

# Barbra Streisand, A Quiet Thing / There Won't Be

Barbra Streisand  
Just For The Record...  
A Quiet Thing / There Won't Be Trumpets  
When it all comes true  
Just the way you planned  
It's funny but the bells don't ring  
It's a quiet thing  
When you hold the world  
In your trembling hand  
You think you'd hear a choir singing  
But it is a quiet thing  
There are no exploding fireworks  
Where's the roaring of the crowds  
Maybe it is the strange new atmosphere  
Way up here among the clouds

There won't be trumpets or balls of fire  
To say he's coming,  
No roman candles, no angel's choir  
No sound of distant drumming,  
He may not be the cavalier  
Tall and graceful, fair and strong,  
Doesn't matter just as long as he  
Comes along

But not with trumpets or lightning flashing  
Or shining armor,  
He may be daring, he may be dashing  
Or maybe he's a farmer,  
I can wait, what's another day?  
He has lots of hills to climb  
And a hero doesn't come till  
The nick of time

Don't look for trumpets or whistles tooting  
To guarantee him,  
There won't be trumpets, but sure as shooting  
You'll know him when you see him

Don't know when, don't know where,  
I can't even say that i care  
All i know is the minute you turn  
And he's suddenly there  
There won't be trumpets  
There are no trumpets  
Who needs trumpets?  
Happiness comes in on tiptoe  
Well what d'ya know  
It's a quiet thing  
A very quiet thing