

That's What God Looks Like To Me

Frank Sinatra

One day as I walked with my son hand in hand,
He said, there are things that I don't understand,
How high is the sky? what makes it so blue?
And tell me, dad, what does God look like to you?
I said, He looks like a rainbow, just after the rain,
He's as golden as wheat dancing over the plain.
He looks like the star when the night's crystal clear,
He looks like a baby when mother is near.
His face is the moonlight reflected on snow,
His hair like garden where all flowers grow,
He's heavenly eyes are as true as the sea,
My son, that's what God really looks like.
His heart like a mountain so vast and so strong,
That's why all his children have room to belong.
His smile is the morning we waken to see,
But you, my son, you are what God really looks like to me.