

Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,

I would spread these cloths under your feet:
I would spread these cloths under your feet:
I would spread these cloths under your feet:

Tread softly, oh;
Tread softly,
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams

Tread softly, oh;
Tread softly,
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams

But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
Yes I, being poor, have only my dreams
Yes I, being poor, have only my dreams

I have spread my dreams under your feet;
I have spread my dreams under your feet
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

Tread softly, oh;
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Guitar Solo

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