

# The Song Without a Name

Tiny Tim

Last night there came to me a melody, a mystery  
In all my loneliness, unhappiness, it came  
So sweet and tenderly, so wistfully, it spoke to me  
I tried to find words to express it, but in vain  
What was this song that brightened up my day?  
What could it be? And then I heard it say:

I'm called the song without a name  
Where I belong I can't explain  
I speak of laughter, I speak of tears  
Of all hereafters and faded years  
Of wooded glens and moonlit streams  
I sing again of lover's dreams  
You'll find my voice everywhere, soothing all hearts in pain  
My melody, the song without a name

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