

Giles, Giles And Fripp, Erudite Eyes

You whisper by with your mind in your eye
seeing nothing that's there but the bones on the bed
eyeing thoughts that would stare in your eye

I know nice men who have nothing to say
except "What a nice day, may I say that today?"
and I stay 'cause I've nothing to say

But the peace of mine is peace of mind and eye a gift to all
But the things I see I see with mind and don't observe with eyes

Erudite eyes always bore me to cry
and the raining that flows is the pure-salty drain
on the peace which I hold in my mind

But the peace of mine is peace of mind and eye a gift to all
But the things I see I see with mind and don't observe with eyes