

# Orenda Fink, Miracle Worker

A bed of cotton and lace  
Hair down to her little waist  
She waits for the sun to go down  
Her visitors leave back to their  
Town of pain and grieving  
Laid their hands on her gown

And prayed for a miracle  
The girl works miracles

A room of things she's never seen  
Surrounds her while she sleeps, and  
Reminds us all the child inside

A body that's been  
Barely alive for years  
And the people, they can't stop their tears

As they pray for a miracle  
The girl works miracles  
"We heard she works miracles"

Her mother shows for all to see  
Statues cry, walls plead  
The desperate ones line up each day

Hoping she would take  
Their pain away  
One touch of her hand is all they crave

And hope for a miracle  
The girl works miracles  
"We heard she works miracles"  
The girl works miracles  
The girl works miracles

Ah-hah-haah