

# Anne Sofie von Otter, I Let The Music Speak

I'm hearing images, I'm seeing songs  
No poet has ever painted  
Voices call out to me, straight to my heart  
So strange yet we're so well acquainted  
I let the music speak with no restraints  
I let my feelings take over  
Carry my soul away into the world  
Where beauty meets the darkness of the day  
Where my mind is like an open window  
Where the high and healing winds blow  
From my shallow sleep the sounds awake me  
I let them take me  
Let it be a joke, let it be a smile  
Let it be a farce, if it makes me laugh for a little while  
Let it be a tear, let it be a sigh  
Coming from a heart, speaking to a heart, let it be a cry  
Some streets are emptiness, dry leaves of autumn  
Rustling down an old Alley  
And in the dead of night, I find myself  
A blind man in some ancient valley  
I let the music speak, leading me gently  
Urging me like a lover  
Leading me all the way into a place  
Where beauty will defeat the darkest day  
Where I'm one with every grand illusion  
No disturbance, and no intrusion  
Where I let the wistful sounds seduce me  
I let them use me  
Let it be a joke, let it be a smile  
Let it be a farce, if it makes me laugh for a little while  
Let it be a tear, let it be a sigh  
Coming from a heart, speaking to a heart, let it be a cry  
Let it be a tear, let it be a sigh  
Coming from a heart, speaking to a heart, let it be a cry  
Let it be the joy of each new sunrise  
Or the moment when a day dies  
I surrender without reservation  
No explanations, no questions why  
I take it to me and let it flow through me  
I let the music speak, I let the music speak