

Something Beautiful

[Stephanie J. Block](#)

Silent I watched the clouds, silent I touch the water
Silent I lean to people, silent I turn to light
Silent I welcome birds, silent I lift the children
Silently reaching outward, silently holding tight
And my roots go deep in this place I know
Though I may be old still I grow
For I was put here to make something beautiful
Make something beautiful before I go
Silent I bow to crowds, silent I move to breezes
Silent I bless the lovers, ending I hear their sighs
Silent I spread my arms, crooked and gnarl but standing
Look and you'll see me dancing, look and you'll see me rise
And my roots go deep in this place I know
Though I may be old still I grow
For I was put here to make something beautiful
See something beautiful, be something beautiful before I go

Songwriters

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