

Sweet Thing

The Waterboys

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 on a bluer ocean
Against tomorrow's sky
And I will never grow so old again

And I will walk and talk
In gardens all wet with rain
Oh sweet thing, sweet thing
My, my, my, my, my sweet thing

And I shall drive my chariot
Down your streets and cry
Hey, it's me, I'm dynamite
And I don't know why

And you shall take me strongly
In your arms again
And I will not remember
That I even felt the pain

We shall walk and talk
In gardens all misty and wet with rain
And I will never, never, never
Grow so old again

Oh sweet thing, sweet thing
My, my, my, my, my sweet thing

And I will raise my hand up
Into the night time sky
And count the stars
That's shining in your eye

Just to dig it all an' not to wonder
That's just fine and I'll be satisfied
Not to read in between the lines

And I will walk and talk
In gardens all wet with rain
And I will never, ever, ever, ever
Grow so old again

Oh sweet thing, sweet thing
Sugar, baby with your champagne eyes
And your saint like smile