

This Is The Day (6.30am)

Robin Mark

It's 6: 30 am, sun rises on the city again,
And hands reach over
From the bedclothes warm,
And punch that button on the stupid alarm,
And a baby starts to cry
And the coffee goes on,
But they don't even know:

That this is the day that the Lord has made
They were meant to rejoice and be glad in it
For the times and the seasons
Are in Your hands
But they don't even know.

It's 8: 30 am, they're walking off to school again,
An angel at their shoulder
And a pocket full of hope,
And a natural resistance determined to cope,
With whatever lies before them
On the slippery slope
But they don't even know:

It's 5: 30pm, they're all sitting down to eat again,
She's a single young mother,
He's a noisy child,
He's a lonely lost father who's forgotten his smile,
They're a family in trouble,
But they're gonna get by
But they don't even know:

It's 10.30 pm, sunset upon this city again,
It's a circle of life
On a dead end train,
Is it just another morning with some more of the same?
Shouldn't somebody be singing,
A simple refrain
So that they might even know?