

Jerry Vale

"The Song That Nobody Sings"

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The Song that Nobody Sings
Jerry Wallace

In the dr[C]y dusty desert a wild flower grows that
pu[G7]ts all the others to sha[C]me,
Far away in the desert where nobody goes the
flo[G7]wer that has no na[C]me.
In the whisky soaked mind of an old minstrel man
there's a bal[G7]lad of peace and good w[C]ill,
A warm welcome song that the world wants to hear but
the vo[G7]ice of the minstrel is st[C]ill.

Chorus

So dr[C]ink to the wild flower nobody kn[G7]ows
And the sorrow that loneliness brings
Dr[C]ink to the dreamers who lose there way
An[F]d the son[G7]g that nobody sin[C]gs

There's a bo[C]y from the land of the free and the
brave who's afr[G7]aid to go home in the da[C]rk,
His world is a room where a needle and spoon leave
the de[G7]vil's indelible ma[C]rk.
Take a look at the strangers you pass on the street and
the fa[G7]ces you see in the b[C]ar,
Sometimes I wonder if God really knows ju[G7]st how
lonely we ar[C]e. (Chorus)

Ta[C]ke a look at the women with nothing to say and
the m[G7]an with nothing to gi[C]ve,
Watching their dreams slip away and die when they
ha[G7]d every reason to li[C]ve.
In the dr[C]y dusty desert a wild flower grows like the
won[G7]derful dreams of the yo[C]ung,
And all that remains of the old minstrel man is a
so[G7]ng that will never be su[C]ng. (Chorus)

The[C]re's a lonely old soldier who lives in a home that
the cou[G7]ntry provides for old m[C]en,
Staring at darkness and waiting in vain for the
so[G7]und of a voice of a frie[C]nd.
If all of the children and poets and clowns and

dre[G7]amers were banished from Ea[C]rth,
If only the wise and the wealthy survived what
wo[G7]uld tomorrow be wo[C]rth. (Chorus)

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