

I've Got to Sing My Song

Oleta Adams

I know it's late
I couldn't wait to call you on the phone
it's been a while since I've been home
All of this is my own choice
since the man upstairs has given me His voice
No matter how long it takes
No matter how hard the breaks
I've gotta use it!
Or lose it!
I just can't stand to refuse
A chance to do what I gotta do
I gotta sing my song
Sing the hatred into love
Sing a praise, to that man above
Sing the tears, into a smile ye-aaaah
Sing until you all feel
This is all worthwhile
Sing it high, sing it low
Sing from deep within my soul
Sing it loud, and make it clear
Sing so every one can hear
Could it be Lord, chosen me because
I'd be nothing
If I couldn't sing
My song
By the way may I say thankyou
For the love you've shown
All of these years since I've been born
Papa thought I was college-bound
And you expected me to settle down
I'm not ignoring what you had in mind
Neither do I wanna sound unkind
Before I give up!
I gotta live up!
To a challenge to do my thing
I gotta cut those apron strings
Oh I've gotta sing my song
(All I wanna do is:)
Sing the hatred into love
Sing a praise, to heav'n and above
Sing the tears, into a smile ye-aaaah
Sing into a feeling
This is all worthwhile
Sing it high, sing it low
Sing from deep within my soul
Sing it loud, and make it clear
Sing so every one can hear
Could it be Lord, chosen me because
I'd be nothing
If I couldn't sing
My song