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## You Can't Keep Me From Singing

You Can't Keep Me From Singing (Gordon MacDonald, Jr./tune: How Can I Keep From Singing?)

My life flows on, but something's wrong--I'm caught in consternation; Whenever I begin to sing there's rising agitation.

My singing voice was not my choice, Fate brought it sweetly winging, Since Fate's to blame, I now proclaim: you can't keep me from singing!

My voice is hoarse, but then, of course, a sweet smooth voice is boring. And if a song be sad or long, I pep it up by roaring!

To sing on pitch is something which was not in my upbringing;

To sing off-key sounds fine to me, you can't keep me from singing!

If I sing just right I can incite a peaceful group to riot
Or offer me a handsome fee if only I'll be quiet!
But I don't bargain with a mob, though tar and feathers they're bringing,
Put down that noose and turn me loose you can't keep me from singing!

The birds have fled my neighborhood, their tiny eardrms shattered; My neighbours, too, have said, "Adieu!", but it hasn't really mattered. My daily mail brings threats of death and curses coarse and stinging, I heed them not they're a tin-eared lot and they can't keep me from singing!

Each living thing its song must sing, life sings to life in chorus; Our song brings courage when we do not know what lies before us. Our songs of freedom, love and hope down through the ages ringing-Cold Death defy and that is why you can't keep me from singing!

(Dedicated to those of us who cannot sing but do anyway.)

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toilet paper or on any reasonably flat surface in between without compensation to the author;

just sing the bloody song and get on with it.

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