

Barry Manilow, Angel Eyes

Try to think that love's not around
Still it's uncomfortably near
My old heart ain't gaining any ground
Because my angel eyes ain't here
Angel eyes, that old Devil sent
They glow unbearably bright
Need I say that my love's mispent
Mispent with angel eyes tonight
So drink up all you people
Order anything you see
And have fun you happy people
The drink and the laughs on me
But pardon me I got to run
The fact's uncommonly clear
I gotta find who's now the number one
And why my angel eyes ain't here
Pardon me I got to run
The fact's uncommonly clear
See I gotta find who's now the number one
And why my angel eyes ain't here
Excuse me while I disappear