

Tragedy

Bette Midler

Wind storm, comes the sound.
From the stars my dark has come.
You've gone from me.
Whoa, tragedy.
Mmm, tragedy.

Whoa, come back. Help me here.
Call me my love, love. Be sincere.
You've gone, you've gone,
you've gone from me.
Whoa, tragedy.
Whoa, tragedy.

Like smoke from a fire of love, love, love.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.
Our dreams have all gone.
A fire. Ooo-oo-oo-oo.

Blown by wind, kissed by snow.
All that's left is the dark.
We know you've gone from me.
Whoa-oo-oo-oo-o-o-hy?
Tragedy.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.