

Hear The Voices

The Manhattan Transfer

Come join the circle and witness the magic
Hear the voices
Believe and imagine
Hear the voices

Come join the circle and feel the unspoken
Hear the voices
A spirit unbroken
Hear the voices

Just a simple storyteller
Troubadour on call whenever
The gods moved his heart to speech
He was something of a hero
To the conscience of the people
To the children on the beach
Son of Africa and legend
Music made of pain and pleasure
Brought the nation to its feet
Every whisper sounds like thunder
Everybody stares in wonder
When the saints begin to speak
He sings and then they speak

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He was sentenced into exile
Far away from home but meanwhile
Popularity increased
Radio reversed his fortune
He was welcomed with emotion
A voice no one could defeat
Now they crank up the Victrola
In the corner bars and oh, my,
How the ladies start to weep
Every word describes their hunger
Everybody stares in wonder
When the saints begin to speak
He sings and then they speak