

The Light in the Piazza

I don't see a miracle shining from the sky
I'm no good at statues and stories
I try
That's not what I think about
That's not what I see
I know what the sunlight can be
The Light, the Light in the Piazza
Tiny sweet
And then it grows
And then it fills the air
Who knows what you call it?
I don't care
Out of somewhere I have something I have never had
And sad is happy
That's all I see
The Light in the Piazza
The Light in the Piazza
It's rushing up
It's pouring out
It's flying through the air
All through the air
Who knows what you call it?
But it's there
It is there
All I see is
All I want is tearing from inside
I see it
Now I see it everywhere
It's everywhere
It's everything and everywhere
Fabrizio
The Light in the Piazza
My Love