

# No Sad Song

Helen Reddy

Women fell into his arms  
He rolled them up just like cigars  
Later on he would discard them  
On the hardwood floor

Visions of power danced in his head  
Let them right, he'd throw women out of his bed  
There's still a spot where one of them bled  
On the hardwood floor

Sing me no sad song  
Sing me no sad song  
Sing me no sad song  
Sing me no sad song

There is nothing he couldn't have done  
But now he's dead and gone  
Tried to murder the sun with a handmade gun  
But the sun shone on and on

They never made something he couldn't afford  
He had it all and still wanted more  
They found him dead, stabbed in his bed  
With his head on the hardwood floor

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