Barry Manilow

Try to think that love's not around Still it's uncomfortably near My old heart ain't gaining any ground Because my angel eyes ain't here Angel eyes, that old Devil sent They glow unbearably bright Need I say that my love's mispent Mispent with angel eyes tonight So drink up all you people Order anything you see And have fun you happy people The drink and the laughs on me But pardon me I got to run The fact's uncommonly clear I gotta find who's now the number one And why my angel eyes ain't here Pardon me I got to run The fact's uncommonly clear See I gotta find who's now the number one And why my angel eyes ain't here Excuse me while I disappear