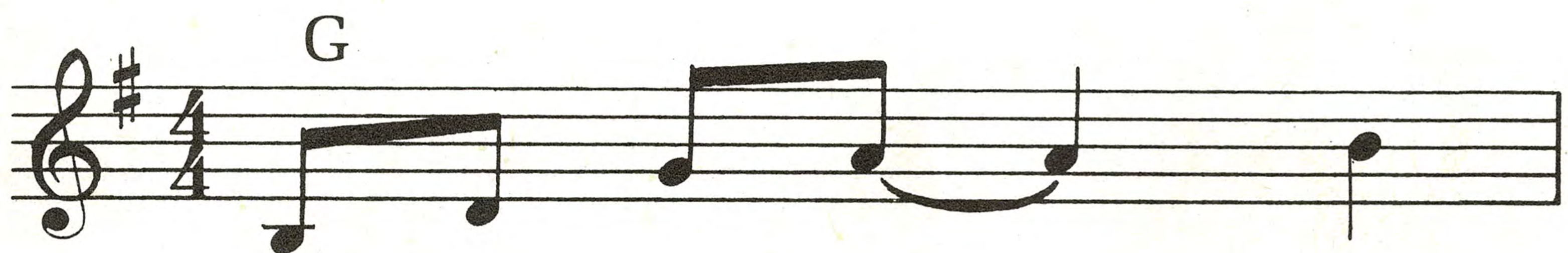


# Why Don't They Look to the Stars

Words and music by Sylvia Tyson



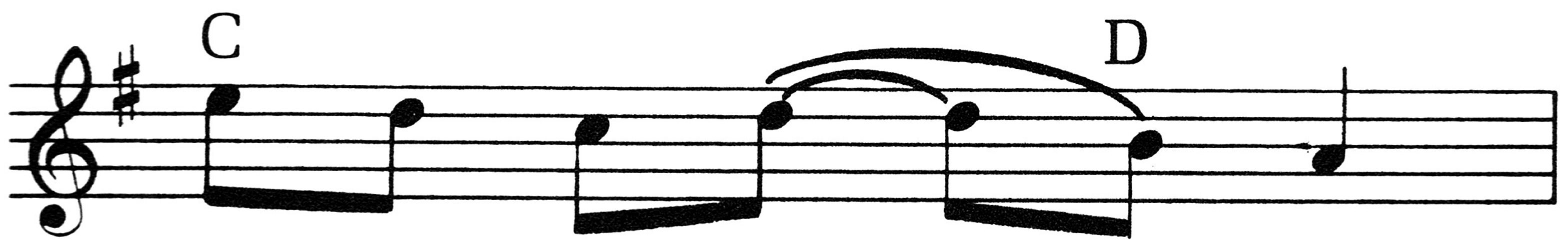
Peo - ple a - round me



eyes to the ground, oh



why can't they look to the



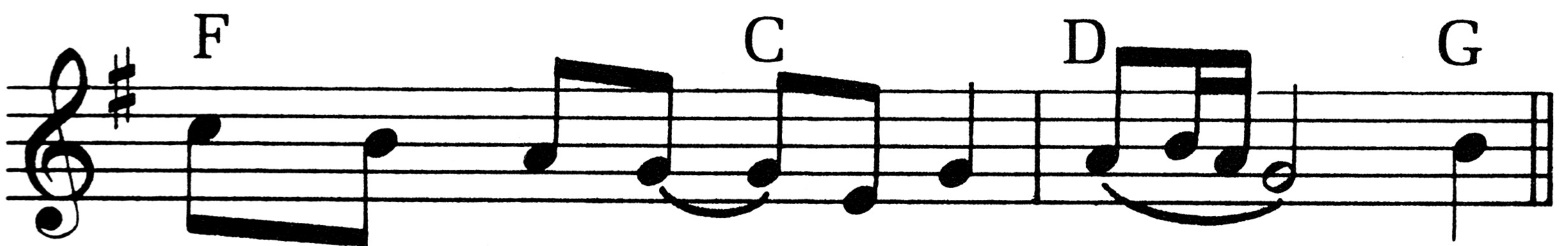
sky, the sky. \_\_\_\_\_ They



don't e - ven see me or



like what they do see.



Why can't they look to the sky. \_\_\_\_\_ To



me their world is a tin-y place. I can



raise my eyes and fly through space.

2 And



1 Aren't there more like me.  
there are more like me.



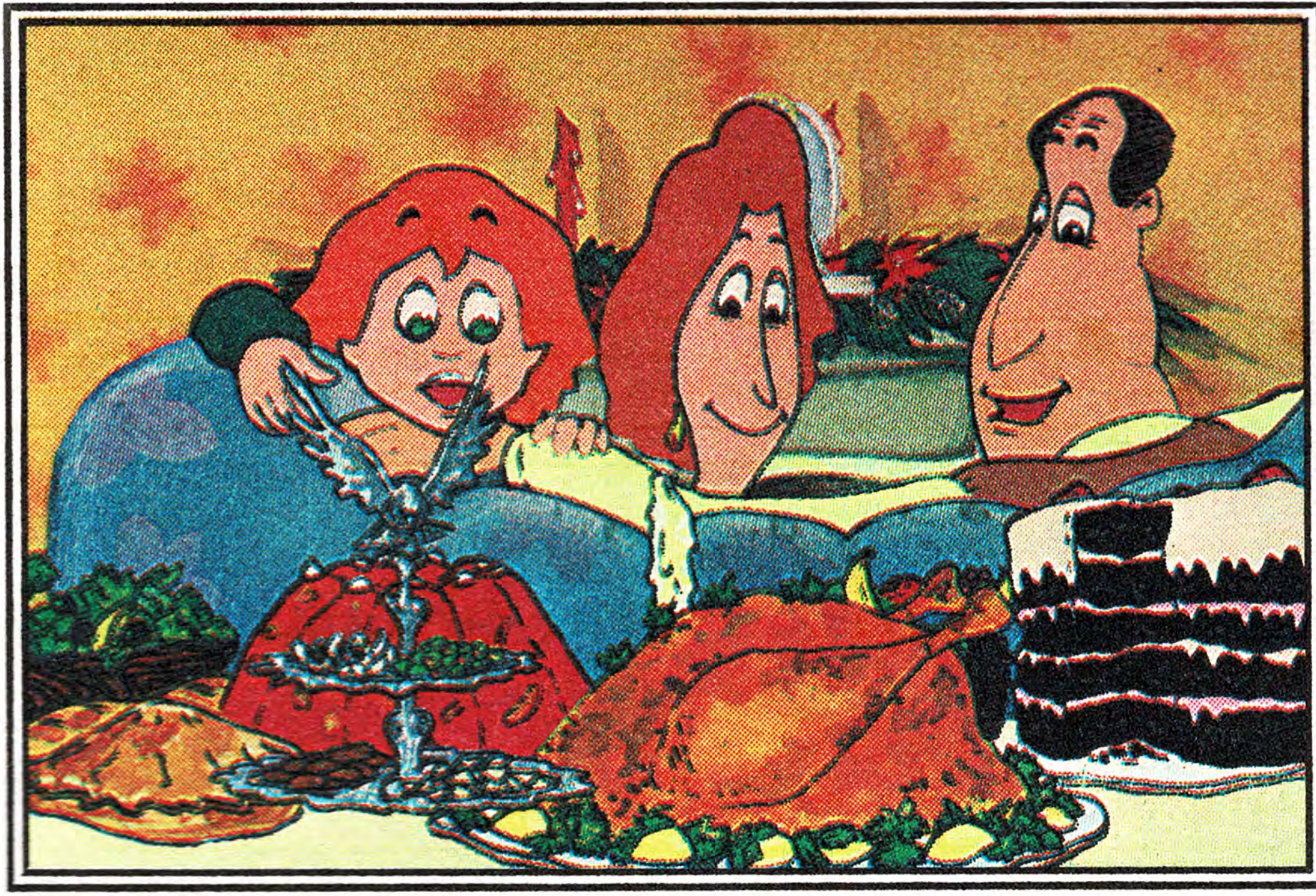
Can't they see what I \_\_\_\_\_ see.  
They see what I \_\_\_\_\_ see.



Why don't they look to the  
We all can look to the



stars. \_\_\_\_\_ 2 To  
stars. \_\_\_\_\_

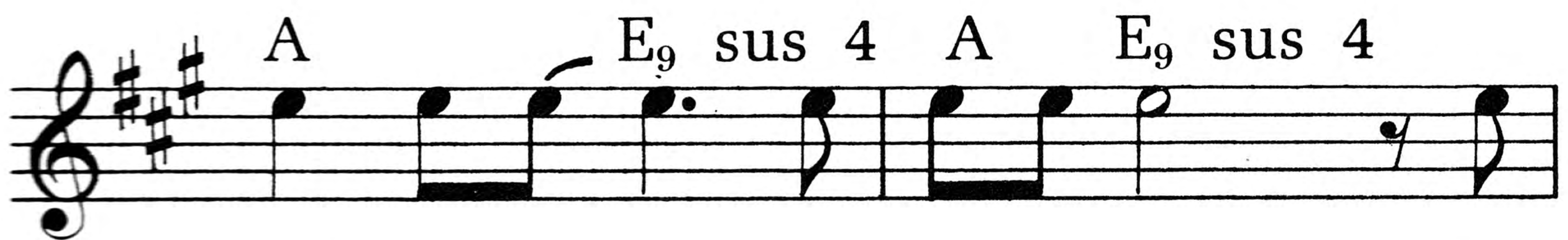


# The Way that Christmas Used to Be

Words and music by Sylvia Tyson



Time rolls fast and time rolls slow. We



had so much so long a-go. So



long a-go when I was young; Those

A E<sub>9</sub> sus 4 A E<sub>9</sub> sus 4

stor-ies told and old songs sung. The

Bm<sub>7</sub> E

flames that licked the

Bm<sub>7</sub> E F#m C#m

crack - ling wood and smells of fir tree

D E<sub>7</sub> A F#m

fire and food. Each year it all re -

B G#m A E<sub>9</sub> sus 4 A

turns to me the way that Christ - mas

A E<sub>9</sub> sus 4 A Bm<sub>7</sub> sus 4 E<sub>7</sub>

used to be.