

# Visions of God

David Phelps

She gently falls asleep  
Her head is laid upon my lap  
The highway sings a lonesome lullaby  
My daughter here beside me  
My little boy is in my backseat  
Outlined by the headlights from behind  
And I ask the Lord to freeze us here in time  
As my son stretches out his hand to mine  
Silhouette sent from heaven  
Paint a portrait of eternal things  
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor  
Bring remembrance of what is holy  
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed  
Come to me, sweet visions of God  
I hear her whisper sweetly  
"I made this for you, daddy"  
A crayon masterpiece says, I love you  
At last a bedtime story  
They rush to get beneath the sheets  
For Peter Pan, Pinocchio, and Pooh  
They cling to every word until the end  
Then they close their eyes and drift to Never land  
Silhouette sent from heaven  
Paint a portrait of eternal things  
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor  
Bring remembrance of what is holy  
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed  
Come to me, sweet visions of God  
So often I have missed him  
Like a shadow in the night  
A familiar face I fail to recognize  
But he is there in pigtails  
Peek-a-boo and piggyback rides  
A kiss, a gentle touch, a baby's cry  
And silhouette sent from heaven  
Paint a portrait of eternal things  
A fleeting glimpse like a vapor  
Bring remembrance of what is holy  
Clean and pure, unblemished and unflawed  
Come to me, come to me, come to me  
Sweet visions of God  
A silhouette  
Silhouette

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