## Orenda Fink, Miracle Worker

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 grieving 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 all 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 miracles"

Her mother shows for all to see Statues cry, walls plead The desperate ones line up each day

Hoping she would 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

Ah-hah-haah