

Eyesight to the Blind

Sonny Boy Williamson

You've 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

(I've got to get out of here, now, let's go, let's go, let's go now)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by WILLIE SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

Lyrics Â© BMG PLATINUM SONGS OBO ARC MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>