

Barbra Streisand, Where Do You Start?

Where do you start?
How do you separate the present from the past?
How do you deal with all the things you thought
Would last that didn't last?
With bits of memories scattered here and there
I look around and don't know where to start
Which books are yours?
Which tapes and dreams belong to you and which are mine?
Our lives are tangled like the branches
Of a vine that intertwine
So many habits that we'll have to break
And yesterdays we'll have to take apart
One day there'll be a song
Or something in the air again
To catch me by surprise and you'll be there again
A moment in what might have been
Where do you start?
Do you allow yourself a little time to cry?
Or do you close your eyes and kiss it all goodbye?
I guess you try
And though I don't know where
And don't know when
I'll find myself in love again
I promise there will always be
A little place no one will see
A tiny part deep in my heart
That stays in love with you