

Ron Sexsmith

"Every Passing Day"

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And up above me it's the same old sky
Be it blue or be it gray
And more do I wonder
What goes on behind
With every passing day, yeah

The voice of reason is seldom heard
But fear and ignorance have their say
Need more than ever to hear a kind word
With every passing day, yeah
Every passing day, oh yeah

But the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real
Every passing day

And the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real
What is real, well

From the pavement flowers grow
From the shadows children play
I'm feeling stronger in my heart I know
With every passing day, yeah
Every passing day, well, every passing day

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