

Smile

It's such a cliché
But the smile on your face
It contradicts what I thought I'd see
To see you smile brings a smile to me
And I'm ashamed
For losing my faith
In the face of what has come to pass
Where the last is first and the first is last
You work in silence, bearing fruit on fruitless trees
It brings a smile to me

I asked for proof
And it's proof I see
But not in the way I thought I'd need
Because it's you who'll fulfill me
And it makes me laugh
The way I cried
You work in mysterious ways
I'll never really know but I know this praise
Will shout from Earth to Heaven every day

*You make me laugh
You make me cry
You make me dream of things to come
And look through Heaven's eyes
You make me smile
You make me be
And every day, in every way
I know it's you I'll seek
You bring a smile to me*

I see the truth
I see grown men fly
I see children fight and win your war
With sunshine in their eyes
I see your might
Your gentle hand
As you clean and wash the beggar
And cripples learn to stand
And the crazy truth
Of all this is
The impossible is possible
And when we stand we win