

**“Children Will Listen” from *Into the Woods***  
**By Stephen Sondheim**

How do you say to your child in the night?  
Nothing's all black, but then nothing's all white  
How do you say it will all be all right  
When you know that it might not be true?  
What do you do?

Careful the things you say  
Children will listen  
Careful the things you do  
Children will see and learn  
Children may not obey, but children will listen  
Children will look to you for which way to turn  
To learn what to be  
Careful before you say "Listen to me"  
Children will listen

Careful the wish you make  
Wishes are children  
Careful the path they take  
Wishes come true, not free  
Careful the spell you cast  
Not just on children  
Sometimes the spell may last  
Past what you can see  
And turn against you  
Careful the tale you tell  
That is the spell  
Children will listen

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How can you say to a child who's in flight  
"Don't slip away and I won't hold so tight"  
What can you say that no matter how slight  
Won't be misunderstood

What do you leave to your child when you're dead?  
Only whatever you put in its head  
Things that your mother and father had said  
Which were left to them too  
Careful what you say  
Children will listen  
Careful you do it too  
Children will see  
And learn, oh guide them that step away  
Children will glisten  
Tamper with what is true  
And children will turn  
If just to be free  
Careful before you say  
"Listen to me"

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