

# Liza Minnelli, The Singer

In a small cafe on a crowded night  
In a spot of light stands the singer  
Then the band begins and the beat is strong  
And the room belongs to the singer

All the people turn to hear her sad refrain  
And catch the cry of pain that's in her song  
But in her haunted face and in her searching eyes  
There is a sign that something's wrong

Now the eager crowd hangs on every word  
But the sounds are slurred by the singer  
Til' the people feel every aching part  
Of the broken heart of the singer

Still the song goes on about a love she knew  
That seemed so sure, so true, but turned out wrong  
And from the tears she shows nobody really knows  
Is she the singer or the song  
Is she the singer or the song

As the sad song ends she hits the final note  
It catches in her throat but comes out strong  
And as she bows and goes, nobody really knows  
Was she the singer or the song  
Was she the singer - or - the - song...

La-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah...  
La-la-la-la  
La-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-lah...  
La-la-la-la [fade]