

Signs

Ron Pope

Our eyes are not the same color
And our skin is a different shade
And I don't know why I mention this
I am not sure, what I'm trying to say

And we are all searching for signs
Whether we look towards the sky
Or curse behind our eyes and rationalize

Whatever we divine
Well, I hope that you and I
Realize that what we've found it could survive
So if you reach out your hand, I'll give you mine

And the sky, it is a deep crimson
And the street, it is alive again
And on your face, there is a new lesson
One that I can't pretend I've learned yet

And we are all searching for signs
Whether we look towards the sky
Or curse behind our eyes and rationalize

Whatever we divine
Well, I hope that you and I
Realize that what we've found it could survive
So if you reach out your hand, I'll give you mine

Now the rain has its own rhythm
And we dance in a different time
And I believe that there is some reason
Why it's me that you came to find

And we are all searching for signs
Whether we look towards the sky
Or curse behind our eyes and rationalize

Whatever we divine
Well, I hope that you and I
Realize that what we've found it could survive
So if you reach out your hand, I'll give you mine

Yeah, when you reach out your hand, I'll give you mine