

Nana Mouskouri, Day Is Done

Tell me why you are crying, my son
Are you frightened like most everyone
Is it the thunder in the distance you hear
Will it help if I stay very near, I am here

And if you take my hand, my son,
All will be well when the day is done
And if you take my hand, my son
All will be well when the day is done
Day is done, when the day is done
Day is done, when the day is done
Day is done, when the day is done
Day is done

So you ask why I'm sighing, my son
You must inherit what mankind has done
In this world full of sorrow and woe
If you ask me why this is so, I don't know

Why are you smiling, my son
Is there a secret you can tell everyone
Do you know more than men that are wise
Can you see what we all must disguise, through your loving eyes