

Eric Woolfson, Somewhere In The Audience

There can be no words
To describe that day
It's as if the sun left the sky
And carried my dreams away
And so without a reason or a rhyme
A rose was plucked untimely from the vine
Nevermore I'll see her smiling face
Or hold her in these empty arms of mine

There can be no words
To relieve the pain
We have had our day in the sun
Now only the clouds remain
The traveling show will play another town
But leaves behind a broken-hearted clown
Then from somewhere in the audience
The order comes to bring the curtain down

If all the world's a stage
All our lives are plays
And sometimes we fumble our lines
And stumble along the way
The comedy will play and then it's gone
For everyday's a show that must go on
But if God is in His heaven
Can He hear me when I pray?
I begged of Him and pleaded
Not to let it end this way
But from somewhere in the audience
He turned his back and looked the other way

Though I begged of Him and pleaded not to take her light away
If God is in His heaven, He must hear me when I pray
But from somewhere in the audience
A cold wind blew
And took my love away...