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