

Renaissance, Innocence

If you want the reasons
For the changing of the seasons
And you want to know why
Blue is the colour of the sky
Then you've missed the point completely
And a little child smiles sweetly
Cause he hasn't had the time
To learn to ask the question why

If I could show you the sky...
If I could show you why...
If I could show you...
If I could show you...

The years pass by unnoticed
And I have no need to protest
And I know you feel the same way
Even though you never have to speak
The pain of joy is equal
To the joy of pain the sequel
Is as sure as the minutes
The hours and the days of every week

But sometimes when the clouds obscure the sun
I wonder why my day
Is as narrow as the road
That winds upon its way