

Connie Smith, The Wonders You Perform

THE WONDERS YOU PERFORM

Writer Jerry Chesnut

Copyright 1970

Oh Lord, you know that I'm not one to bother you with little thi-ings
And you and I have never been too-oo close
But we've always been on speakin' terms
I've watched you with doin' things
And tried to understand you more than most
No I haven't gone to church the way I ought to
But I always thought you knew in my own way I worshipped you
While even your own children doubt and fail to understand
The simple way you go about the things you do
I've seen the doubt upon the face of loved ones
As they sadly placed a wreath of flowers on a tiny grave
And wondered why a child is brought into the world
To only live a little while and die, you could have saved
But I believe that in your eyes this little child was somethin' special
And you wanted it to be with you, no doubt
So with out-stretched arms you beckoned it so simple that I reckon
They can't understand the way you worked it out
Once I saw a young man growin' till he neared the age of knowin'
Then I watched as somethin' happened to his mind
No doctor could correct it, it was just as I suspected
And I marvelled at your way of bein' kind
They tried everything in vain and I was there when they explained it
To the family, how he slipped into a trance
Guess you looked into the future, watched him turn his back upon you
Lovin' him so much you couldn't take the chance
It took a lot of love to die, for sinners such as I
And I guess that's why you've never given up on me
You understood when some denied you and even when they crucified you
Knowin' all these things were meant to be-ee
For the stable's such a simple thing, no wonder there were few who came
To see a king the night that you were born
And I'd ask one favor if I can, help me to better understand
The mystery of the wonders You perform, Amen