

Where Is It Written?

Barbra Streisand

God, our merciful Father
I'm wrapped in a robe of light
Clothed in Your glory
That spreads its wings over my soul
May I be worthy, Amen There's not a morning I begin without
A thousand questions running through my mind
That I don't try to find the reason
And the logic in the world that God designed The reason why a bird was given wings
If not to fly and praise the sky
With every song it sings
What's right or wrong, where I belong
Within the scheme of things And why have eyes that see and arms that reach
Unless you're meant to know there's something more
If not to hunger for the meaning of it all
Then tell me what a soul is for? Why have the wings unless you're meant to fly
And tell me please, why have a mind
If not to question why? And tell me where
Where is it written what it is I'm meant to be?
That I can't dare
To have the chance to pick the fruit of every tree Or have my share
Of every sweet imagined possibility?
Just tell me where, tell me where? If I were only meant to tend the nest
Then why does my imagination sail
Across the mountains and the seas
Beyond the make-believe of any fairy tale Why have the thirst if not to drink the wine?
And what a waste to have a taste
Of things that can't be mine And tell me where
Where is it written what it is I'm meant to be?
That I can't dare
To find the meanings in the mornings that I see Or have my share
Of every sweet imagined possibility
Just tell me where, where is it written
Tell me where, or if it's written anywhere?

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