

# Don McLean, Since I Don't Have You

I don't have plans and schemes, and I don't have hopes and dreams  
I don't have anything since I don't have you  
I don't have fond desires; I don't have happy hours  
I don't have anything since I don't have you

I don't have happiness, and I guess I never will again  
When you walked out on me in came old misery,  
And he's been here since then

Now I don't have love to share, and I don't have one who cares  
I don't have anything since I don't have ...  
You, you, you, you, you