

The Man In the Wings

[Alison Moyet](#)

Its my song and I sing for the man in the wings
Is it strange when we never have shared anything?
I dont ache for some tender exchange in the dark
That will passBut the purest refrain will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When Ive nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wingsWe wont speak, he wont ask me to follow him on
And his name if I ever did know it is gone
Back to back I can hear his pulse racing with mine
Both in timeIll be waiting for him before I begin each line
And he wont mind
That Ive nothing to bring
When I sing for the man in the wingsAnd they tell me he walks alone
It is said that he is stone
Without knowing the shape of him
I am certain they are wrong
Well meet in a different place
Me, the man and the songI dont long for some fleeting exchange in the dark
That will passBut the purest refrain will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When weve nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wings

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