

Attics Of My Life

Grateful Dead

In the attics of my life, full of cloudy dreams unreal.
Full of tastes no tongue can know, and lights no eye can see.
When there was no ear to hear, you sang to me.

I have spent my life seeking all that's still unsung.
Bent my ear to hear the tune, and closed my eyes to see.
When there were no strings to play, you played to me.

In the book of love's own dream, where all the print is blood.
Where all the pages are my days, and all my lights grow old.
When I had no wings to fly, you flew to me, you flew to me.

In the secret space of dreams, where I dreaming lay amazed.
When the secrets all are told, and the petals all unfold.
When there was no dream of mine, you dreamed of me.