

Heart Soul Blood Bone

Chris Renzema

Heart, soul, blood, bone
Hurt, hope, pain, love
We're all heart, soul, blood, bone
Looking for a connection

Seems like every time I look in the mirror
I struggle to see my own reflection
But when I look in your eyes, I can see it alright
Can't deny there's some kind of human connection, and that we're all
Made up of the same kind of materials
We're all cut from the same kind of cloth
Now I can see it in your face, we come from the same place
Different in ways, but in many we're not

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Seems like every time I look out my window
We've gotten further and further away
We keep drawing more lines, that divide you and I
Keep losing sight of our shared DNA
And how we're walking this earth with eight billion people
With so much in common, we want just to be held and to hold
To live and grow old
Still we think we're alone, but really we're not

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