

Blue October, Now Is The Day

All the way from America, you're riding in to town
With your head in the Snowplains you hardly touched the ground

You tell me how its gonna be
You tell me how its gonna be

All the way from the badlands, you read between the lines
Reaching out for the sick hands, to all the tiny minds

You show me where you're gonna go
You show me where you're gonna go

Now is the day that we've been longing to start
They don't understand your point of view
Show me the way to drum the beat from your heart
And take all the pain you're going through

It's in the fields and the alleyways, its burning through the town
Crawling out from the subway, to turn up over ground

You tell me how its gonna be
You tell me how its gonna be

Well I believe in another way, that you couldn't understand
We'll see a chance in a new day and seize it from your hand

Don't tell me how its gonna be
Don't tell me how its gonna be

Now is the day that we've been longing to start
They don't understand your point of view
Show me the way to drum the beat from your heart
And take all the pain you're going through