

Nana Mouskouri, The Singer (Or The Song)

In a small caf
On a crowded night
In a spot of light
Stands the singer,
Then band begins
And the beat is strong
And the room belongs
To the singer,
All the people turn to hear
The sad refrain
And catch the cry of pain
That's in her song
But in her haunted face
And in her searching eyes
There's sign that something's wrong

Now the eager crowd
Hangs on every word
But the sounds are slurred by the singer
Till the people feel every aching part
Of the broke heart of the singer
Still the song goes on
About a love she knew
That seemed so sure and 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?

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