

I Could Write a Book

Ray Charles

A-B-C-D-E-G
I never learned to spell
At least not well.
1-2-3-4-5-6-7
I never learned to count
A great amount.
But my busy mind is burning
To use what learning I've got.
I won't waste any time,
I'll strike while the iron is hot.
If they asked me, I could write a book
About the way you walk and whisper and look.
I could write a preface on how we met
So the world would never forget.
And the simple secret of the plot
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.
Then the world discovers as my book ends
How to make two lovers a friend.

Use to hate to go to school
I never cracked a book;
I played the hook.
Never answered any mail;
To write I used to think was wasting ink.
It was never my endeavor
To be too clever and smart.
Now I suddenly feel
A longing to write in my heart.
If they asked me, I could write a book
About the way you walk and whisper and look.
I could write a preface on how we met
So the world would never forget.
And the simple secret of the plot
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.
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