

# 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?