I Will Not Take These Things For Granted

Toad The Wet Sprocket

One part of me just wants to tell you everything
One part just needs the quiet
And if I'm lonely here, I'm lonely here
And on the telephone, you offer reassurance

I will not take these things for granted
I will not take these things...

How can I hold the part of me that only you can carry?
It needs a strength I haven't found
But if it's frightening, I'll bear the cold
And on the telephone, you offer warm asylum

I'm listening, flowers in the garden
Laughter in the hall, children in the park

I will not take these things for granted (x3)
I will not take these things...anymore

To crawl inside the wire and feel something near me
To feel this accepting
That it is lonely here, but not alone
And on the telephone, you offer visions dancing

I'm listening, music in the bedroom
Laughter in the hall, dive into the ocean
Singing by the fire, running through the forest
Standing in the wind, the rolling canyons

I will not take these things for granted (x3)
I will not take these things...anymore

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