

# 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?

lalada lalada etc