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 thirstAnd I shall watch the ferry-boats
And they'll get high
On a bluer ocean
Against tomorrow's skyAnd 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 dynamiteAnd I don't know why
We shall walk and talk
In gardens all misty and wet with rain
My, my, my, my, my sweet thingAnd I will raise my hand up
Into the night time sky
And count the stars
That's shining in your eyeAnd I'll be satisfied
In gardens all wet with rainAnd 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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