

# Matthew West, The Last Ones

My friend Taylor she's an angel  
Ten years old and beautiful  
She's a living, breathing miracle  
And she proves it everyday  
'Cause the odds were stacked against her from the day that she arrived here  
And the doctors told her mom and dad she'd always be that way  
And I confess when I first met her  
I was thinking life's not fair  
But then she wrapped her arms around my neck  
And it all became so clear

God bless the last ones

One day Taylor sent me a picture from her Special Olympics race  
And I could tell just by the looks of it she was coming in last place  
But she crossed that finish line with a smile upon her face as if to say

God bless the last ones

Maybe the last ones are the lucky ones  
The ones who got this whole thing figured out  
'Cause when they go looking for something beautiful  
They start looking from the inside out

On our way into the restaurant we passed a homeless man  
He was half drunk and half asleep with a paper cup in his hand  
And I confess when I first saw him I was thinking life's not fair  
But then Taylor reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck  
And it all became so clear

God bless the last ones

I wish we could all be the lucky ones  
The ones who've got this whole thing figured out  
Maybe the next time we go looking for beautiful we'll try looking from the inside out

God bless the last ones