

Brian Wilson, Wonderful

She belongs there left with her liberty
Never known as a non-believer
She laughs and stays in the won-won-won-wonderful

She knew how to gather the forest when
God reached softly and moved her body
One golden locket
Quite young and loving her mother and father

Farther down the path was a mystery
Through the recess the chalk and numbers
A boy bumped into the won-won-won-wonderful

All fall down and lost in the mystery
Lost it all to a non-believer
And all that's left is a girl
Who's loved by her mother and father

She'll return in love with the mystery
Never known as a non-believer
She'll sigh and thank God for won-won-won-wonderful