

# 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 sheds 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