

Ron Sexsmith, Every Passing Day

And up above me its the same old sky
Be it blue or be it grey
And more do I wonder
What goes on behind
Every passing day

The voice of reason is seldom heard
But fear and ignorance have their say
I need more than ever
To hear a kind word
With every passing day
Every passing day

But the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real

Every passing day

And the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real

What is real?

And from the pavement flowers grow
From the shadows children play
I'm feeling stronger
In my heart I know
With every passing day,

Every passing day