

## 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