

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