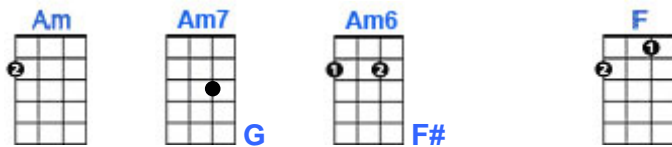
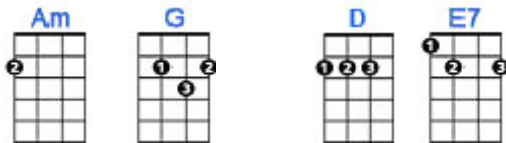


While My Guitar Gently Weeps

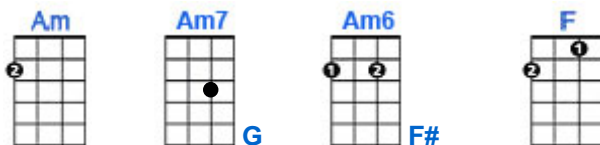
Beatles



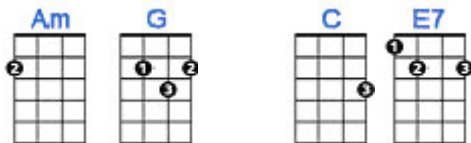
I look at you all, see the love there that's sleeping,



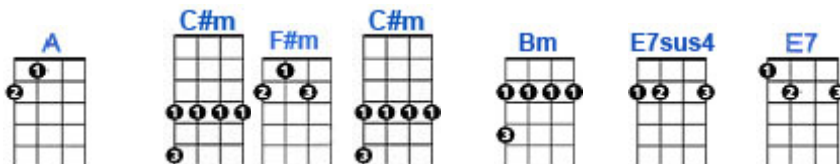
while my guitar gently weeps.



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 so-ld 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.

I look at you all, see the love there that's sleeping,
still my guitar gently weeps.