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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