

Sublime, Eye Of Fatima

She got the Eye of Fatima
In the wall of her-his room
Three bottles of tequila
Three cats and a broom
He got an fifteen-year-old angel
And she's all dressed in black
He got fifteen bindles of cocaine
Tied up in a sack

This here's a government experiment
And we're drivin' like hell
To give some cowboys some acid
And to stay in motels
We're gonna eat up some wide open spaces
Like it was the top of the Nile
The hands on the clock
Are gonna be here
A while

And I am the Eye of Fatima
In the wall of the motel room
And cowboys on acid
Are like Egyptian cartoons
No one ever conquered Wyoming
From the left or from the right
Just to stay in motel rooms
Stay up all night