

# I'm Going To Listen 'Till I know You Care

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written by Joanne Shaw

## INTRO:

I heard some new advice about boyfriends.  
I listened, and she might right.  
She said, "Love is an easy one, but not in romance."  
I heard her and I'll take a chance.

She said "girls grow up quicker, and know more about love  
Than the boys they go with. That young love is hard stuff."  
She said. "You won't want to hear this: live your life not for a boy."  
"You're so excited, and knowing love is no toy."  
"At his age, he may not always be there, even though he should."  
"Even though you don't see it, your love looks good."

There's a secret, we older girls think you should utilize.  
Both put away all fights. And count he'll also realize.  
For times you both talk and talk and talk with your hands.  
When you just want answers, but he won't dance.  
When you want him so much, but, while holding up your own heart.  
When you're lonelier with him than you are apart,  
Adults know this. You haven't seen this yet.  
Listen to someone else."

I know mom's no help.  
There are friends, of course.  
Radio is every sound.  
You'll have more to give.  
And if it goes bad with a boy,  
It's your fullest life at least you found.

## VERSE:

So I dug out my radio,  
Plugged in my radio.  
The songs say everything.  
What did I tell you?

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**CHORUS:**

I want to listen only to music, which won't tell me I'm wrong.  
I want to I get my way, and hear you love me. It says in the song.  
I want to spend all my time with you, when you can't be found,  
Or, learn what things you'll likely do, that neither understand.  
I want to learn about truth, and hear a new song,  
Untill it's good for us, until I know you're my man.  
Excuse me, while I tune in to the all-night radio stations.  
Please, make your music over there.  
Since I have no experience, and you say you don't know,  
I'm gonna listen 'til I know you care.

**VERSE:**

There are songs about prison.  
It's illegal, Or else its an art form  
– Didn't know that –  
For you to notice my looks.

**VERSE:**

On other stations, A lady is crying In a song about a husband  
Who noticed her, not her hair.

**VERSE:**

If songs break for commercials, Hair cuts are expensive.  
But, I can change a jingle  
From Middle C to Middle F.  
Or I might have meant “D”.

**VERSE:**

Why bother with hair cuts,  
When men swear up and down,  
They don't notice her hair.  
I'm lucky; that's not my husband.  
I listen to other husbands.  
Maybe that's my boyfriend's affair.

**VERSE:**

Hair might matter, if its blue or missing. It won't be missing.  
And just like you and me, my hair will never be blue.

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**{CHORUS:}**

**VERSE:**

We'll get married.  
We'll have children.  
You'll never be a one hit wonder of mine.  
But first we'll listen to blues or jazz or else buy pearls.  
It will set the mood.  
It will be good.

**VERSE:**

I think you and I should finish school first.  
Maybe I'll go to music school  
Or I'll be a nurse.  
I always feel your love.  
You're in perfect pitch.

**VERSE:**

You'll be humming.  
You'll be whistling.  
I'll be smiling.  
Because the songs make us happy about our love.

**VERSE:**

The best are sad songs.  
The best are happy songs.  
Rap or limbo or jazz or cheek to cheek.  
How do you like to dance?

**BRIDGE:**

If there's a power failure,  
What will we do?

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**VERSE:**

If you think I don't like cooking,  
Just because I like your sweater.  
You can take me out to dinner.  
We can always stay in.  
I'll show you my radio,  
Or, if you'd rather,  
Any Saturday night, you can decide to remember my birthday instead.

**OUTRO:**

The speakers are the only thing that will ever break up.

{END WITH CHORUS x 2 :}

~~ {end of song}