

## **Cake**

# **"Opera Singer"**

Visit "[Opera Singer](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I am an Opera Singer  
I stand on painted Tape  
It tells me where I'm going  
And where to throw my cape

I call my co-star's brother  
I call my co-star's name  
I play both good and evil parts  
I sing to Verdi's play

And every single morning  
By 10 AM I'm dressed  
My rehearsals last for hours and hours  
With diligence I have been blessed

Some people they call me monster  
Some people they call me saint  
My talent feeds my darker side  
Yet no one will complain

I am an opera singer

I sing in foreign lands  
I've sung for kings in Europe  
And emperors in Japan

And after each performance  
People stand around and wave  
Just to tell me that they love my voice  
Just to tell me that I'm great

I am an opera singer  
I will sing when you're all dead  
I sing the mountains crumbling apart  
I sing what can't be said

I am an opera singer  
I sing in foreign lands  
Most people seem to know my name  
Or at least know who I am

Visit [Cake](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

