

Barry Manilow, A Linda Song

He never wrote a song for Linda
He wrote as though he lived alone
He wrote of dreams that end of sad brave men
Inventing worlds he never know

But he never wrote a song for Linda
And she was right there all alone
Loved him back to life
When his luck ran low
But he never wrote a Linda song

He nearly broke his heart at writing
Linda kept him from despair
Standing by his side, through the hungry days
But he hardly seemed to see her there

And he never wrote a song for Linda
And she was right there all alone
The one real thing in his crazy world
And he never wrote a Linda song

When the bills piled up and couldn't pay
He couldn't dream no more
So he hitched a ride and he road away
And he left a note for Linda by the door
By the door

When times got rough he phone her
Once or twice she took the call
Then she changed her number and she turned her head
And Linda never looked back at all

He'll never write a song for Linda
And she was right there all alone
Oh he knows, is no one understands
And he never wrote a Linda song
No he never wrote a Linda song