

# Barry Manilow, Studio Musician

I am a studio musician  
We've never met  
But you know me well  
I am the English horn  
Who plays the poignant counter-nine  
Upon the song you heard  
While making love in some hotel  
I am a part of you  
I've never tried for fame  
You'll never know my name

I am the strings that enter softly  
Or three guitars that glitter gold  
I am the thousand trumpet lines  
That were an afterthought  
Intended eyes,  
the way to get a dying record sold  
I never ride the road  
I never play around  
I played what they set down

I'm a working musician  
living from week to week  
I'm the voice through each empty men  
tried to speak  
A studio musician  
Blowin' the chance I see

And when the woodwind coushin rises  
I start to dream  
With the low brass bed  
But I awake the horns  
The drummer calls to me  
We're up the letter D

I'm a man of the moment  
pop is my stock n' trade  
Singles, jingles and demos  
conventently made  
A studio musician  
Whose music will die unplayed  
A studio musician  
Whose music could have died unplayed