

Listening To Donny Hathaway... .

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I sit back and listen to his song... ..

I feel his melody

and wonder about the pain behind his voice.

I sit back and listen to his song

and the tears start to run down my face

because in his song I can hear anguish

feel his misunderstanding

wrestle with his insecurity

and become overwhelmed with his sorrow.

And as the tears flow out of my eyes and stream down my face my head tells me to turn away

but my heart is so moved by his song that it wraps itself in his mystery

hugs his hurting

grabs his passion

because when he sings he cries for help

and yet no one hears it.

Listen to the wind

as it snakes over the mountain

crawls between the trees

and carries his sweet, sad song... .

Listen to the wind

as it blows over the desert

and rides the current

that is his song... ..

Talking to you

wanting you

to listen to the hurt

to understand the pain

to realize that everytime you close your eyes

and your soul screams to be free

that this song carries your prayer to the face of God.

I sit back and listen to his song

and the pain invades all of my senses... ..

He is singing this song to me.

I sit back and listen to his song.