

Streisand Barbra**"Being Alive"**

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Tell me where
Where is it written
What is it I meant to be?
That I can't dare...
It all began the day I found..
That from my window I could only see
A piece of sky.
I stepped outside and looked around.
I never dreamed it was so wide
Or even half as high.
The time had come
(Papa, can you hear me?)
To try my wings
(Papa, are you near me?)
And even thought it seemed at any moment I could fall,
I felt the most,
(Papa, can you see me?)
Amazing things,
(Can you understand me?)
The things you can't imagine
if you've never flown at all.
Though it's safer to stay on the ground,
Sometimes where danger lies
There the sweetest of pleasures are found.
No matter where I go,
There'll be memories that tug at my sleeve,
But there will also be
More to question, yet more to believe..
Oh tell me where?
Where is the someone who will turn and look at me?
And want to share
My ev'ry sweet-imagined possibility?
The more I live - the more I learn.
The more I learn - the more I realize
The less I know.
Each step I take -
(Papa, I've a voice now!) Each page I turn -
(Papa, I've a choice now!) Each mile I travel only means
The more I have to go.
What's wrong with wanting more?
If you can fly - then soar!

With all there is - why settle for
just a piece of sky?
Papa, I can hear you...
Papa, I can see you...
Papa, I can feel you...
Papa, watch me fly!

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