

Incubus, Under My Umbrella

When I close my eyes
I can see for miles
There comfort in my dark seat
And chaos in the aisles.
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not the color that
Your arid eyes might be.
I was not around
When those eyes of yours decided
So I refuse to kneel before the sights you choose to see.
When I close my eyes
I remember why I smile
under my umbrella
I'm an Accomplished Exile
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not the color that
Your arid eyes might be.
I was not around
When those eyes of yours decided
So I refuse to kneel before the sights you choose to see.
If this is right... i'd rather be wrong...
If this is sight... i'd rather be blind!