

Barbra Streisand

"HOW MUCH OF THE DREAM COMS TRUE?"

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There will be violins playing
Softly, somewhere, won't there?
I shall be flying through rainbows
Though I can't fly, shan't I?
And when he lowers his lips
To kiss me, surely
The world will be lost from view
How much of the dream comes true?
He'll be the prince
Out of every childhood story, surely
His arms could crush me

But he will hold me gently, won't he?
And as the dawn slowly opens one eye,
Won't I find life wonderful and new?
How much of the dream comes true?
How much of the dream comes true?

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