

## Beautiful

Shawn McDonald

As I look into the stars  
Pondering how far away they are  
How You hold them in Your hands  
And still You know this man  
You know my inner most being, oh  
Even better than I know, than I know myself  
What a beautiful God  
What a beautiful God  
And what am I, that I might be called Your child  
What am I, what am I  
That You might know me, my King  
What am I, what am I, what am I  
As I look off into the distance  
Watching the sun roll on by  
Beautiful colors all around me, oh  
Painted all over the sky  
The same hands that created all of this  
They created you and I  
What a beautiful God  
What a beautiful God  
And what am I, that I might be called Your child  
What am I, what am I  
That You might know me, my King  
What am I, what am I  
That You might die, that I might live  
What am I, what am I, what am I, what am I  
What am I  
What am I  
What am I  
What am I  
What am I