

# Melinda

Bill Anderson

(Melinda, Melinda)  
Oh, how I miss Melinda

While a walking down a street in Denver  
I passed by a little dress shop  
A sign on the door read Melinda's  
And I asked myself if I should stop

For I knew a girl named Melinda  
When I lived here years ago  
And I wondered if by chance it could be  
The Melinda I used to know

So I peeked in through the window  
And there to my surprise  
I saw my darling Melinda  
And a tear came to my eyes

For she looked lovely as always  
As I watched her standing there  
Her face was like an angel's  
With a halo of golden hair

Melinda, Melinda with the golden hair  
Oh, how I miss Melinda  
(Melinda)

Then I slowly remembered  
How she suffered the shame  
Of being left with a baby  
And me never changing her name

So I ran in and called out Melinda  
So ashamed I hung down my head  
But the young girl said sir I'm sorry  
But you see my mother is dead

Melinda, Melinda with the golden hair  
Oh, how I miss Melinda  
Oh, how I miss Melinda