

# 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