

I'll Tell the Man In the Street

Barbra Streisand

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
On the whippoorwill
On the hill above 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

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