

Jeff Buckley

"Sweet Thing"

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(Van Morrison)

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,
high

On a bluer ocean against tomorrow's sky

And I will never, ever grow so old again

And we will walk and talk in gardens all misty wet with
rain

Oh sweet thing, sweet thing

Oh my, my, my, my...well, well...sweet thing
And I will drive my chariot down your streets and cry

'Well, it's me, I'm dynamite and I don't know why'

And you will hold me strongly in your arms again

Pretty babe, I will not remember that I even felt the pain

And we will walk and talk in gardens all misty wet with
rain

And I will never, ever grow so old again

Oh sweet thing, oh, oh,

Oh my, my, my, my sweet thing, sweet thing
And I will raise my hand up into the midnight sky

And count all the lights that's shining in your eye

Just to dig it all and not to question well that's just fine

Just to dig it all and never wonder well that's just fine

And I'll be satisfied not to read between the lines
And we will walk and talk in gardens all misty wet with
rain

We will, someday

And we, you and me, walk and talk in gardens all misty
wet with rain

Oh you and me, we will walk

And talk in gardens all misty wet with rain

And we will walk in gardens all misty wet with rain

And we shall walk in gardens all misty wet with rain

And we shall walk and talk in gardens all misty wet with
rain

And we will never, ever grow so old again

Oh sweet thing, oh sweet thing

Sweet thing, oh you know we will, oh you know we will
Remember the day when I held you hand

The look in my eyes only you can understand

Remember when we held each other soft and low

How nothing could ever be that strong

Sleep tonight with dreams as sweet as angels' wings

All your dreams will bring you sweeter things

Sweet sweet sweet thing, oh sweet thing

Don't, don't, don't you cry, no no

Come here and let me tell you, let me tell you how
much I love you

Sweet thing, oh sweet thing

Oh sweet thing, oh sweet thing
You know we will walk and talk in gardens all misty wet
with rain

And we'll never grow so old again

Oh sweet thing, sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet

Sweet sweet thing, sweet thing, sweet thing

Oh my sweet thing

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