A young man strumming his guitar
In the corner of a bar
Singing 'bout a brocken heart
For hours and hours
By closing time I face the fact
That if I had a gift like that
I know that I could win her back
But there's some things I can't do
So now it's up to you.

Write one for me
Put the perfect words together
Write one for me
The melody to last forever
I don't have the song, so if you please
Tell her she's a right one for me.

It does no good for you to play
A pretty song like Yesterday
'cause that's not what I need to say
To get her to love me
I'm too scared to tell her so
So if you'd be my Cyrano
And send to her a tune I know
That she would send her mind
So take a little time and...

Write one for me...

If I could have a poem, I would send one But I don't have a pen, I can't depend on I can't come up with a single line So would you write the song And tell her what's is my mine, all mine.

Write one for me...