

# There Won't Be Trumpets

Bernadette Peters

Smug little men with a smug little schemes  
They forgot one thing  
The play isn't over by a long shot yet

There are heroes in the world  
Prince's and heroes in the world  
And one of them will save us  
We can see, we can see

There won't be trumpets or bolts of fire  
To say he's coming  
No Roman candles, no angels choir  
No sound of distant drumming

He may not be the Cavalcade  
Tall and graceful, fair and strong  
Doesn't matters just as long as  
He comes on home

But not with trumpets or lightning flashing  
Or shining armor  
It maybe daring, he maybe dashing  
Or maybe he's a farmer

We can wait, watch another day  
He has lots of hills to climb  
And the hero doesn't come  
Till the nick of time

The vote for trumpets or whistles tooting  
That guarantee him  
There won't be trumpets, but sure as shooting  
You'll know him when you see him

Don't know when, don't know where  
And I can't even say but I care  
All I know is some Meridian turn  
Is having some flair

You won't need trumpets  
There are no trumpets  
Who needs trumpets