

I'll Sing it Myself

Tom Smith

Lyrics: © 2008 Tom Smith, TomSmithMusic.com

Music: Traditional

I heard what you said, "Who me, sing a song?"
"What if I try and it comes out all wrong"
Well you're not being judged, and you're not getting paid
There's no pass, no fail. There is only one grade

Chorus:

Too ra lie laddie
Too ra lie lassie
Too ra lie laddie
Too ra lie aye

All you need are some lungs that are large or quite small
That's the first thing to which your attention I'll call
Just fill them with air, 'till they look nice and round
Then let it all out with a musical sound.

Then up from the bottom, your feelings come next
That means that your heart is the muscle you'll flex
Love, anger, fear, sadness, happiness, fun
They all play a part as you empty your lungs

Then your head comes along with a wonderful view
With stories and rhymes, some familiar, some new
They come out in verses, some short and some long
If they sound right to you then we'll call it a song

We've got songs from the old days, and songs from the new
Songs when your happy, and songs when you're blue
Songs with a message, and songs just for fun
There's a million to sing, so it's time we've begun

Hey what do you know, I CAN sing a song
And I'll be the judge if it's right or it's wrong
So when I'm in the mood I'll just go to the shelf
I'll pick out my song and I'll sing it myself.
