

Randy Houser

"The Singer"

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She loved the singer
She loved the way he stood on stage and just poured
out his heart and soul
She loved the dreamer
The way the lights would hit his eyes
And shine just like a record made of gold
She couldn't count the times she stayed up all night
scared to death and prayin'
Wonderin if he'd ever make it home
She loved the singer
She just couldn't live the song.
She loved the hero
Even more than that she loved the man without the
mask when no one was around
She let him lean on
Her lovin arms when he would call
He'd fall she'd pick him up off of the ground
And in her dreams the face she see's ain't the one
taken with her camera
It's the one after the mask is taken off
She loved the singer, she just couldn't live the song.

Trying to hold him is like trying to hold a flame
But she was always just one of a million screaming his
name

She loved the poet
Words straight from his heart
Tear you apart then start
To make you fall right back in love
And every day the radio plays one familiar
Then hits her just a little too strong
She loved the singer
She just couldn't live the song

Trying to hold him is like trying to hold a flame
She was always just one of a million screaming his
name
Screaming his name

She loved the singer

Man, she loved the dreamer
She loved the singer
She just couldn't live the song

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