

Same Old Story

In a small cabaret down on tenth street, on a Thursday.
Just a night like a thousand nights before.
With a full house. They were cheering. They were with me all the way.
And I sang all the tunes that they love in a small cabaret.

When the band took a break I went down to the bar for drink.
Frankie smiled, "How's my nightingale tonight?"
As I took my glass I turned and I looked across the room.
Over there by the window, at a chair by the window.
There he sits and he stares as I sip, then I stop and he smiles and . . .

Something in the room starts to whisper softly.
Something in the dark starts to glitter.
There behind the bar, here upon the floor . . .
Something in the room starts to shine.

Suddenly the breeze starts to rustle the curtains.
Something in the air starts to sigh.
Suddenly the night is hot. Suddenly the room is bright.
Something in the world is right.

Same old story. Same old line.
I've sung this song a million times, but this time . . . this time!

The melody drifts on the evening breeze. The harmony follows in suit.
Everything single note, exquisitely clear.
Every word I sing, everything I hear is fine.

La dee dee . . .

Same old story. Same old line.
I've sung this song a million times, but this time . . . this time!

Something in the room starts to whisper softly.
Something in the air seems to sigh.
Somewhere in the dark, something still unsaid . . .
something in my heart, something in my head!
Something in the room starts to whisper.
Something in the dark starts to shine.you.