

# Sherrie Austin, Streets Of Heaven

Hello God, it's me again, two a.m. room 304,  
visiting hours are over, time for our bedside tug 'o' war,  
the sleeping child between us, may not make it through the night,  
I'm fightin' back the tears, as she fights for her life.

(CHORUS)

And it must be kinda crowded, on the streets of heaven,  
so tell me, what do you need her for?  
Don't you know one day she'll be your little girl forever,  
but right now, I need her so much more,  
she's much too young, to be on her own, barely just turned seven,  
so who will hold her hand when she crosses the streets of heaven?

Tell me God, do you remember, the wishes that she made,  
as she blew out the candles, on her last birthday cake,  
she wants to ride a pony, when she's big enough,  
she wants to marry her daddy, when she's all grown up.

&lt;&lt;(CHORUS)&gt;&gt;

Lord don't you know, she's my angel, you've got plenty of your own,  
and I know you hold a place for her, but she's already got a home,  
well I don't know if you're listenin', but prayin's all that's left to do,  
so I ask you Lord have mercy, you lost a son once too.

And it must be kinda crowded, on the streets of heaven,  
so tell me, what do you need her for?  
don't you know one day she'll be your little girl forever,  
but right now, I need her so much more,  
Lord I know, once you've made up your mind, there's no use in beggin',  
so if you take her with you today, will you make sure she looks both ways?  
and will you hold her hand when she crosses the streets of heaven,

the streets of heaven