

# Sweet Thing

**Jeff Buckley**

And I will stroll the merry way  
And jump the hedges first  
And I will drink the clear  
Clean water for to quench my thirst And I shall watch the ferry-boats  
And they'll get high  
On a bluer ocean  
Against tomorrow's sky And I will never grow so old again  
And I will walk and talk  
In gardens all wet with rain  
Hey, it's me, I'm dynamite And I don't know why  
We shall walk and talk  
In gardens all misty and wet with rain  
My, my, my, my, my sweet thing And I will raise my hand up  
Into the night time sky  
And count the stars  
That's shining in your eye And I'll be satisfied  
In gardens all wet with rain And I will never, ever, ever, ever  
Grow so old again.  
Oh sweet thing, sweet thing  
Sugar baby with your champagne eyes  
And your saint-like smile...

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