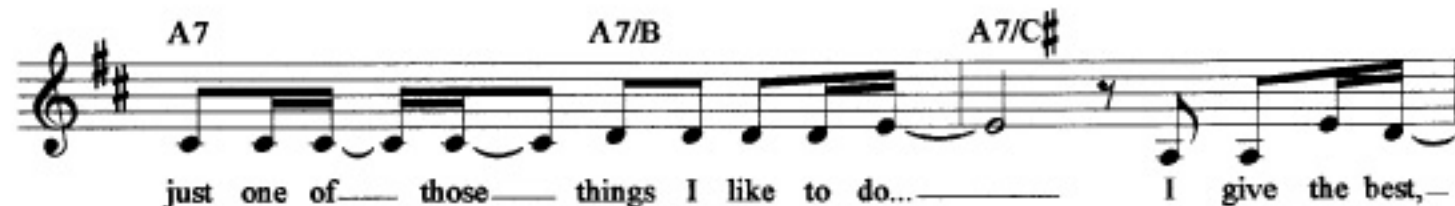
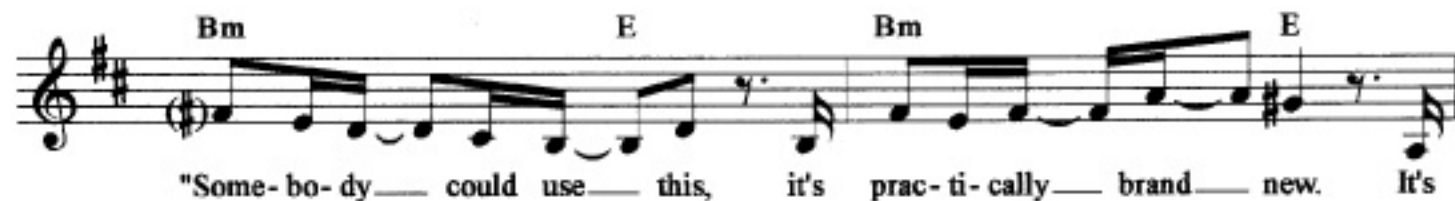
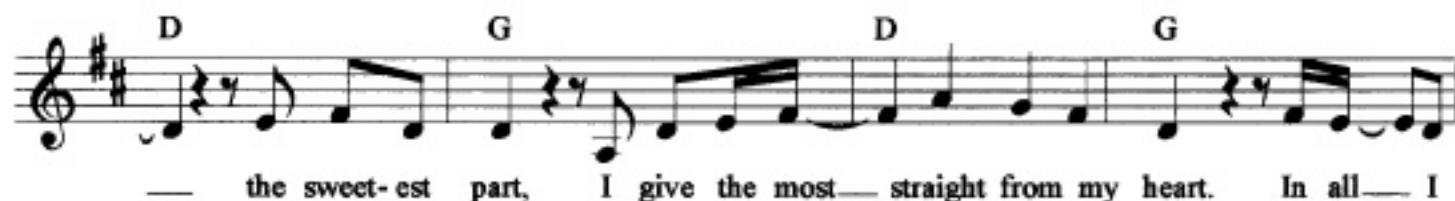


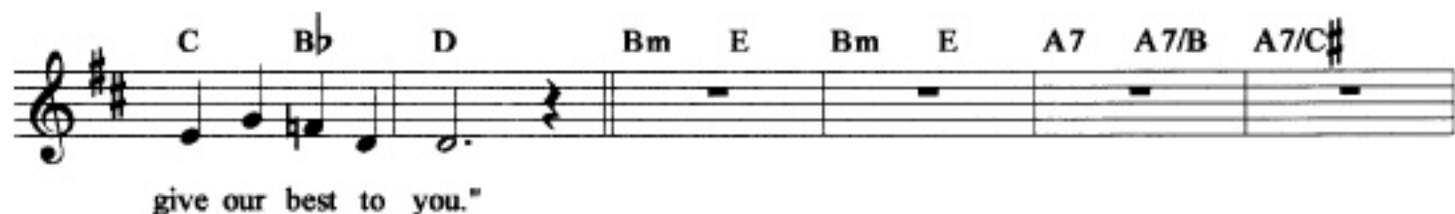
# GIVE MY BEST TO YOU

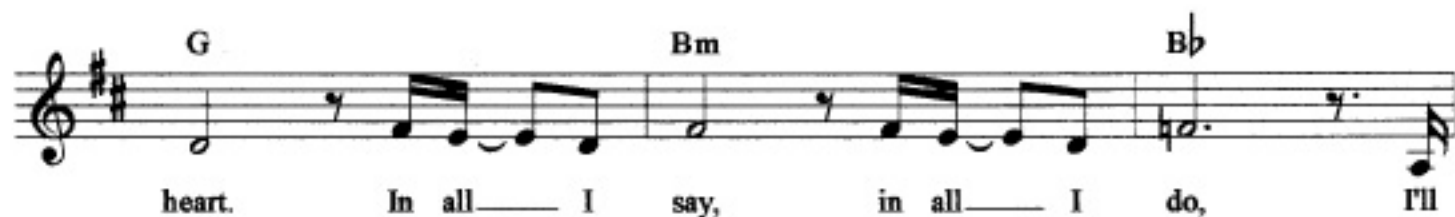
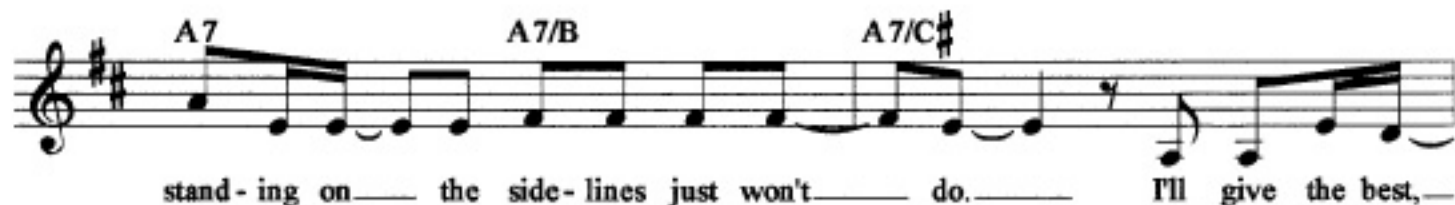
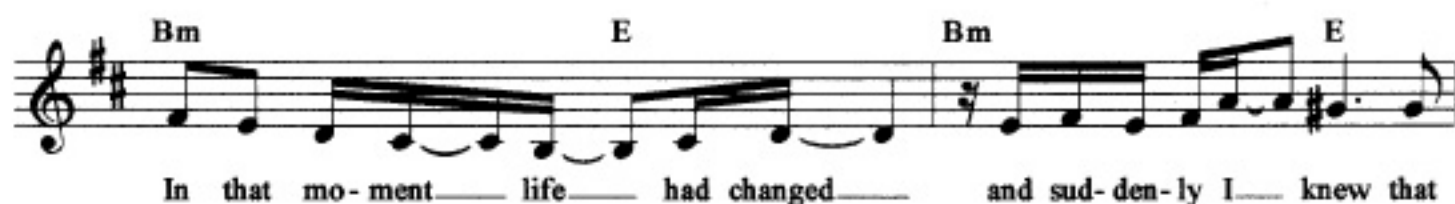
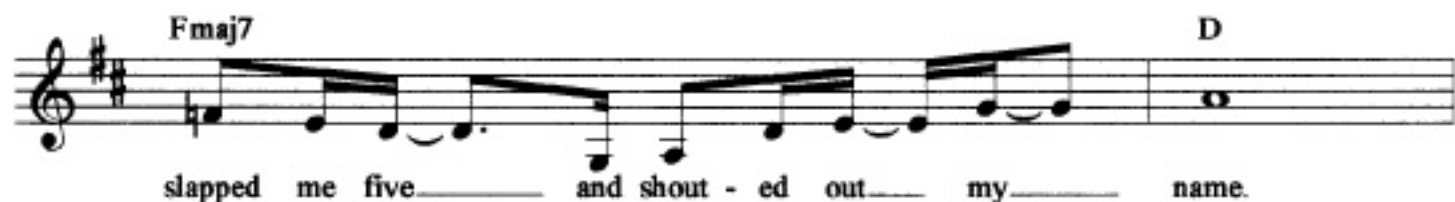
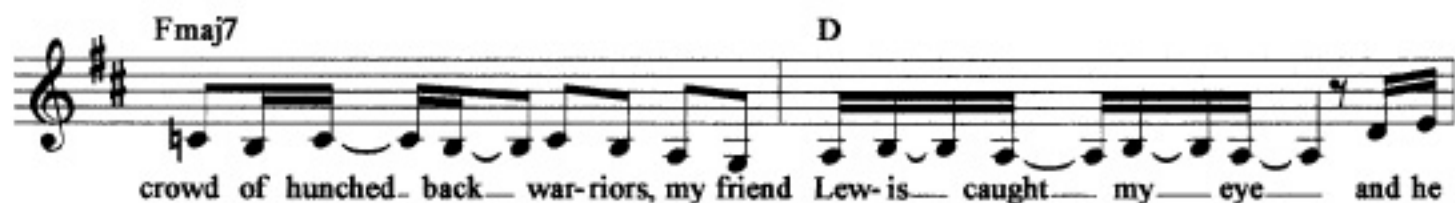
Folk rock ballad ♩ = 75

Music and lyrics by Julie A. Silver











Eighty-eight years old and living two doors down,  
In the alley I see Goldie every day.  
She picks through all the dumpsters, gives to others what she's found,  
Fills her wrinkled bag with what we throw away.  
She says, "Somebody could use this,  
It's practically brand new.  
It's just one of those things I like to do...

I give the best, the sweetest part,  
I give the most straight from my heart.  
In all I say, in all I do,  
I give my best to you."

Somewhere east of Arkansas the choir sings a song  
And the people stand in solidarity.  
Their hearts are filled with music as they clap and sing along  
All together in their joyful harmony.  
They said, "A fire burned the place we love;  
So many closed their eyes,  
But from the ashes, we will rise!

To give the best, the sweetest part,  
To give the most straight from our hearts.  
In all we say, in all we do,  
We give our best to you."

I remember cheering as those runners passed me by  
In their marathon of heartbreak hills and pain.  
From the crowd of hunched back warriors, my friend Lewis caught my eye  
And he slapped me five and shouted out my name.  
In that moment life had changed and suddenly I knew  
That standing on the sidelines just won't do.

I'll give the best, the sweetest part,  
I'll give the most straight from my heart.  
In all I say, in all I do,  
I'll give my best, give my best,  
I'll give my best to you.