

# Lindy

## Alice Faye, John Payne

Lindy strolls around.  
Down main streets, down side streets,  
Making his way through town.  
He picks up pennies,  
Saves them for a rainy day,  
With calloused feet he makes his way  
To see the sun sink in the bay.  
Lindy strolls around and around and around...  
Around and around and around  
He plays piano at the church when nobody's watching  
Takes cigarettes from strangers and  
Sometimes you see him talking to himself.  
Laughing to himself  
Lindy strolls around and around around  
Lindy's seen it all.  
Storms and hurricanes,  
Some say he's insane

No one knows his last name, but i believe  
He's the salt of the earth  
just look past his dirty shirt and you will see just what he's worth  
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