

# Miracle Worker

Orenda Fink

A bed of cotton and lace  
Hair down to her little waist  
She waits for the sun to go down  
Her visitors leave back to their  
Town of pain and grief  
They'd laid their hands on her gown  
And prayed for a miracle  
The girl works miracles

A room of things she's never seen  
Surrounds her while she sleeps and  
Reminds us of the child inside  
A body that's been barely alive for years  
And the people, they can't stop their tears  
As they pray for a miracle  
The girl works miracles  
We heard she works for miracles

Her mother shows for all to see  
Statues cry, walls bleed  
The desperate ones line up each day  
Hoping she will take their pain away  
One touch of her hand  
Is all they crave-  
And hope for a miracle  
The girl works miracles  
We heard she works miracles  
The girl works miracles  
The girl works miracles

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