

# Miracle

## Drew Holcomb & The Neighbors

Red door, blue jeans,  
Lights up in the backyard.  
Fireflies, dance outside  
Chasing down the twilight.

It's a miracle...  
It's a miracle...

Hey!

Radio...open windows,  
Brothers on a Friday night.

It's a miracle...

There ain't no worries,  
Just the sweet, sweet smells of our youth.  
Visions of someday  
In capsules in the sky of blue...

But someday came and went.  
I still miss that scent,  
Of my imagination,  
The memories, visions, and dreams...

Bah bah bah bah...  
Bah bah bah bah...  
Bah bah bah bah...  
Bah bah bah bah...

It's a miracle...  
It's a miracle...  
It's a miracle...  
It's a miracle...

Hey!

Submitted by Kimberly Carlse

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