

# Die Toten Hosen, Gray Gilmore's Eyes

[Originally by The Adverts]

I'm lying in the hospital  
I'm pinned against the bed  
A stethoscope upon my heart  
A hand against my head  
They're peeling off the bandages  
I'm wincing in the light  
The nurse is looking anxious  
And she's quivering with fright

I'm looking through Gary Gilmore's eyes  
Looking through Gary Gilmore's eyes

The doctors are avoiding me  
My vision is confused  
I listen to my earphones  
And I catch the evening news  
A murderer's been killed  
and he donates his sight to science  
I'm looked into a private ward  
I realise that I must be

Looking through Gary Gilmore's eyes

I smash the light in anger  
Push my bed against the door  
I close my lids across the eyes  
And wish to see no more  
The eyes receives the messages  
And sends them to the brain  
No guarantee the stimuli  
Must be perceived the same

When looking through Gary Gilmore's eyes  
Looking through Gary Gilmore's eyes

Gary don't need his eyes to see  
Gary and his eyes are parted company