

# The Last Ones

Matthew West

My friend Taylor, she's an angel  
Ten years old and beautiful  
She's a living, breathing miracle  
And she proves it everyday  
'Cause the odds were stacked against her  
From the day that she arrived here  
And the doctors told her mom and Dad  
That she'd always be that way  
And I confess when I first met her  
I was thinking life's not fair  
But then she wrapped her arms around my neck  
And it all became so clear  
God bless the last ones  
God bless the last ones  
One day Taylor sent me a picture  
From her Special Olympics race  
And I could tell just by the looks of it  
She was coming in last place  
But she crossed that finish line  
With a smile upon her face  
As if to say  
God bless the last ones  
Well, God bless the last ones, yeah  
Maybe the last ones are the lucky ones  
The ones who got this whole thing figured out  
'Cause when they go looking for something beautiful  
Well, they start looking from the inside out  
On our way into the restaurant  
We passed a homeless man  
He was half drunk and half asleep  
With a paper cup in his hand  
And I confess when I first saw him  
I was thinking life's not fair  
But then Taylor reached out  
And wrapped her arms around his neck  
And it all became so clear  
God bless the last ones  
God bless the last ones, yeah  
So, God bless the last ones

God bless the last ones, yeah  
Well, I wish we could all be the lucky ones  
The ones who've got this whole thing figured out  
So, maybe the next time we go looking for beautiful  
We'll try looking from the inside out  
So, God bless the last ones  
God bless the last ones, yeah  
God bless the last ones, last ones  
God bless the last ones

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