

By Heart, Her Secret

Just for tonight
With empty and tired eyes
She crosses the stage
In a dress with a Bette Midler touch
So what will it take
To silence the screaming crowd?
To fulfil the night
And a promise that matters so much

She needs
She needs my song
And she breaks
And she aches
Her voice is so loud and so strong
She lifts up her hand
And she touches someone
That someone is suddenly me
On bare bended knees

Just like a pool
Her spirit is drying out
She plays by the rules
Like some good old American cop
She wants to confess
In hours so sad and so deep
She swallows her pride
And the pills that will send her to sleep

She needs
She needs my song
And she breaks
And she aches
Her voice is so loud and so strong
She lifts up her hand
And she touches someone
That someone is suddenly me
On bare bended knees

The spotlights are out
No trace of a screaming crowd
No promise to keep
And no space for the two of us