



A Friend Of Mine Is Going Blind

A Friend of mine is going blind, but through the dimness  
He sees so much better than me  
And how he cherishes each new thing that he sees  
They are locked in his head, he will save them for when  
He's in darkness again

He can't read books and he can't paint pretty pictures  
But he understands so much clearer than I  
For he knows that all he's missing with his eyes  
Is more vivid in the mind of the man who's going blind  
And that's why he doesn't mind

Won't you sing Tommy Davidson of things that you have seen  
Sing of winter's bite and summer nights  
And places you have been  
Of dew drops and forget-me-nots and silver silky sheen  
Lain across the morning meadow on the hillside

And this friend of mine, he plays guitar and sings his song so well  
And he sings so much better than I  
He can sing you any pictures in your mind  
He will sketch them out in rhyme, draw the details in the lines  
And he'll colour it in time

And oh how he loves his guitar, and it loves him  
And they play so much sweeter than me  
As if to say that come the day that he can't see  
He will have at his command so much beauty in his hands  
That the loss won't come so hard

Won't you sing Tommy Davidson of things that you have done  
Sing of silver seagulls sailing into evening's golden sun  
Sing of city streets and villages and people on the run  
Tell the people how you know it Tommy Davidson

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