

# Toad The Wet Sprocket, I Will Not Take These Things

One part of me just wants to tell you everything  
One part just needs the quiet  
And if I'm lonely here, I'm lonely here  
And on the telephone, you offer reassurance

I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things

How can I hold the part of me that only you can carry?  
It needs a strength I haven't found  
But if it's frightening, I'll bear the cold  
And on the telephone, you offer warm asylum

I'm listening, flowers in the garden  
Laughter in the hall, children in the park

I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things anymore

To crawl inside the wire and feel something near me  
To feel this accepting  
That it is lonely here, but not alone  
And on the telephone, you offer visions dancing

I'm listening, music in the bedroom  
Laughter in the hall, dive into the ocean  
Singing by the fire, running through the forest  
Standing in the wind, the rolling canyons

I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things for granted  
I will not take these things anymore

I will not take these things for granted (flowers in the garden)  
I will not take these things for granted (laughter in the hall)  
I will not take these things for granted (a child in the park)  
I will not take these things for granted (dive into the ocean)  
I will not take these things for granted (singing by the fire)  
I will not take these things for granted (the rolling canyons)