

Anyone Who Hears
(Richard and Maureen Hall)

Under an old street light, on a dark dark night, he played his final song
Two crumpled Dollars in his jar.
The tourists are in bed, so he retreats into his head, just like that he's gone.
Fame and fortune, they're not so far.

Movie Screens and adolescent dreams, hang heavy in the air.
So far away and so near.
It's a fine line, it's just a matter of time, before he goes somewhere,
For now he'll play for anyone who hears.

(chorus)

He'll play for tips and he'll play for a beer
He'll play for a smile and he'll play for a tear
In his head, and audience cheers,
While visions of glory they pass with the years
He'll play for anyone who hears.

Fifty years ago and 16 year old and a use guitar
A tragic love affair from the start
He knows before long, he's going to write that song, and it's going to make him a star
Lately it's getting real hard.

(chorus)

(bridge)

He's never been much at business
He's never wanted nothing but to play his songs
He's gone too far to ever give up.
It can't be long, no it' can't be long.

(chorus)

One night on the road, got a little bit to cold, a tired heart beats no more
Thanks song was playing in his ears.
The body so old, lay folded on the road, and a star it born.
He's playing for anyone who hears.

(chorus)