

Do You Know How Beautiful You Are

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Do you know how beautiful,
Do you know how beautiful,
Children do you know
How beautiful you really are?

Do you know how beautiful,
Do you know how beautiful,
If you only knew how beautiful
You really are
You really are beautiful.

Have you heard the legend of
The queen in sorrows robes?
She found she was a statue
In an ancient sacred grove

And she could not find a meaning
Of the fires at her feet!
All the precious sacrifices
Burned sad and sweet
So she cried, and she cried,
And she cried.
She cried, "children...

Do you know how beautiful..."

Cities rose around her, rose to fall again.
But mostly she's invisible, through every now and then,
You can hear her cry, hear her cry,
Hear her cry, "children...

Do you know how beautiful..."