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Rosie

I wrote this song for Rosie a song's all I have to give
I've no pocket full of miracles or magic wand to wave
Perhaps love itself's the miracle, and faith the magic wand
And these two will give Rosie the best start that they can

Chorus:

She may not walk like she should do, she may not talk like she ought to
Sometimes the anger and the pain show through in her frustrated cries
But when she smiles at me I can see
The Little girl who lives in Rosie's eyes

A tough road ahead for Rosie, blind corners everywhere
Lined with Samaritans and strangers who'll whisper point and stare
Some of them will understand and some of the will not
On her brave and lonely journey, she'll need all the strength she's got

I once knew a barren crippled man who stood straight and strong and tall
A bitter, heartless, loveless man, with no pity and no soul
But because his limbs were strong and clean no one turned aside their face
He was a perfect shining mirror for the perfect human race

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