

## 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:

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

Tread softly, oh;  
Tread softly,  
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Guitar Solo

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