

# Giving Away A Miracle

Luba

A ring  
And a six string;  
Her world  
In a bag.  
She sits at my door.  
Angel of mercy,  
Tired and frail;  
She's been strumming  
The same old chord.  
She says:  
Let me grant you,  
Let me grant you  
One wish.  
Look inside my bag,  
Honey,  
Take your pick.  
Search your conscience,  
Then choose your cause,  
And the miracle  
Will be yours.  
[Chorus]  
'Cause I'm giving away a miracle.  
Giving away freedom and hope.  
Giving away a miracle,  
And the miracle will be yours.  
She will give you the brass ring;  
The world if she can;  
Every miracle  
That she owns.  
Her faith is a virtue.  
Her grace - divine.  
She's an angel in tattered clothes,  
And she says:  
Let me grant you,  
Let me grant you  
One wish.  
Look inside my bag,  
Honey,  
Take your pick.  
Search your conscience,  
Then just choose your cause,  
And the miracle  
Will be yours.  
[Chorus]  
A ring  
And a six string;  
Her world in a bag.  
She sits at my door;  
Angel of mercy;  
Tired and frail.  
She'll be strumming  
The same old chord.  
[Chorus x 2]