

# Barbra Streisand, True Love

I had myself a true love,  
A true love that was somethin' too see.  
I had myself a true love, at least that's what I kept on tellin' me.  
The first thing in the morning, I still try to think of a way,  
To be with him some part of the evenin',  
And that's the way I live through the day.  
She had herself a true love, and now he's gone and left for good.  
The lord knows I done heard those backyard whispers goin' roun'  
The neighborhood.  
There may be alot 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 evenin, by the doorway, while I stand there and wait for his coming  
With the house swept, and the clothes hung,  
And the pot on the stove there a hummin',  
Where is he while I watch the risen moon.  
With that gal in that damn ole saloon.  
No that ain't the way that it used to be  
No and everybody keeps tellin me,  
There may be alot of things I miss, I lot of things I don't know  
But I do know this.  
Now I ain't got no love, but once upon a time I had a true love