

Barbra Streisand, I'll Tell The Man In The Street

I won't tell of my love
To the red, red rose
Or the running brook
Where the sweet magnolia grows
I won't tell of my love
To every little star
On the whippoorwill
On the hill above
I'll tell the man in the street
And everyone I meet
That you and I are sweethearts
I'll shout it out from the roof
I'll give the papers proof
That we two are complete hearts
I want the world to know, I'll use the radio
And when I've said all, I'll say
You may be old and gray
But you can't get away from me