

In My Father's Eyes

Joe and Angel Smetana

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In my Father's eyes
I'm just a little girl
In my Father's eyes
I'm playing and dreaming
In my Father's eyes, my Father's eyes, my Father's eyes

So Lord I may dance for You
And twirl about with joy
Or Lord I may sing for You
And make a joyful noise
And when I reach out, You are there

Oh I lift my hands to You
I know you'll pick me up
And I lift my face to You
I only need look up
Whenever I call You are there

Are you depending, Like a little child?
Or are you pretending, You've got it all in stride?
We must be like children
That we might enter in
The kingdom of heaven
Is to like such as them

In your Father's eyes
Are you just a little child?
In your Father's eyes
Are you playing and dreaming?
In your Father's eyes, your Father's eyes, your Father's
eyes...