

The Man That Got Away

Barbra Streisand

The night is bitter
The stars have lost their glitter
The winds grow colder
Suddenly you're older
And all because of the man that got away...
No more his eager call,
The writing's on the wall
The dreams you've dreamed have all gone astray
The man that won you, has run off and undone you
That great beginning, has seen the final inning
Don't know what happened, it's all a crazy game...
No more that old time thrill
For you've been through the mill
And never a new love will be the same
Good riddance, good-bye
Every trick of his, you're on to
But fools will be fools
And where's he gone to?
The road gets rougher
It's lonelier and tougher
With hope you burn up
Tomorrow he may turn up
There's just no let up
But live lone night and day
Ever since this world began
There is nothing sadder than
A one man woman looking for the man
That got away...
The man that got away...

Barbra

"Liza, that was for your mom!"

One of the nice things about growing older is realizing that you can survive life's disappointments, and you also realize that you cannot look to someone else for your happiness. Of course it screws up the songs you can't sing. You can't sing those dependent victim songs anymore with the same conviction, you know.

For example, you can't sing: "I can be happy/I can be sad/I can be good/Or I can be bad/It all depends on YOU? Can't do that, no, no. Another nice thing about growing older is that you finally begin to appreciate yourself flaws and all. And this next song has taken me I don't know how many hours, on I don't know how many couches to be able to sing and really mean it...