

Attics of My Life

Grateful Dead

In the attics of my life
Full of cloudy dreams; unreal
Full of tastes no tongue can know
And lights no eye can see
When there was no ear to hear
You sang to me I have spent my life
Seeking all that's still unsung
Bent my ear to hear the tune
And closed my eyes to see
When there were no strings to play
You played to me In the book of love's own dreams
Where all the print is blood
Where all the pages are my days
And all my lights grow old When I had no wings to fly
You flew to me
You flew to me

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