

# The Wonders You Perform

Connie Smith

Oh Lord, you know that I'm not one to bother you with  
little thi-ings  
And you and I have never been too-oo close  
But we've always been on speakin' terms  
I've watched you with doin' things  
And tried to understand you more than most  
No I haven't gone to church the way I ought to  
But I always thought you knew in my own way I  
worshipped you  
While even your own children doubt and fail to  
understand  
The simple way you go about the things you do  
I've seen the doubt upon the face of loved ones  
As they sadly placed a wreath of flowers on a tiny  
grave  
And wondered why a child is brought into the world  
To only live a little while and die, you could have  
saved  
But I believe that in your eyes this little child was  
somethin' special  
And you wanted it to be with you, no doubt  
So with out-stretched arms you beckoned it so simple  
that I reckon  
They can't understand the way you worked it out  
Once I saw a young man growin' till he neared the age  
of knowin'  
Then I watched as somethin' happened to his mind  
No doctor could correct it, it was just as I suspected  
And I marvelled at your way of bein' kind  
They tried everything in vain and I was there when they  
explained it  
To the family, how he slipped into a trance  
Guess you looked into the future, watched him turn his  
back upon you  
Lovin' him so much you couldn't take the chance  
It took a lot of love to die, for sinners such as I  
And I guess that's why you've never given up on me  
You understood when some denied you and even when they  
crucified you  
Knowin' all these things were meant to be-ee  
For the stable's such a simple thing, no wonder there  
were few who came  
To see a king the night that you were born  
And Lord I'd ask one favor if I can, help me to better  
understand  
The mystery of the wonders  
You perform, Amen