

The Man In The Wings

Alison Moyet

It's my song and I sing for the man in the wings
Is it strange when we never have shared anything?
I don't ache for some tender exchange in the dark
That will pass

But the purest refrain will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When I've nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wings

We won't speak, he won't ask me to follow him on
And his name if I ever did know it is gone
Back to back I can hear his pulse racing with mine
Both in time

I'll be waiting for him before I begin each line
And he won't mind
That I've nothing to bring
When I sing for the man in the wings

And they tell me he walks alone
It is said that he is stone
Without knowing the shape of him
I am certain they are wrong
We'll meet in a different place
Me, the man and the song

I don't long for some fleeting exchange in the dark
That will pass

But the purest refrain will haunt us again
And he has that with me
When we've nothing to bring
I sing for the man in the wings