

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Till I Hear You Sing Once

The day starts, the day ends
Time crawls by
Night steals in, pacing the floor
The moments creep,
Yet I can't bear to sleep
Till I hear you sing
And weeks pass, and months pass
Seasons fly
Still you don't walk through the door
And in a haze
I count the silent days
Till I hear you sing once more.
And sometimes at night time
I dream that you are there
But wake holding nothing but the empty air
And years come, and years go
Time runs dry
Still I ache down to the core
My broken soul
Can't be alive and whole
Till I hear you sing once more
And music, your music
It teases at my ear
I turn and it fades away and you're not here
Let hopes pass, let dreams pass
Let them die
Without you, what are they for?
I'll always feel
No more than halfway real
Till I hear you sing once more