

Bob Lind, Eleanor

Do you ever think about me Eleanor
When the dawn is on the misty sky
Like white sheets over London streets
As the morning greets your angel eyes

Turning to watch you wave Eleanor
I knew there was nothing to save any more

But when you walk through your memories
I'd like to think that you look for me
I wish I could be sure Eleanor

I have thought about you Eleanor
When we drank that sweet red wine
Peeking low at the songs that flow
From a radio that only worked sometimes

One thing I just couldn't stand to ignore
Is that you knew what to do with your hands Eleanor

I'm just hoping that now and then
Your thoughts go back to those nights again
That's all I'm asking for Eleanor

Do you ever think about me Eleanor
Rolling out on a silver jet
The good, good times that we left behind
Stay on my mind, I won't forget

And if you ever dream of me
I just hope that you're glad that we
Opened up those special doors Eleanor