

Learning How To Listen

Abbey Lincoln

(verse)

Life is like a song to sing
with measured beats and phrases,
with bended notes and some repeats,
music through the ages.
That brings the highs, the lows, the swells,
Sometimes it's for an ending,
Bringing other songs to sing
Ascending, descending

(chorus)

I'm Learning how to listen,
how to hear a melody,
how to hear the song I'm singing,
how to feel and let it be,
And listen to the song,
knowing how it goes,
and listen for the melody that flows.

Music is a lover
With shiny golden wings
That whispers in the lover's ear
And dances when it sings,
And sends a variation
On an everlasting theme,
It's either love or sorrow on the scene.

I'm learning how to listen
for the songs I name and sign,
and claim as a possession,
and say that they are mine.
'Cause every body knows
that songs come from out of the blue,
and I'm learning how to hear
[the changes too.

I'm learning how to listen
to the rhythm of the night.

How to keep it simple,
how to make it sweet and light.
Smooth and free and easy
or slammin' in a jam
and know for just a moment
the music that I am.

I'm learning how to listen,
how to holler, sing the blues.
I'm learning how to rise above
and wear somebody's shoes.
Learning how to listen
for the song was given me.
I'm learning how to listen and be free.

I'm learning how to listen,
how to hear a melody
how to hear the song I'm singing
how to feel and let it be,
and listen to the song
knowing how it goes
and listen for the melody that flows
and listen for the melody that flows.

Lyrics submitted by Teemu MÃ¶ki.

Lyrics provided by
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