

# Throw It Away

Buika

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  
Live your life, give your love  
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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