

## 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