

Hildegard Knef, I Will Be The Singer

All the world is a stage, and the people in it merely players
They make their entrances, and they make their exits
Some play it right, and some play it wrong
So I will be the singer and you will be the song

Here's a little song I'd like to sing to you today
Strictly for the birds but has a meaning in a way, oh yeah
Listen to the words and you will see that I am right
Is it asking much to stop this hate or is that right, alright

All the world is waiting for a sign of love today
You can see it if you care to look, you can see it in the way
That the world is just a big stage, but the artists play it wrong

So I will be the singer and you will be the song
The first act of this crazy place is lasting much too long
So I will be the singer and you will be the song
So I will be the singer and you will be the song

Now you've heard the end of it, maybe you can write some wrong
The tongue is in the cheek of it, and the cheek is in the song, sing-song

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