# Music To My Ears

## Ayatollah

golden summer days how they seem to fly
yet somehow leave a trace of a sad goodbye
as sweet as sorrow salty as a tear
we'll greet tomorrow and we'll face our fears
your love is music to my ears
and when october comes with his hair all greying
it's then i'm overcome to hear those children playing
of recess and schoolyards i've memories so clear
and when this old heart just longs to disappear
their laughter's music to my ears
and it's music to my soul
the way you understand
the way you take my hand
and as the world offs its winter clothes all will come to life
as the trees and flowers know now's the only time
the bells are ringing they're ringing in the square
the birds are singing they're singing out so clear
their song is music to my ears
it's music to my ears

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