

Beautiful South, The, Old Red Eyes Is Back

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Old Red Eyes Is Back

(heaton/rotheray)

Old red eyes is back

Red from the night before the night before

Walked into the wrong bar walked into a door

Old red's in town

And sitting late at night he doesn't make a sound

Just adding to the wrinkles on his deathly frown

They're only red from all the tears that i should've shed

They're only red from all the women that i could've wed

So when you look into these eyes i hope you realise

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

Listen up old red

You never listened to a word the doctor said

He told you if you drank another you'd be dead

Old red eyes is back

His shoulders ache all over and his brain is sore

He pours a drink and listens to his body thaw

They're only red from all the thoughts unused inside my head

They're only red from all the things i could have done instead

So when you look into these eyes i hope you realise

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

Blue is a street without an end

Red is the colour of my hell

Blue is a greeting from a friend

Red is the colour of farewell

Old red he died

And every single landlord in the district cried

An empty bottle of whisky laying by his side

A lazy little tear running from each eye

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue

They could never be blue