

# New

## Bethany Dillon

What is this sun that conquers mountains  
Singing over what has been asleep?  
What is it that softens all my doubting?  
It's you Morning brings a hunger for new eyes  
That have been covered by the hurt of yesterday  
Who could create in me the vision of a little child?  
It's you You take an ordinary day  
And turn it into flowers like the month of May  
Yes, you do You see all my pain  
And cry over it for hours till I'm new again  
Yes, you do When I have been a victim of familiarity  
When my heart has fallen into sleep  
Healing is the voice that awakens me  
And it is you You take an ordinary day  
And turn it into flowers like the month of May  
Yes, you do You see all my pain  
And cry over it for hours till I'm new again  
Yes, you do You, you make me new  
You make me new  
Oh, you make me new You take an ordinary day  
Turn it into, turn it into the month of May Oh, and you see all my pain  
And cry over it for hours till I'm new again  
New again, I'm new again You take an ordinary day  
And turn it into flowers like the month of May  
Yes, you do And you see all my pain  
And cry over it for hours till I'm new again  
Yes, you do  
You make me new

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