

# The Grateful Dead, Attics Of My Life

In the attics of my life  
Full of cloudy dreams unreal  
Full of tastes no tongue can know  
And lights no eye can see  
When there was no ear to hear  
You sang to me

I have spent my life  
Seeking all that's still unsung  
Bent my ear to hear the tune  
And closed my eyes to see  
When there were no strings to play  
You played to me

In the book of love's own dream  
Where all the print is blood  
Where all the pages are my days  
And all my lights grow old  
When I had no wings to fly  
You flew to me

You  
flew  
to me

In the secret space of dreams  
Where I dreaming lay amazed  
When the secrets all are told  
And the petals all unfold  
When there was no dream of mine  
You dreamed of me