

## Signs

Michael W. Smith

You're weighed down with regret  
You can't see the road ahead  
Or the burden on your back  
It seems the trek will never end  
The winding paths that still descend  
And up above the sky washed black  
You just can't bear to look at that

Follow the signs, open your eyes  
Read between the lines of what you see  
Look into the soul of reality  
Open your mind, look at the signs  
Never look back at yesterday  
Keep your gaze steady on the narrow way

Now you've found the sacred tree  
You kneel upon the broken wheat  
You watch your burden fall away  
And all the things you once sought  
Now are counted less than lost  
For now you see the light of day  
The signs were pointing all the way

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