

Music To My Ears

Ron Sexsmith

Golden summer days
How they seem to fly
Yet somehow leave a trace of a sad goodbye
As sweet as sorrow
Salty as a tear
We'll greet tomorrow
And we'll face our fears
Your love is music to my ears

And when October comes
With his hair all greying
It's then I'm overcome
To hear those children playing
Of recess and schoolyards
I've memories so clear
And when this old heart
Just longs to disappear
Their laughter's music to my ears

And it's music to my soul
The way you understand
The way you take my hand
And as the world off's its winter clothes
All will come to life
As the trees and flowers know
Now's the only time
The bells are ringing
They're ringing in the square
The birds are singing
They're singing out so clear
Their song is music to my ears

It's music to my ears