

## The Carmichaels

Al Stewart

Mr. Carmichael says that he loves his wife, I believe he does  
Gives her everything that a man can give  
But Mr. Carmichael beggars himself on the altar of his love  
And you can tell him that, that's not the way to live

And, ohh, how the wind has blown  
The leaves from the linden tree  
And, ohh, when the night grows free  
Why does Mrs. Carmichael come to me?

Mrs. Carmichael rises at ten, takes her time, is at her ease  
Drinking coffee in slippers and negligee  
Opens the door and the milkman brings her dreams  
There's no one sees, except the statue of Venus and she won't say

And, ohh, how the wind has blown  
The leaves from the linden tree  
And, ohh, when the night grows free  
Why does Mrs. Carmichael come to me?

Ohh, Mr. Carmichael, captain and star of his office billiards team  
Smiles to greet the applause as his ball goes in  
Hurrying back, bringing his victory home but there's no one here  
And supper waits on the table inside a tin

And, ohh, how the linden leaves  
Lie tossed as the night wind blows  
And struck in his silent pose  
Mr. Carmichael weeps and there's no one knows