Michael W. Smith

Signs

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

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

Follow the signs, follow the signs Open your eyes, look at the signs Open your mind, follow the signs

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

Follow the signs Open your mind, follow the signs Open your eyes, look at the signs Open your mind, follow the signs