

# I'll Tell The Man In The Street

**Kristin Chenoweth**

I won't tell of my love to the red, red rose  
Or the running brook where the sweet magnolia grows  
I won't tell of my love to every little star  
Or the wipewill on the hill afar I'll tell the man in the street and everyone I meet  
That you and I are sweethearts  
I'll shout it out from the roof, I'll give the papers proof  
That we two are complete hearts I want the world to know, I'll use the radio  
And when I've said all my say until you're old and gray  
You'll never get away from me

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