

Eyesight to the Blind

[Roger Daltrey](#)

Well, well, well, well
You were talkin' 'bout your woman
I wish to God that you could see mine
You were talkin' 'bout your woman
I wish to God, man you sure could see mine
Every time my little girl started loving
She bring eyesight to the blind
Lord, her daddy must have been a millionaire
'Cause I can tell by the way she walks
Her daddy must have been a millionaire
'Cause I can tell by the way she walks
Every time she started loving
The deaf and dumb begin to talk
Yeah, you know what they say
I remember one Friday morning
We was lying down across your bed
Man in the bathroom was dying
Eyes were sad and I stroked his head
And I said, "Lord, ain't she pretty?"
And the whole state knows she's fine
And every, every, every time she started loving
She bring eyesight to the blind
What a woman I got here
Lean on me baby, lean on me
Yes, I declare she pretty
And the whole state knows she's fine
Man, I declare she pretty
Lord, Lord, Lord, I declare she's fine
Every, every, every, every time she started loving
She bring eyesight to the blind

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