

Aztec Camera, Pianos And Clocks

Words and music by Roddy Frame
Well, hello there, sweet to see you,
Like your colour, how you doin'?
I've been battered and bewildered
In the beauty of your ruins
Flash, flash and I am blinded
By the fact that you've been born
Feels like fiction life goes on
Brown eyes are gone
Silence is a virtue
I was taught so I agreed
Conversation half forgotten
Is the hole I hold in me
And all our language and expression
Is decimated by decree
The sound of song dies in the dawn
Brown eyes are gone
Descended slowly on the
Steps of the cathedral
Where I kissed you,
Remembered candles lit with meaning
I imposed but that escaped you
With your brown eyes
And your blue jeans
I heard the chiming of the clocks
Kick out the shifting
Shuffling rhythm of your docs
Hit the road with my compadre
Saw the city incomplete
We were tossed and torn and tumbled
In your famous foreign streets
I felt so fearless and forgotten
No-one numbered nothing neat
The sun has shone, we still belong,
Brown eyes are gone
So farewell then senorita
Pianos played and set the tone
I was singing like a servant
To the tune of telephones
I wish you freedom and forgiveness
And a time that is your own
Blue is the colour, mine's the moment
Brown eyes are gone