

When A Blind Man Cries – Richie Sambora

If you're leaving close the door
I'm not expecting people anymore
Hear me grieving, lying on the floor
Whether I'm drunk or dead -
I really ain't too sure
I'm a blind man, I'm a blind man,
Lord, my world is pale
When a blind man cries, Lord, you know,
there ain't no sadder tale
Had a friend once in a room
I had a good time, but it ended much too soon
In a cold month in that room
We found a reason for the things we had to do
I'm a blind man, I'm a blind man,
now my room is cold
When a blind man cries, Lord, you know,
he feels it from his soul
I'm a blind man, I'm a blind man,
Now my world is closed
When a blind man cries, Lord, you know,
He feels it from his soul



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych