

Every Passing Day

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

And up above me it's the same old sky
Be it blue or be it gray
And more do I wonder
What goes on behind
With every passing day, yeah The voice of reason is seldom heard
But fear and ignorance have their say
Need more than ever to hear a kind word
With every passing day, yeah
Every passing day, oh yeah But the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real
Every passing day And the more I see
The more I feel
The more I need
To know for sure what is real
What is real, well

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