

Bon Jovi, Letting You Go

Jesus walked upon the earth,
On the shores of Galilee,
He'd say to His disciples,
Let the little children come to me,
I wonder if up in heaven,
Do you suppose we'll see
little children asking
what was I supposed to be.

Chorus

What was I supposed to be,
What were my eyes supposed to see,
And why did I taste of death
before I even drew a breath,
Laid my head at my mother's breast,
to sleep.

Oh Jesus,

Chorus

Was I to be a prophet
used in the ministry,
A doctor who would find a cure
for some terrible disease,
Even if I'd been born imperfect
why couldn't my parents see,
That I'd have been made perfect
when you came back for me.

Oh Jesus

Chorus

Oh Jesus, what was I supposed to be,
Oh Jesus, what was I supposed to be.