

No Sad Song

Helen Reddy

Women fell into his arms
He rolled them up just like cigars
Later on he would discard them
On the hardwood floor

Visions of power danced in his head
Let them right, he'd throw women out of his bed
There's still a spot where one of them bled
On the hardwood floor

Sing me no sad song
Sing me no sad song
Sing me no sad song
Sing me no sad song

There is nothing he couldn't have done
But now he's dead and gone
Tried to murder the sun with a handmade gun
But the sun shone on and on

They never made something he couldn't afford
He had it all and still wanted more
They found him dead, stabbed in his bed
With his head on the hardwood floor

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