

Charlie Landsborough, Things That My Ears Can

I love the sound of a steam train rushing through the night
The hoot of an owl the puppy dogs' growl
Thrills me with delight
I love the crunch of the crisp and the wind when it whispers down our avenue

Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do

I love the sound of a kettle singing as it warms through garden hand
And I bubble inside when trombones glide
And the grand pianos grand
Love the gurgle and plug when I pull out the plug and the water rushes through

Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
There is treasure in the air if you listen
I you don't you never know what you are missin

I love the sound of laughter that has a drewce in love
And the purest gold is the story told by the black bird and the dove
The oceans sigh is a lullaby that is old and ever new

Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
There is treasure in the air if you listen
If you don't you will never know what you are missin

I love the sound of a doorbell doing what a doorbell does
And old bumblebee doesn't bother me with his buzz buzz buzz
I love the pop of a champagne top and the click of a well-heeled shoe
Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do
Oh me oh my I love the things that my ears can do