

# Manhattan Transfer, Hear The Voices

Come join the circle and witness the magic  
Hear the voices  
Believe and imagine  
Hear the voices

Come join the circle and feel the unspoken  
Hear the voices  
A spirit unbroken  
Hear the voices

Just a simple storyteller  
Troubadour on call whenever  
The gods moved his heart to speech  
He was something of a hero  
To the conscience of the people  
To the children on the beach  
Son of Africa and legend  
Music made of pain and pleasure  
Brought the nation to its feet  
Every whisper sounds like thunder  
Everybody stares in wonder  
When the saints begin to speak  
He sings and then they speak

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He was sentenced into exile  
Far away from home but meanwhile  
Popularity increased  
Radio reversed his fortune  
He was welcomed with emotion  
A voice no one could defeat  
Now they crank up the Victrola  
In the corner bars and oh, my,  
How the ladies start to weep  
Every word describes their hunger  
Everybody stares in wonder  
When the saints begin to speak  
He sings and then they speak