

Free Climbing Soprano

She was the one who sang in fancy dress
She was the one whose voice was a caress
She was the one who made people dream
But wasn't magic or fantasy
An' nothing in between
She was voice
She was vice
...a soprano

He saw the picture of her on a rock
Climbing free upon life and troubles
Upon difficult notes without worries
Uncareful not to fall

A free climbing soprano
That's what she was
Sometimes lyrical
Sometimes cynical
Sometimes humorous
Always beautiful
Uncareful not to fall

He was the one who played with stars
He was the one who played in bars
He used to be a source of dreams
She seemed to have
No dreams at all
She was wrong
She was strong
She was beautiful

He saw the picture of her on a rock
Climbing free upon life and troubles
Upon difficult notes without worries
It made him write this song

A free climbing soprano
That's what she was
She was theatrical
And problematical
Of her was typical
To be such cynical
...but always beautiful