

EDDY ARNOLD NO VINIL

As Melhores Letras

George Batista da Silva

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~ Clube de Autores ~

Joinville - Santa Catarina



Richard Edward Arnold

* As letras apresentadas neste volume foram extraídas de gravações específicas do cantor. Elas não necessariamente correspondem com letras de outros trabalhos deste ou de qualquer outro artista.

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

(Ervin Drake - Jimmy Shirl)

My lady love she stands a waitin'
Far across the wide Missouri
On the banks I hear her calling to me
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri.

For seven years I've been a roamin'
Seven years I led the valley
Now I live just for my true love to see
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri.

I'm pushin' off when dawn is breaking
Goin' cross the wide Missouri
Where my love she stands a waitin' for me
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri
A ro a ro la lee across wide Missouri
A ro la lee.

ANYTIME

(Herbert Lawson)

Anytime you're feeling lonely
Anytime you're feeling blue
Anytime you feel down-hearted
That will prove your love for me is true.

Anytime you're thinking bout me
That's the time I'll think of you
Anytime you say you want me back again
That's the time I'll come back home to you.

(Instrumental break)

Anytime will be the right time
Anytime at all will do
Anytime you say you want me back again
That's the time I'll come back home to you.

AS USUAL

(Alex Zanetis)

The sun comes up and brings the dawn as usual
And I awake I'll find you're gone as usual
But I can't find a way to let this crazy heart of mine forget
I pretend you're still beside me as usual.

Each evening I take a walk as usual
I make believe that we still talk as usual
People always stop and stare I guess they just don't see you
there
Don't they know you'll always be right here as usual.

Today I looked into my mirror as usual
I told myself that you're still here as usual
And as I stood there telling lies the tears began to fill my eyes
'Cause I know I'm only fooling myself as usual.

BLACK CLOUD

(Bill Brock)

There's a black cloud hanging over my head
Down to my last buck
With that old black cloud hanging over my head
There ain't no such thing as good luck.

On the very first Saturday of every month
I go to town to get me some pay
When I ask my bossman about the draw
This is what my bossman say.

There's a black cloud hanging over my head
Down to my last buck
With that old black cloud hanging over my head
There ain't no such thing as good luck.

Well I earn my livin' by sweatin' my brow
I work so hard at my job every day
With that old black cloud hanging over my head
That drive my dreams away.

And if it wasn't for the help of the one I love
To tell my troubles to
There just ain't no tellin' what that old black cloud
Might drive this poor boy to.

There's a black cloud hanging over my head
Down to my last buck
With that old black cloud hanging over my head
There ain't no such thing as good luck.