

The Sundays, Your Eyes

you ask me why I'll tell you then
two worlds collide we bury them
we're far too drunk to see these things as they are
you painted me and I sat quite still
a tiny room in Notting Hill
it was far too dark to look at things as they are

I've seen the light vanish out of your eyes
(aah oh no, from your eyes, aah oh)
so goodbye

you tell me now I'm young and wild
you spare the rod and you spoil the child
I'd love to stay but I think I'm off to Japan anyway

I've seen the light vanish out of your eyes
(aah oh no, from your eyes, aah oh)
so goodbye
(from your eyes, aah oh no, where has it gone?)
your eyes have lost their shine