

Shawn McDonald, Lovely

Let me tell you a story
Of a little boy who had lost his way
In search for something to make it a better day,
But all he seemed to find
Was a world of hurt and pain
And a place that didn't seem to care that he'd lost his way.
So the boy began to cry.
Yes, the boy began to cry.

Does anyone love?
Does anyone care?
Is anyone out there?
That finds me lovely
That finds me lovely
That finds me lovely?

Just when the little boy had lost all hope
Well, along came a man that ushered him in.
He held him to his chest
and He saidm Little boy, it's time that you rest
He opened up His arms
And said, I've been searching for you for some time.
now, little boy, you have found a home
And now longer shall you roam
Then the man began to cry.
Yes, the man began to cry.

Don't you know I love you?
Don't you know I care?
And I will always be here,
And I find you lovely.
Yes, I find you lovely.
Yes I find you so so lovely.
I find you lovely...
Yes, I find you lovely