

Little miracles

Quarterflash

While mom played on our old piano
I played at her feet
And I pressed my ear to the floor to hear
The sound against my cheek

And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles
And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles

Though dad played down the end of our world
The truth cut like a knife
So, I went to my room to write that tune
And stayed there all my life

And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles
And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles

Now I still try to turn these waters
Somehow into wine
And I press my heels to the ground to feel
A chill run up my spine

And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles
And the songs rained down like miracles -
Little miracles