

# 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