

# Ron Sexsmith, Thinly Veiled Disguise

Under every sky of baby blue  
Is an undercurrent of rain  
Under every trial life puts you through  
Is an undercurrent of change  
Though the sun now is shrouded in grey  
It&#039;s pulling the wool over my eyes  
When it looks like hell I tell myself  
It&#039;s a thinly veiled disguise

I feel a dark wind blowing through my hair  
Blowing through my dreams at night  
It&#039;s tearing me from all that I hold dear  
As I hold on for dear life  
Through the dark hours we stumble and fall  
And fumble around for the light  
As far as I can tell, the dark as well  
Wears a thinly veiled disguise

Under every sky of baby blue  
Is an undercurrent of rain  
Under every trial life puts you through  
Is an undercurrent of change  
Through the noise and the poisonous words  
That lead us to believe otherwise  
I can hear the bells, they&#039;re ringing out  
Through a thinly veiled disguise