

Jim Reeves, Linda

(Linda, Linda, I wish you were mine)

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 I exist
I can't have feeling blue me
'Cause just 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 her a while
And then I would get to know Linda.

But miracle still happened
And when my lucky star begins to shine
With one lucky break
I'll make Linda mine.

--- Instrumental ---

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