

Faith of a Child

Bill Miller

A child will walk, a child will run
A child with faith, faith will flyAnita hasn't walked right since she was small
Her legs are short and twisted, not straight and tall
She learned when she was young how to deal with the rejection
Cast into a world with all its standards of perfectionMost people looked away with a downward glance
And as a beautiful young woman, she was never asked to dance
Her dreams were just as lofty as the girl next door
And she remembers what her father said when she couldn't take no moreHe said, "Someday you're gonna soar
like a eagle
You will run and never grow tired
You'll become a new creation
If you just keep the faith of a child, keep the faith of a child"Now Anita lives alone in a Paper Mill town
In a one room apartment at Sixth and Brown
She's got a steady job, well, it's all right for now
She has plans for moving on if she can make it somehowHer brown hands are folded as she bows her head to
pray
Over doughnuts and some coffee, she made up yesterday
Her mind begins to travel, she gives thanks to the Lord
And an angel stands beside her, points out to the doorAnd said, "Today you're gonna soar like an eagle
You will run and never grow tired
You've become a new creation
For you have kept the faith of a child
Kept the faith of a child, kept the faith of a child"

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