

Barry Manilow, Studio Musician

I am a studio musician
We've never met
But you know me well
I am the English horn
Who plays the poignant counter-nine
Upon the song you heard
While making love in some hotel
I am a part of you
I've never tried for fame
You'll never know my name

I am the strings that enter softly
Or three guitars that glitter gold
I am the thousand trumpet lines
That were an afterthought
Intended eyes,
the way to get a dying record sold
I never ride the road
I never play around
I played what they set down

I'm a working musician
living from week to week
I'm the voice through each empty men
tried to speak
A studio musician
Blowin' the chance I see

And when the woodwind coushin rises
I start to dream
With the low brass bed
But I awake the horns
The drummer calls to me
We're up the letter D

I'm a man of the moment
pop is my stock n' trade
Singles, jingles and demos
conventently made
A studio musician
Whose music will die unplayed
A studio musician
Whose music could have died unplayed