

## A Linda Song

Barry Manilow

He never wrote a song for Linda  
He wrote as though he lived alone  
He wrote of dreams that end of sad brave men  
Inventing worlds he never know

But he never wrote a song for Linda  
And she was right there all alone  
Loved him back to life  
When his luck ran low  
But he never wrote a Linda song

He nearly broke his heart at writing  
Linda kept him from despair  
Standing by his side, through the hungry days  
But he hardly seemed to see her there

And he never wrote a song for Linda  
And she was right there all alone  
The one real thing in his crazy world  
And he never wrote a Linda song

When the bills piled up and couldn't pay  
He couldn't dream no more  
So he hitched a ride and he road away  
And he left a note for Linda by the door  
By the door

When times got rough he phone her  
Once or twice she took the call  
Then she changed her number and she turned her head  
And Linda never looked back at all

He'll never write a song for Linda  
And she was right there all alone  
Oh he knows, is no one understands  
And he never wrote a Linda song  
No he never wrote a Linda song