

Ron Sexsmith, Listen

Listen

And I'll tell you how
Much I'd love to hold you now
If you listen

You'll hear my heart pound
Whenever you're around me

Listen

To that robin sing

At our window welcoming

The promise of an early spring

And a season made for loving

Miracles all around

You've only to follow the sound

Vibrating all around

Oh can you hear it?

can you hear it?

can you hear it?

When I listen

To that inner voice

It's telling me I have a choice

To condemn life or rejoice

I think I'll choose rejoicing

Listen