

Eyesight To The Blind

Sonny Boy Williamson II

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)

Songwriters

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