

David Byrne, You And Eye

You and I - may kill ourselves
You and I - go straight to hell
Where they have barbeque and beer
Better than they do up here
And you know all the words to the songs

Yeah - we smoke cigarettes
We dance with the dead
They're soft to the touch
We drink way too much

And darling, I think you'll like it here
You might like it here

You and I - we ain't no saints
You and I - we can see our fates
We'll be the faces in the clouds
We'll be a gospel singer's shout
We'll be the lights from an airplane at night

Hey yeah - I can't stay in my skin
I bin in here too long
But I know where to find, a really good time
And darlin' I think you'll like it here
You might like it here

I'm gonna fall in love
With ev'ryone I meet
And ev'ryone I see
And ev'rything I touch
And ev'rything I feel

Isn't that the way (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be?

I'm the look upon your face
The water on your lawn
The light from distant stars
The wreckage of a plane

The space between your teeth
The itch you cannot scratch
The mentally unfit
The pimple on your lip

Isn't that the way (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)

I'm the ice cubes in your glass
A busted cadillac
A garden of delight
A joker in your deck

Well it ain't in what I feel
No, it ain't in what I say
In the pleasure of a kiss
It never fades away

Isn't that the way (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)
It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)

It's supposed to be? (Isn't that the way)

You and I