

John Dawson Read

"A Friend Of Mine Is Going Blind"

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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 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 color it in time

And oh how he loves his guitar
And it loves him
And they play much sweeter than I
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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