Don't ask me to explain to you how one could start again or hardened hearts could soften like a child

Don't ask me how to reason out the mysteries of life or how to face it's problems with a smile

Go ask the man who's found the way through tangled roads back home to stay. When all communications were destroyed,

Go ask the child who's walking now who once was crippled and the en somehow her useless legs were made to jump for joy

Go ask the one who's burned out mind has been restored I think you'll find the questions not as important as before

Don't ask me if He's good or bad I only know the guilt I had is gone

and I can't tell you any more

and don't ask me how to prove to you why I know God is there or how I know that He would care for you

And don't ask me why someone so great would chose to walk with me and trade my broken life for one that's new

Go ask the child whose got a dad to love away the hurt he had before this man called Jesus touched their lives

Go ask the one whose fears have fled whose churning heart was q uieted when someone whispered peace to all her strife

Go ask the man to tell you more whose life was just a raging war in spite of self until the savior came

I don't pretend to be so wise, I only know He touched my eyes a nd nothing else will ever be the same.

I don't pretend to be so wise, I only know He touched my eyes a nd nothing else will ever be the same.

And nothing else will ever be the same.