

# Jerry Vale, Linda

When I go to sleep  
I never count sheep,  
I count all the charms  
about Linda.

And lately it seems  
in all of my dreams,  
I walk with my arms  
about Linda.

But what good  
does it do me for Linda  
doesn't know that I exist?  
Can't help feeling gloomy,  
think of all the lovin'  
I've missed.

We pass on the street,  
my heart skips a beat,  
I say to myself,  
&quot;Hello, Linda.&quot;

If only she'd smile,  
I'd stop for a while  
and then I would  
get to know Linda.

But miracles still happen  
and when my lucky star  
begins to shine,

with one lucky break,  
I'll make Linda mine.

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about Linda.

I walk with my arms  
about Linda.

But what good  
does it do me for Linda  
doesn't know that I exist?  
Can't help feeling gloomy,  
think of all the lovin'  
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I say to myself,  
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