

Abbey Lincoln, Throw It Away

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 house 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
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 away
Throw it away
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Each and every day
And keep your hand wide open
Let the sun shine through
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