

Streisand Barbra

"Where is It Written"

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There's not a morning I begin
without a thousand questions
running through my mind.
That I don't try to find the reason
and the logic in the world
that God design.
The reason why, a bird was given wings
if not to fly, and praise the sky
with every song it sings.
What's right or wrong,
where I belong
whithin the schem of things.

And why have eyes that see
and arms that reach
unless you're meant to know there's
something more.
If not to hunger for the meaning of it all
then tell me what a soul is for.
Why have the wings unless you're meant to fly
and tell me please why have a mind
if not to question why

And tell me where,
where is it written what it is I'm meant to be
That I can't dare to have the chance to
pick the fruit of every tree
or have my share of every sweet imagined possibility.
Just tell me where, where is it written, tell me where.

If I were only meant to tend the nest
then why does my imagination sail
accross the mountains and the seas
beyond the make-believe of any fary tale
why have the thirst if not to drink the wine
and what a waste to have a taste
of things that can't be mine.

And tell me where,
where is it written what it is I'm meant to be
that I can't dare to see the meanings

in the mornings that I see
or have my share of every sweet imagined possibility.
Just tell me where, where is it written, tell me where.

Or if it's written anywhere.

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