

Holy NOW Peter Mayer When I was a boy, each week on Sunday we would go to church, And pay attention to the priest... he would read the holy word, And consecrate the holy bread... and everyone would kneel and bow, Today the only difference is everything is holy now. Everything, Everything, Everything is holy now. When I was in Sunday school we would learn about the time, Moses split the sea in two... Jesus made the water wine, And I remember feeling sad that miracles don't happen still But now I can't keep track 'cause everything's a miracle, Everything, Everything, Everything's a miracle. Wine from water is not so small... but an even better magic trick, Is that anything is here at all. So the challenging thing becomes not to look for miracles, But finding where there isn't one. When holy water was rare at best... it barely wet my fingertips, But now I have to hold my breath... like I'm swimming in a sea of it It used to be a world half there... Heaven's second rate hand-me-down, But I walk it with a reverent air 'cause everything is holy now. Read a questioning child's face and say it's not a testament, That'd be very hard to say See another new morning come and say it's not a sacrament, I tell you that it can't be done. This morning, outside I stood and saw a little red-winged bird, Shining like a burning bush, singing like a scripture verse. It made me want to bow my head, I remember when church let out, How things have changed since then... everything is holy now. It used to be a world half there, Heaven's second rate hand-me-down, But I walk it with a reverent air 'cause everything is holy now.