I picture all the things that I have seen, All the broken hearts and tainted memories, All I see are, all these needs.

I'm tired of my selfish tragedies.

It's time that we show,

The hope that we all know.

And, take just a little time,
To give your hand,
See the world,
And take just a little time and try to understand,
That there's more going on,
Than what these eyes can see.

I came across this torn down empty street.

How helpless that I felt,

A burning urgency,

And all I see in front of me,

Are all the faces fading from this vacant scene.

It's time that we show,

The hope that we all know.

And take just a little time,
To give your hand,
See the world,
And take just a little time and try to understand,
That there's more going on,
Than what these eyes can see.

I know it all seems complicated,
There's nothing more that could be stated,
Now, is the time to kneel,
Reaching out to what is real,
So many times I've hesitated,
How much I feel my heart is aching, now.
Ohh, now.

And take just a little time,
To give your hand.
Take just a little time,
To give your hand,
See the world,
And take just a little time and try to understand,
That there's more going on,
Than what these eyes can see.