Gross Paul, Blind Man

Gray socks and black shoes, black hair and eyes so true
A smile like a cool wind blowing through lips that kiss like a fool
These are the memories I have of you
No, these are the gifts I took from you
Your skin is so close to mine that it seems to know my name
And your laugh -- well, let's just say
Something wicked this way came
And in this old hotel my heart pounds like a drum
It beats with the rhythm of missing you
This is the rhythm of missing you
Chorus:
Take a look at the blind man, the fool ain't got no cane
The blind man he's dancing in the driving rain
Well, I am that blind man and I can finally see
What I've always known: you belong to me
There ain't nothing wrong with this hotel that a big bomb couldn't fix
My doorman he's a reprobate and the maid she's been turning tricks
And in my broken sleep I wake up from some pain
My heart drifts through the window
and sails into the rain
Oh Lord, I miss you, I miss you here in the dark
This comes from Nashville, baby
It's a call from a wounded heart
And if I want this heart of mine to ever mend
I guess I'm gonna have to find you again
Yeah, I'll have to find you again