

Phantom Of The Opera

Rupert Holmes

I wrote a song tonight, and no one else will hear it
Although my voice rings long
If you were once to see my face I know you'd fear it
Your screams would drown my song

Just what my face has got to do with what I'm sayin'
Never has been clear to me
How could my features change my words, is what I'm sayin'
Somethin' you don't hear but see?

I am your Phantom who is buried in the curtain
Or on the chandelier
I may be hidden in the wings, you may be certain
My watchful eyes are near

I watch and wait to see if time will bring a new crowd
Who will judge me differently
Yet every night they say, "The orchestra is too loud"
But they love the scenery

You don't know what a lovely song I'd sing each hour
I'd sing it just for you
I hate these catacombs that are my ivory tower
I want to be with you

'Neath this mask there is face, but the face is just a mask
'Neath the mask there is a man
He is the horror that he seems
I am the Phantom of your dreams