

# Last Night I Dreamed Of Henry Thomas

Deacon Blue

Lily love that's a  
Beautiful name  
Your precious gifts are not the same  
Since they faded away

The song so distant  
But it still rings true your  
Beautiful hands were rudely used  
To make things pay

Every minute of every day  
You don't get angry 'bout what's taken away  
Is only real life  
Every second of eternal light  
Piercing through this sorrowful night  
Will bring the sad heart  
The cold heart  
To love again

Last night I dreamed of  
Henry Thomas in the  
Delta light his rusty pipes  
They drifted away

Standing in some  
Dusty patch  
It felt so close that I could almost catch  
His breath on me

Every minute of every day  
You don't get angry 'bout what's been taken away  
Is only real life  
Every second of eternal light  
Piercing through this sorrowful night  
Will make the sad heart  
The cold heart  
To love again

Every minute of every day  
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To love again

Last night I dreamed of  
Henry Thomas and the blues