

To Noise Making (Sing)

Hozier

Remember when you'd sing, just for the fuck of it?
And any joy it would bring
Honey, the look of it was as sweet as the sound
Your head tilt back, your funny mouth to the clouds
I couldn't hope to know that song and all its words
Wouldn't claim to feel the same we felt the first time it was heard
I couldn't name that feeling carried in that voice
Was it that or just the act of making noise that brought you joy?

You don't have to sing it right
But who could call you wrong?
To put your emptiness to melody
Your awful heart to song
You don't have to sing it nice, but, honey, sing it strong
At best, you find a little remedy, at worst the world will sing along

So honey, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing
Sing, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, sing

Remember when you'd sing before we'd move to it?
And we'd scuff up our shoes, honey, the groove of it
Was whatever you choose
"I Wanna Be Your Lover" or "The Fisherman's Blues"

You didn't always sing it right
But who could call you wrong?
To put your emptiness to melody
Your awful heart to song
You don't have to sing it nice, but, honey, sing it strong
At best, you find a little remedy, at worst the world will sing along

So honey, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing
Sing, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, sing

Who could ask you be unbroken or be brave again?
Or, honey, hope even on this side of the grave again?
And who could ask you to be sound or to feel saved again?
Just stick around until you hear that music play again

So honey, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing
Sing, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, sing
So honey, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing
Sing, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, sing
For the love of it
So honey, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing
Sing, sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, sing
For the love of it

Remember when you'd sing, just for the love of it?
And any joy it would bring