

Old 97's, Big Brown Eyes

Big brown eyes, and a gust of wind,
And the cherry burns the corner of the page that says "The end
Is coming soon," but not soon enough.
Restring all your guitars. Pack up all your stuff.
'Cause if Robert's dad is right,
We might not make it through the night,
And I'd hate to go alone.
Please pick up the phone.
Well a box of red, and a pill or three,
And I'm calling time and temperature just for some company.
I wish you were here. I wish I was too.
I'll drink myself to sleeplessness, I always do.
You don't want me anymore,
Since fame and fortune broke down our door.
You don't give me no respect.
What did I expect?
If that phone don't ring one more time,
I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind.
You made a big impression for a girl of your size,
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown eyes.
Her hands are cold, her breath is warm,
She's a port in a storm.
I'm worried now, but it won't be long.
It takes a worried man, you know, to sing a worried song.
I've got issues, yeah.
Like I miss you, yeah.
And I wish I weren't so thick.
I'm making myself sick.
If that phone don't ring one more time,
I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind.
You made a big impression for a girl of your size,
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown eyes.