Liza Minnelli, The Singer

In a small cafe on a crowded night
In a spot of light stands the singer
Then the band begins and the beat is strong
And the room belongs to the singer

All the people turn to hear her sad refrain
And catch the cry of pain that's in her song
But in her haunted face and in her searching eyes
There is a sign that something's wrong

Now the eager crowd hangs on every word
But the sounds are slurred by the singer
Til' the people feel every aching part
Of the broken heart of the singer

Still the song goes on about a love she knew
That seemed so sure, so true, but turned out wrong
And from the tears she shows nobody really knows
Is she the singer or the song
Is she the singer or the song

As the sad song ends she hits the final note
It catches in her throat but comes out strong
And as she bows and goes, nobody really knows
Was she the singer or the song
Was she the singer - or - the - song...

La-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah...
La-la-la-la
La-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah...
La-la-la-la [fade]