

Touch

Donny Osmond

Norman Rockwell hangs on the wall of this waiting room
Everybody sittin' round
Waiting for any kind of news
Stay awake reading year old magazines
Staring at the TV
Bout the only thing that you can do
Another face that no one's ever seen before
Comes through that front door
Said I came as soon as I heard

Some people they pass through life like cars on the interstate
Passing through a small town, never looking back
Some people they walk through life
With their hands in their pockets keeping their heads down
I've known a lot like that
Some people never care about anyone, anything
They never take the time, but some people touch
Some people touch
So many lives

Look around and the only thing in common
Is one heart that's hanging on every beat
Lying on the fifteenth floor tonight
Yet every story is a little bit different
But they're all the same
They are all about the love we shared
They make us laugh and they make us cry
And every tear that streams down another face
Is just another trace another thing he did
That he didn't have to do

Some people they pass through life like cars on the interstate
Passing through a small town, never looking back
Some people they walk through life
With their hands in their pockets keeping their heads down
Oh, I've known a lot like that
Oh, some people never care about anyone, anything
They never take the time, but some people touch
So many lives, as God I pray that you will touch his tonight
Oh, the way that he touched mine
Some people never care about anyone, anything
They never take the time, but some people touch
Some people touch
Some people touch
So many lives
Touch so many lives
So many lives