

Peter Frampton, While My Guitar Gently Weeps

I look at you all,
see the love there that's sleeping,
while my guitar gently weeps
I look, at the floor,
and I see it needs sweeping,
still my guitar gently weeps
I don't know why, nobody told you, how to unfold your love
I don't know how, someone controlled you, they bought and sold you
I look, at the world, and I notice it's turning,
while my guitar gently weeps
With every mistake, we must surely be learning,
still my guitar gently weeps

I don't know how, you were diverted,
you were perverted, too. I don't know how, you were inverted,
no one alerted you
I look at you all,
see the love there that's sleeping,
while my guitar gently weeps. Look at you all...
Still my guitar gently weeps