

While My Guitar Gently Weeps

Peter Frampton

I look at you all,
See the love there that's sleeping,
While my guitar gently weeps
I look, at the floor,
And I see it needs sweeping,
Still my guitar gently weeps I don't know why, nobody told you, how to unfold your love
I don't know how, someone controlled you, they bought and sold you
I look, at the world, and I notice it's turning,
While my guitar gently weeps
With every mistake, we must surely be learning,
Still my guitar gently weeps I don't know how, you were diverted,
You were perverted, too.
I don't know how, you were inverted,
No one alerted you
I look at you all,
See the love there that's sleeping,
While my guitar gently weeps. Look at you all
Still my guitar gently weeps

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