

Eyesight to the Blind

Gary Moore

You're talking about your woman,
I wish to God, man, that you could see mine
You're talking about your woman,
I wish to God that you could see mine
Every time the little girl start to loving,
She bring eyesight to the blind

Lord, her daddy must been a millionaire,
'Cause I can tell by the way she walk
Her daddy must been a millionaire,
Because I can tell by the way she walk
Every time she start to loving,
The deaf and dumb begin to talk

I remember one Friday morning,
We was lying down across the bed
Man in the next room a-dying, stopped dying
And lift up his head, and said,
"Lord, ain't she pretty,
And the whole state know she fine!"

Every time she start to loving,
She bring eyesight to the blind
(Spoken: All right and all right, now.
Lay it on me, lay it on me, lay it on me
Oh lordy, what a woman, what a woman!)

Yes, I declare she's pretty
And the whole state knows she's fine
Man, I declare she's pretty,
God knows I declare she's fine
Every time she starts to loving,
Whoo, she brings eyesight to the blind