

A Quiet Thing / There Won't Be Trumpets

Barbra Streisand

When it all comes true
Just the way you planned
It's funny but the bells don't ring
It's a quiet thing When you hold the world
In your trembling hand
You think you'd hear a choir singing
But it is a quiet thing There are no exploding fireworks
Where's the roaring of the crowds
Maybe it is the strange new atmosphere
Way up here among the clouds There won't be trumpets or balls of fire
To say he's coming
No roman candles, no angel's choir
No sound of distant drumming He may not be the cavalier
Tall and graceful, fair and strong
Doesn't matter just as long as he
Comes along But not with trumpets or lightning flashing
Or shining armor
He may be daring, he may be dashing
Or maybe he's a farmer I can wait, what's another day?
He has lots of hills to climb
And a hero doesn't come till
The nick of time Don't look for trumpets or whistles tooting
To guarantee him
There won't be trumpets, but sure as shooting
You'll know him when you see him Don't know when, don't know where
I can't even say that I care
All I know is the minute you turn
And he's suddenly there There won't be trumpets
There are no trumpets
Who needs trumpets?
Happiness comes in on tiptoe Well, what do ya know
It's a quiet thing
A very quiet thing

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