

A boy grows up to be a man,
And God is good and has a plan;
Things learn well and all add up,
So who is the hero that finds the cup.

When I was young I wondered how,
That if I would turn out the way I am now;
The hero in me is not really I,
But a God so great that needs this guy.

As I grew older I thought what luck,
That I could live through all the earth's muck;
Now that I see god made a difference to me,
The hero in me is what I turned out to be.

During the years when I thought I had it all,
I was not all that bad but did stand tall;
The hero in me was not me but God,
Now my hero is Christ now who and what.

The hero in me is someone quite kind,
No not a soldier but has a bright mind;
The hero in me is gentle and humble,
And tries to see other don't fall down or stumble.

The hero in me is he our God,
And God is my hero though that may seem odd;
For even a hero has to have someone to look up to,
And if I am your hero then my hero is you.

Signed,

Everybody is a hero