

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's pulling the wool over my eyes
When it looks like hell I tell myself
It's a thinly veiled disguise

I feel a dark wind blowing through my hair
Blowing through my dreams at night
It'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're ringing out
Through a thinly veiled disguise