

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 known
But he never wrote a song for Linda
And she was right there all along
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 along
The one real thing in his crazy world
And he never wrote a Linda song
When the bills piled up 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'd 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 along
All he knows, is no one understands
And he never wrote a Linda song
No he never wrote a Linda song

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