

By the Grace of Goodbye

Forty years ago
On a cold December morning
A baby boy was born and
He cried and he cried
His mother signed the page
They whisked away her Big Mistake
She went home the next day
And she cried and she cried

Her mother said, it's for the best
Now you can move on with the rest of your life
By the grace of your goodbye

Forty years ago
On a January morning
The call came without warning
We have a baby boy
To another's hungry arms
He went so precious and disarming
A family was born
With that little baby boy

The mother said, I wish the best
For the one who changed the rest of our lives
By the grace of her goodbye

Every year on that day in December
She knew somewhere out there
Another mother was thinking of him and be wondering
Was he happy, was he whole?
And she so wanted her to know that he was
And so loved

Forty years went by
Then on a warm day in July
Something told her she should find him
It was time, it was time
Those three words "yes it's me"
Ended years of mystery
Opened hearts and families
It was time, it was time

Brothers, sisters, daughters, wives
A mother's wish, a father's pride

A miracle of fate and time
Tracing all the threads of our lives
To the grace of that goodbye