

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