

Sweet Music Man

Kenny Rogers

I wouldn't listen and I couldn't see
And all I have left now are words you said to me,
Sing your song sweet music man,
'cos I won't be there to hold your hand like I used to,
I'm thro' with you.

You're a hell of a singer and a powerful man
But you surround yourself
With people who demand so little of you.

You touched my soul with your beautiful song,
You even had me singing along right with you,
You said I need.

Then you changed the words and added harmony
And you sang the song you had written for me
To someone new.

But nobody sings a love song quite like you do
And nobody else could make me sing along
And nobody else could make me feel
That things are right when I know they're wrong
(that things are right when you're wrong with the song)
Nobody sings a love song quite like you.

Sing your song sweet music man
You travel the world with a six piece band
That does for you what you ask 'em to.

And you try to stay young
But the songs you've sung to so many people
They've all begun to come back on you.

So sing your song sweet music man,
You're making your living doing one night stands,
That prove to you they don't need you.

You're still a hell of a singer but a broken man,
But you're keep on looking for one last fan
To sing 'em to.

But nobody sings...
So sing your song sweet music man
I believe in you.