## Jerry Wallace "The Song That Nobody Sings"

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The Song that Nobody Sings Jerry Wallace

lonely we ar[C]e. (Chorus)

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 loneness 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

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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