

The Old Songs

Barry Manilow

Candles burning
Glasses are chilled and soon
She'll be by
Hope and pray
She'll say that she's willing to give us
Another try
And if all those plans I've made
Don't melt the lady's heart
I'll put on the old 45's

And maybe the old songs
Will bring back the old times
Maybe the old lines
Will sound new

Maybe she'll lay her
Head on my shoulder
Maybe old feelings
Will come through
Maybe we'll start to cry
And wonder why
We ever walked away
Maybe the old songs
Will bring back the old times
And make her want to stay

It's been too long since I've
Seen her face light up
When I come home
It's been too many
Hours I've wasted staring
At the phone
Sweet old songs I'm counting on you
To bring her back to me
I'm tired of listening alone

And maybe the old songs
Will bring back the old times
Maybe the old lines
Will sound new

And make her want to stay
Want to stay
Maybe we'll start to cry
And wonder why
We ever walked away
Maybe the old songs
Will bring back the old times
And make her want to stay