

Giving Away A Miracle

Luba

A ring
And a six string;
Her world
In a bag.
She sits at my door.
Angel of mercy,
Tired and frail;
She's been strumming
The same old chord.
She says:
Let me grant you,
Let me grant you
One wish.
Look inside my bag,
Honey,
Take your pick.
Search your conscience,
Then choose your cause,
And the miracle
Will be yours.
[Chorus]
'Cause I'm giving away a miracle.
Giving away freedom and hope.
Giving away a miracle,
And the miracle will be yours.
She will give you the brass ring;
The world if she can;
Every miracle
That she owns.
Her faith is a virtue.
Her grace - divine.
She's an angel in tattered clothes,
And she says:
Let me grant you,
Let me grant you
One wish.
Look inside my bag,
Honey,
Take your pick.
Search your conscience,
Then just choose your cause,
And the miracle
Will be yours.
[Chorus]
A ring
And a six string;
Her world in a bag.
She sits at my door;
Angel of mercy;
Tired and frail.
She'll be strumming
The same old chord.
[Chorus x 2]