

Mike Mains & The Branches

"Miracle"

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I'll sing what I want, sing what I feel,
Cause that's what's most real.
I want whichever you put in front of my eyes
Only what I can see and breathe in
As long as it don't scratch against my lungs

Oh, gloved hands to cement we're bound to lament
Until our fingers bleed and all our nails rip off
Oh, but our little toes have been known to go
Walking down harlot's street.

Don't we know that we were made miracles?
Don't we know that were made to keep our hands clean
And our shoulders back?
Alright

I dug these words up from a well, set 'em on a shelf
For every time that I've got something smart to say
Sank like a ship into the sea, was born upon the reef
It's at the end of myself that I'm made new again

Don't we know that we were made miracles?
Don't we know that were made to keep our hands clean
And our shoulders back?

Father of mine, I know I'm not really making You proud
We've all been lonely fruit with filthy branches
Looking down at the ground
We tell Him "Oh, it's alright,
Come to my room, meet all my demands!"
But then like morning light the verdict's out
And truth walks in

I didn't die for you to live like this.
I didn't die for you to live like this.
I didn't die for you to live like this.
Oh, I died for you to love!

Don't we know that we were made miracles?
Don't we know that were made to keep our hands clean
And our shoulders back?

Don't you know that your body is a temple?
So how 'bout you make, how 'bout you make a little
room for me?
Oh how 'bout you make, how 'bout you make a little
room for me?
Oh how 'bout you make, how 'bout you make a little
room for me?
How 'bout you make, how 'bout you make a little room
for me

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