

Barry Manilow, (Why Don't You) See The Show Again

They tell me, I'm the man of the hour.
--Champagne, all around
It's been so long since I've been alone
Sometimes, it gets me down.

And you, You're pretty as a picture
And I don't even know your name
But I sure would like to meet you
Why don't you see the show again.

I've been singin' these love songs forever
Sometimes the words don't make much sense
So I'm living it all through the music
Using last nights compliments

I've been playing for thousands of people
Sometimes, it just never ends.
But the look in your eyes feels so good to me
Why don't you see the show again.

God knows, there's not much I can say
I don't have time for love in my life
But if I ever thought, about changin' my mind
It might be with you, tonight.

I've been on the road, for so many weeks now
And I'm losin' track of time
Tryin' to make ev'ryone happy
I wonder what's really mine.

And you, You're pretty as a picture
And I don't even know your name
But I sure would like to meet you
Why don't you see the show again.