

Miracles

Kool & The Gang

Gideon and his baby brother
Caught up in some wild course fire
Tossed a peaceful cradle
September war had come to call

And Gideon carried his baby brother
Checked a thousand miles or more
Faced the hungry lions, angry guns were crying
Handful of containment gone
And I believe, I believe

I believe in miracles
Believers don't ask why
Child is made from miracles
And there's a reason why
I believe

Three thousand little boys were [?]
A miracle that they survived
Ancestors, they kept them, mother don't forget the
Weak that had to march or die

Today the weary cry for mercy
Tomorrow's wars already come
The healing of the lands held in tiny hands
And comes the earth with each new child
And I believe, I believe

I believe in miracles
Believers don't ask why
Child is made from miracles
And there's a reason why

Now miracles, they live among us
We see their faces everyday
When brothers smile from pain, mothers tears refrain
The miracle of hope survives
And I believe, I believe

I believe in miracles
Believers don't ask why
Child is made from miracles
And there's a reason why

I believe in miracles
Believers don't ask why
Child is made from miracles
And there's a reason why

You believe in miracle, miracle