It doesn’t really matter



If I’m short or if I’m tall

Or if I like to sing or read a book



Or throw a ball

No matter if I finish first



Or if I trip and fall

I know I’m loved



Because I am a child of God

Whenever thunder crashes



And the wind goes howling by

Or when a bully threatens me





Or teardrops fill my eye

Before my fear starts growing





I still know just what to try

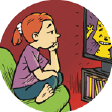
I always pray



Because I am a child of God

If ever I should want to be









Dishonest or unkind

Or things that are not good or true



Begin to cloud my mind

I listen for the voice



That brings the peace I need to find

I think of Him





Because I am a child of God

A child of God



He watches night and day

He cheers me on



And hears me when I pray

No matter what, I won’t give up



I’ll listen and obey

I’ll choose the right



Because I am a child of God