Chris Rice, Smell The Color 9

I would take no for an answer Just to know I heard You speak And I'm wonderin' why I've never Seen the signs they claim they see Are the special revelations Meant for everbody but me? Maybe I don't truly know You Or maybe I just simply believe 'Cause I can sniff, I can see And I can count up pretty high But these faculties aren't getting me Any close to the sky But my heart of faith keeps poundin' So I know I'm doin' fine But sometimes finding You Is just like trying to smell the color 9 Smell the color 9 Now I've never felt the presence But I know You're always near And I've never heard the calling But somehow You've lead me right here So I'm not looking for burning bushes Or some divine graffiti to appear I'm just begging You for Your wisdom And believe You're putting some here 'Cause I can sniff, I can see And I can count up pretty high But these faculties aren't getting me Any close to the sky But my heart of faith keeps poundin' So I know I'm doin' fine But sometimes finding You Is just like trying to smell the color 9 I can sniff, I can see And I can count up pretty high But these faculties aren't getting me Any close to the sky But my heart of faith keeps poundin' So I know I'm doin' fine But sometimes finding You Is just like trying to Well I can sniff, I can see And I can count up pretty high But these faculties aren't getting me Any close to the sky But my heart of faith keeps poundin' So I know I'm doin' fine But sometimes finding You Is just like trying to Sometimes finding You Is just like trying to Sometimes finding You Is just like trying to smell the color 9 Smell the color 9 9's not a color And even if it were you can't smell a color, no That's my point exactly