

# 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