

Barbra Streisand, (i Had Myself A) True Love

I had myself a true love
A true love who was something to see
I had myself a true love
At least that's what I kept on telling me
The first thing in the morning
I still try to think of a way to be with him
Some part of the evening
And that's the way I live through the day
I had myself a true love, but now he's gone
And left me for good
The Lord knows I don't hear those back yard
Whispers going round the neighborhood
There maybe a lot of things I miss
A lot of things I don't know
But I do know this, now I ain't got no love
And once upon a time I had a true love
In the evening, in the doorway
While I stand there and wait for his coming
With the house swept and the clothes hung
And a pot on the stove where I had meal
Where is he while I waste the rising newel?
Where is he, why did he gone so soon?
Now there ain't no way that it used to be, what now?
And everybody keeps telling me
There may be a lot of things I miss
A lot of things I don't know
But I do know this now I ain't got no love
And once upon a time I had a true love