

# What Was I Supposed To Be

Ray Boltz

When Jesus walked upon the earth  
On the shores of Galilee  
He'd say to his disciples  
Let the little children come to me

I wonder if up in heaven  
Do you suppose we'll see  
Little children ask Him  
What was I supposed to be?

What was I supposed to be?  
What were my eyes supposed to see?  
And why did I taste of death  
Before I even drew a breath  
Or laid my head  
At my mother's breast to sleep  
Oh, Jesus, what was I supposed to be?

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Was I to be a prophet  
Used in the ministry?  
A doctor who would find the cure  
For some terrible disease?  
Even if I'd been born imperfect  
Why couldn't my parents see  
That I'd have been made perfect  
When you came back for me?  
Oh, Jesus

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