



Gonna Go Blind

(Phil Kennemore)

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I was just a boy—back in school
Teacher teachin' me the Golden Rule
Listen to me, boy—now understand
Your whole future lies in your hand (*and she was right*)

Went to church on a Sunday morn
Preacher preachin' his words of scorn
God bless the child that's got his own
Thought I had nothing 'til I found this bone

CHORUS:

Gonna go blind, gonna go blind
'Cause I do it all the time
Gonna go blind, gonna go blind
'Cause I do it all the time

Oh, my daddy, mister fix-it man
Always had his tool in his hand
Said you want it done right, want it done well
Grab your tool, boy, and do it yourself

CHORUS

Ain't no use in me pretendin'—I can't leave myself alone
Self-abuse is never-ending since I found my magic bone

Asked my mama—go out to play
Said it's cold out, boy, listen what I say
Play with yourself, boy, that's the best way
Play with yourself, you can do it all day

CHORUS