

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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Lindy Strolls around and around and around
around and around and around...

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