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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