

# Nirvana, The Eagle Has Landed

Try to find something fast, in my eyes  
Oh no, that's ok, phone home  
Everthing tastes the same, in my eyes  
Every day, every taste, in my eyes

Hey! [x3]

Every time it's in his chin, in my eyes  
Everything Tennessees, phone home  
Bring it down, at the town, in my eyes  
Bring it in, set it's in, in my eyes

Hey! [x3]

Try it's sound, something found, it ain't us  
Round down, at the town, go home  
Round down, something in, mean us  
Every taste, something fake, gross

Hey! [x3]

Take ...  
Mean heart ...  
Mean hearts ...[x3]

[Alternate version of the lyrics to this song:]

Down down such a fast, in my eyes  
Won't ever let you down, flown home  
Granted to your sense of sound, oh my eyes  
You and me it contains, my heart

Hey! [x3]

Go dark sound check, my eyes  
Everything teddy sees, is all wrong  
Burnin' down half the town, and my house  
Entertaining suicide, well my heart

Hey! [x3]

Jonestown such a frown, see yours  
Riddle meal left the town, or go home  
Rarin' round such a day, for me uh ..  
Hitch a train to Santa Fe, or go horse

Hey! [x3]

Take ...  
Mean horse ...  
Mean horse ...[x3]