

## 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