

Miracles

Ron Sexsmith

There are miracles
Before our very eyes
In reality's disguise
Our shadow below us
And the stars up above
It's a miracle, my love
Miracle, my love

There are miracles
Appearing in broad daylight
To a cynical world so blind
With both of us knowing
There's so much to dream of
It's a miracle, my love
Miracle, my love

How just a song
Appears in the night
And what was wrong
Seems to be right
There seems to be life
And all that was heavy
Seems to be light

It's a miracle
Here in this hand I hold
Here in this band of gold
How even the silence
Seems to say more than enough
It's a miracle, my love
Miracle, my love

It's a miracle, my love
Miracle, my love