

Throw It Away

Abbey Lincoln

I think about the life I live
A figure made of clay
And think about the things I lost
The things I gave 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 life, give your love,
Each and every day. And keep your hand wide open
Let the sun shine through
'Cause you can never lose a thing
If it belongs to you. . . There's a hand to rock the cradle,
And a hand to help us stand.
With a gentle kind of motion,
As it moves across the land. And the hand's unclenched and open
Gifts of life and love it brings
So keep your hand wide open
If you're needing anything Throw it awayyyyye!
Throw it away
Give your love, live your life,
Each and every day. And keep your hand wide open,
Let the sun shine through.
'Cause you can never lose a thing
If it belongs to you. (Melodica Solo) There's a natural obligation,
To what we hold and claim.
Possessing and belonging to
Acknowledging a name. So keep your hand wide open,
If you're needing love today.
'Cause you can't lose it even if ya,
Throw it all away! Throw it away!
Throw it away.
Give your love, live your life
Each and every day. And keep your hand wide open,
Let the sun shine through.
'Cause you can never lose a thing,
If it belongs to you. 'Cause you can never lose a thing,
If it belongs to you.
Cause you can never ever lose a thing,

If it belongs to you.

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