Blind

Livingston Taylor

My telephone rang I was too late
Why did I stop to hesitate
On my way home
Take my hands let me confess
'Bout loving and hating and all of the rest
And ideas I've roamed

Then I saw a brilliant sign
And let it slip behind
And search again and
Find I'm blind

My thoughts they make a tender smile
My hands they move and in a while
I've got what I want.
That tenderness that you insist you feel
Ain't worth a damn 'cause it ain't real
Lord it sure does haunt.

Then you saw a brilliant sign
And let it slip behind
And search again and find you're blind.

See me in a lonely Sunday
If you've got the time
And don't surprise me or you'll find
That I'm completely blind.

Now I'm so sick of what's being said
My thoughts they burn inside my head
There's not much untouched.
All of my children begin to cry
They clutch at me demanding why
Tell 'em 'bout loving and such.

Then they saw a brilliant sign
And let it slip behind
And search again and find they're blind.

See them in a lonely Sunday

If you've got the time
And don't surprise them or you'll find
That they're completely blind
That they're completely blind.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by GOGGIN, EDWARD J. / ROSS, MAC / TAYLOR, SCOTT / MITCHO, BRADLEY J.
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/