

On My Way to You

Barbra Streisand

So often as I wait for sleep
I find myself reciting
The words I've said or should have said
Like scenes that need rewriting
The smiles I never answered
Doors perhaps I should have opened
Songs forgotten in the morning
I relived the roles I played
The tears I may have squandered
The many pipers, I have paid
Along the roads, I wandered
Yet all the time I knew it
Love was somewhere out there waiting
Though I may regret a kiss or two
If I had changed a single day
What when to miss or when to stray
I may have never found my way to you
If I had changed a single day
What when to miss or when to stray
I may have never found my way to you
I wouldn't change a thing that happened
On my way to you

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