Don Henley, Drivin' With Your Eyes Closed

I met a Frenchman in a field last night
he was out there with an easel painting carnival light.
he said, " I used to paint the Princess, I used to paint the frogs.
Now I paint moustaches on dangerous dogs.
Sometimes it's a country
Sometimes it's a girl
you know everybody got to have a purpose in this world
You Yankees are so silly about matters of the heart
Don't you know that women are the only works of art?"

(Chorus)
And you're drivin' with your eyes closed
you're drivin' with your eyes closed
you're drivin' with your eyes closed
and you're gonna hit somethin'
but that's the way it goes

some guys were born to ramble
some guys breathe bubble air
Some guys just got to go and put their rockets everywhere

you can breed 'em by the thousands
you can check 'em, you can train
just look at all those poor dogs that are dragged down by the Seine

How many arrows must I shoot into the blue?
ahh you little maniac, I'm crazy over you

so before the death of lovers and the punishment of pride
Let's go scrape on the Terrazzo, it's just too hot outside.

(Chorus)

(just listen to me..
talk talk talk'n talk
talk talk sweet talk
talk talk tough talk
talk talk (unintellegible) talk
talk talk walk 'n talk
talk talk me talk
talk talk baby talk
kiss kiss
kiss me baby)

(talk talk talk'n talk
talk talk smooth talk
talk talk muddy talk
talk talk back talk
talk talk small talk
talk talk heavy talk
talk talk peace talk
talk talk bull shit)