

Throw It Away

Fiction Family

i think about the love i live
a figure made of clay
i think about the things i've lost
the things i give away
and when i'm in a certain mood
i search the halls and look
one night i found these magic words in a magic book
throw it away
throw it away
give your love, live your life, each and every day
keep your hands wide open
let the sun shine through
cause you can never lose a thing if it belongs to you
theres a hand to rock the cradle
theres a hand to help us stand
with a gentle kind of motion
as it move across this land
and to hands are clenched and open
to survive the love it brings
so keep your hands wide open
if you need anything
throw it away
throw it away
give your love, live your life, each and every day
keep your hands wide open
let the sun shine through
you can never lose a thing if it belongs to you

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