

Laura Nyro, Sweet Blindness

Let's go down by the grapevine, drink my Daddy's wine, get happy.

Down by the grapevine, drink my daddy's wine, get happy, happy.

Oh, sweet blindness, a little magic, a little kindness. Oh, sweet blindness, all over me.

Four leaves on a clover, I'm just a bit of a shade hung over.

Come on baby, do a slow float you're a good looking riverboat
and ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me?

Down by the grapevine, drink my Daddy's wine, good morning.

Down by the grapevine, drink my Daddy's wine, good morning, morning.

Oh, sweet blindness, a little magic, a little kindness. Oh, sweet blindness, all over me.

Please don't tell my mother, I'm a saloon and a moonshine lover.

Come on baby, do a slow float you're a good looking riverboat
and ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me?

Don't ask me cause I ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinking,
ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinking, ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinking,
wine of wonder, wonder, (by the way).

Oh, sweet blindness, a little magic, a little kindness. Oh, sweet blindness, all over me.

Don't let daddy hear it, he don't believe in the gin mill spirit.

Don't let daddy hear it, he don't believe in the gin mill spirit.

Come on baby, do a slow float you're a good looking riverboat
and ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me?

Now, ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me?