

# 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