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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