

# Blind Willie

Chris Rea

Blind Willie, that man could see  
What we  
Can only dream about  
Blind Willie, my one and only peace  
That I can't do without  
Blind Willie

Now I can smell the burnt out hell you lived in  
The damp newspaper making up your bed  
The stinging eyes that died  
When you were just a child  
Oh I swear that I have cried  
For you  
Blind Willie

I pray each night  
You sleep without a fever  
I pray each night  
You don't feel the winter cold  
Willie B and Angelina are with you now  
And peace like sunlight  
Wraps around your soul

Oh Blind Willie