

# 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