

# Beautiful South, The, Old Red Eyes Is Back

Beautiful South, The  
0898

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