

# Make My Trouble Beautiful

Oh Land

Hear the water whistle in the creek  
It was made out of my jealousy  
And the tension made an overflow  
Caused the creek to spill into the cove

So hear my worries, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful  
So hear my worries, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful

See the plant is growing in the stream  
It was made out of a broken dream  
And the petals floating in the air  
Every little flower from a tear

So hear my worries, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful  
So hear my worries, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful

Feel the sand under your naked foot  
At the time I felt misunderstood  
Every prayer is a single grain  
In a desert made out of my pain

So hear my worries, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful  
So hear my trouble, make it yours  
Make all my trouble beautiful