At the ending of a high school date
Parked out in front of my parent's place
I told him his blue eyes were marvelous
He said he didn't care for brown eyes much

Words are worth their weight in gold They can honor you like glittering crown Or like an anchor they can drag you down Words are worth their weight in gold

When I told my mom
She almost cried
She said, "It's all my fault
I always loved your father's eyes
And I asked that God would hand them down
So I see the beauty of an answered prayer in your eyes now"

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It can be a harsh word
That sends you to your dark night
Or it can be a kind one
That finds you when your dreams die

I was singing to myself one night
My voice dropped to a whisper when a friend walked by
He said, "Please don't stop. I'd pay to hear you sing"
Those simple words became a seed that slowly grew into a dream

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