

Michael Crawford, Phantom Of The Opera

In sleep he sang to me, in dreams he came
That voice which calls to me, and speaks my name
And do I dream again, for now I find
The phantom of the opera is there, inside my mind

Sing once again with me, our strange duet
My power over you, grows stronger yet
And though you turn from me, to glance behind
The phantom of the opera is there, inside your mind

Those who have seen your face, draw back in fear
I am the mask you wear, it's me they hear
My spirit and your voice, in one combined
The phantom of the opera is there, inside my mind

He's there, the phantom of the opera
Beware, the phantom of the opera

In all your fantasies, you always knew
That man and mystery, my proof is you
And in this labyrinth, where night is blind
The phantom of the opera is there, inside my mind

Sing, my angel of music

He's there, the phantom of the opera.

Sing

Sing for me

Sing my angel of music

Sing for me!