

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,
"Hello, Linda."

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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