Lean Away

Words & Music by Gene Scheer

arr. Andrew Thomas

Moderato, gently

let my sail out slowly, taking pains to find the wind. But until I turned my

boat away, the sail could not be trimmed. Tacking towards the wind, but——
never face to face,
I feel what I don't see, an in-
visible embrace.
Lean away, lean away. Some-
things can't be known, like the wind that takes you home.
mem-ber hear-ing a mel-o-dy but when I start-ed to de-scribe all the

things it made me feel, its spi-rit slow-ly died.

Now I choose to hum the things I can-not ex-plain, and...

feel my roots spread out like a tree that drinks the rain.
Lean a-way, lean a-way. Some-things can't be known, like the
won-der of a mel-o-dy, how it makes you feel home.

I re-mem-ber when I saw you. It was a.
cold winter night. The moon was hidden by the clouds, all I remember was the light.

I have searched to find a way, love to understand.

But I finally gave up trying. It's enough to hold your
Lean away, lean away. Some things can't be known, like the love I feel for you, how it makes me feel home.