

Linda

The Mills Brothers

When I go to sleep
I never count sheep
I count all the charms about Linda
And lately it seems
In all of my dreams
I walk with my arms about Linda

But what good does it do me
For Linda doesn't know that I exist
Can't help feeling gloomy
Think of all the loving I have missed

We pass on the street
My heart skips a beat
I say to myself Hello Linda
If only she'd smile
I'd stop for a while
And then I would get to know Linda

But miracles still happen
And when my lucky star begins to shine
With one lucky break
I'll make Linda mine

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