

Van Morrison "T B Sheets"

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Words and music by Van Morrison

Now listen Julie baby,
It ain't natural for you to cry in the midnight,
It ain't natural for you to cry
Way in the midnight through,
Until the wee small hours
Long 'fore the break of dawn, oh Lord.

Now Julie there ain't nothin' on my mind
More further away than what you're lookin' for,
I see the way they jump at me
Lord, from behind the door, and look into my eyes,
Your little star stuck innuendows,
Inadequacies, foreign bodies.

And the sunlight shining through the crack in the
window pane
Numbs my brain
And the sunlight shining through the crack in the
window pane
Numbs my brain, oh, Lord.

So open up the window and let me breathe,
I said, open up the window and let me breathe
I'm looking down to the street below
Lord, I cried for you, Oh, Lord.

The cool room, Lord, is a fool's room,
The cool room, Lord, is a fool's room,
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets, on your sick
bed.

I gotta go, I gotta,
And you said, please stay.

I want, I want a drink of water,
I want a drink of water,
I went to the kitchen to get me a drink of water,

I gotta go baby.

I send, I send, I send somebody around her later,
You know we got John comin' around
Later with a bottle of wine for you, babe.

The cool room Lord, is a fool's room
The cool room Lord, is a fool's room
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets
I can almost smell your T.B. sheets
I gotta go.

Send 'round, send one that grumbles later on,
Will see what I can pick up for ya,
I got a few things gotta do,
Don't worry about it,
Don't worry about it, don't worry, up up go go go
I gotta go,
Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go, gotta go,
And all right, all right,

I turned on the radio, if you wanna hear a few tunes,
I'll turn the radio on for you

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