

Alison Moyet, The Man In The Wings

It's my song
And I sing for the man in the wings
Is it strange
When we never have shared anything

I don't ache for some tender exchange
In the dark - that will pass
But the purest refrain
Will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When I've nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wings

We won't speak
He won't ask me to follow him home
And his name
If I ever did know it, is gone

Back to back
I can hear his pulse racing with mine
Both in time
I'll be waiting for him
Before I begin each line
And he won't mind
That I've nothing to bring
When I sing for the man in the wings

And they tell me he walks alone
It is said that he is stone
Without knowing the shape of him
I am certain they are wrong
We meet in a different place
Me, the man and the song

I don't long
For some fleeting exchange in the dark
That will pass
But the purest refrain
Will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When we've nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wings