

# 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