

**Eric Woolfson****"Somewhere in the Audience (feat. Steve Balsam)"**

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When is a dream not a dream?  
When is a life not a life?  
For how can I face the future  
Without her...

She was the air that I breathe  
A perfect truth I could believe  
Now every hope of a bright tomorrow  
Is gone forevermore  
A broken wave upon the shore  
And I'm aware of the darkness  
Around me...

And if I can't see her face  
There is no time, there is no space  
For how will I find the reason  
To carry on...

There can be no words  
To describe that day  
It's as if the sun left the sky  
And carried my dreams away  
And so without a reason or a rhyme  
A rose was plucked untimely from the vine  
Nevermore I'll see her smiling face  
Or hold her in these empty arms of mine

There can be no words  
To relieve the pain  
We have had our day in the sun  
Now only the clouds remain  
The traveling show will play another town  
But leaves behind a broken-hearted clown  
Then from somewhere in the audience  
The order comes to bring the curtain down

If all the world's a stage  
All our lives are plays  
And sometimes we fumble our lines  
And stumble along the way  
The comedy will play and then it's gone

For everyday's a show that must go on  
But if God is in His heaven  
Can He hear me when I pray?  
I begged of Him and pleaded  
Not to let it end this way  
But from somewhere in the audience  
He turned his back and looked the other way

Though I begged of Him and pleaded not to take her  
light away  
If God is in His heaven, He must hear me when I pray  
But from somewhere in the audience  
A cold wind blew  
And took my love away...

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