

Crystal Lewis, Gold

Here's to the woman abandoned by her husband
who left her for another woman
and to her children
for half the love they've been given
has left them all of a sudden

Blessed are those who mourn
For they shall receive great comfort
But still I found death seems to bring forth life

(Chorus)
All your heartaches
All your sufferings
All your trials
Are gold

Here's to the woman whose left to raise her children
She doesn't know the first thing about how to make a living
And all the birthdays and ball games and christmas mornings
Will never be the same

Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven
But still I found death seems to bring forth life

(Chorus)

All your sorrows
All your pain
All your trials... are gold