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 reassuranceI will not take these things for grantedHow 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 asylumI'm listening
Flowers in the garden
Laughter in the hall
Children in the park
I will not take these things for granted
AnymoreTo 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 dancingI'm listening
Music in the bedroom
Laughter in the hall
Dive into the oceanSinging by the fire
Running through the forest
And standing in the wind
In rolling canyonsI will not take these things for granted

Songwriters
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