

Crystal Lewis "Gold"

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Here's to the women abandoned by her husband
Who left her for another woman
And to her children for half the love they've been given
Has left them all of a sudden
Blessed are those who mourn
For they shall receive great comfort
But still i found death seems to bring forth life

All your heartaches
All your sufferings
All your trials...
Are Gold

Here's to the woman who's left to raise her children
She doesn't know the first thing about how to make a
living
And all the birthdays, and ballgames, and Christmas
mornings will never be the same
Blessed are the poor in spirit
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven
But still i found death seems to bring forth life

All your sorrows
All your pain
All your trials...are Gold

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