

# The Phantom of the Opera

Michael Crawford

In sleep he sang to me  
In dreams he came  
That voice which calls to me and speaks my name  
And do I dream again for now I find  
The Phantom of the Opera is there  
Inside my mind

Sing once again with me  
Our strange duet  
My power over you grows stronger yet  
And though you turn from me to glance behind  
The Phantom of the Opera is there  
Inside your mind

Those who have seen your face  
Draw back in fear  
I am the mask you wear

It's me they hear...

Your/My spirit and my/your voice in one combined  
The Phantom of the Opera is there  
Inside my/your mind

He's there, the phantom of the opera!  
He's there, the phantom of the opera

Sing, my Angel of Music  
Sing, my Angel  
Sing for me  
Sing, my Angel!  
Sing for me!

I have brought you  
to the seat of sweet music's throne  
to this kingdom where all must pay homage to music  
music  
You have come here,  
for one purpose, and one alone  
Since the moment I first heard you sing,  
I have needed you with me,  
to serve me, to sing,  
for my music...  
my music...