

# New

## Indians

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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