

Throw It Away

Aga Zaryan

I think about the life I live A figure made of clay And think about the things I lost The things I gave away

And when I'm in a certain mood I search the house and look One night I found these magic words In a magic book

Throw it away Throw it away Give your love, live your life Each and every day

And keep your hand wide open Let the sun shine through 'Cause you can never lose a thing If it belongs to you

There's a hand to rock the cradle And a hand to help us stand With a gentle kind of motion As it moves across the land

And the hand's unclenched and open Gifts of life and love it brings So keep your hand wide open If you're needing anything

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