

How About You

Jonathan Edwards

Why feel sorry for the blind man?
His soul is a bird on the wing
Why, you might have eyes like an eagle
And never see one blessed thing

Why feel sorry for the lame man
And fear that he'll maybe fall down?
Why, you might have legs like a racehorse
And never get feet on the ground

He's alright, makin' do
He's doing fine, how 'bout you?

Save your tears all for someone
Who's lost but he won't cry out
And he might have a voice like an angel
And nothing to sing about

He's alright, he's makin' do
He's doing fine, how 'bout you?
Yes, he's alright, he's makin' do
He's doing fine, how 'bout you?