

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