

New

Cleemann

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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