

Frank Sinatra "Linda"

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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 I exist,

Can't help feeling gloomy, think of all the lovin I've 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 little kiss, I'll make Linda mine.

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