

The Singer

Barbra Streisand

In a small cafe on a crowded night
In a spot of light stands the singer
And the band begins and the beat is strong
And the room belongs to the singer All the people turn to hear the sad refrain
And catch the cry of pain that's in his song
But in his haunted face and in his searching eyes
There's a sign that something's wrong Now the eager crowd hangs on every word
But the sounds are slurred by the singer
Till the people feel every aching part
Of the broken heart of the singer Still the song goes on about a love he knew
That seemed so sure and true but turned out wrong
And from the tears he shows nobody really knows
Is he the singer or the song? Is he the singer or the song?

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