

Barbra Streisand

"The Singer"

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In a small café
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 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 broke 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?

As the sad song ends
He hits the final note
It catches in his throat
But comes out strong
And as he bows and goes
Nobody really knows
Was he the singer or the song?
Was he the singer or the song?

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