

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