

Pat Monahan, Her Eyes

She's not afraid; she just likes to use her night light
When she gets paid, true religion gets it all
If they fit right.
She's a little bit manic, completely organic
Doesn't panic for the most part.
She's old enough to know, and young enough not to say no
To any chance that she gets for home plate tickets to see the Mets.
Like everybody, she's in over her head,
Dreads Feds, Grateful Dead, and doesn't take meds.
She's a Gemini Capricorn
Thinks all men are addicted to porn.
I don't agree with her half the time,
But, damn I'm glad she's mine.
Her eyes, that's where hope lies.
That's where blue skies
Meet the sunrise.
Her eyes, that's where I go
When I go home.
She got the kinda strength that every man wishes he had.
She loved Michael Jackson up until he made Bad.
Tells me that she lives about a hundred lives,
Scares me to death when she thinks and drives,
Says cowboy hats make her look fat,
and I'm so glad she's mine.
Her eyes, that's where hope lies.
That's where blue skies
Meet the sunrise.
Her eyes, that's where I go
When I go home.
She doesn't know the word 'impossible'
Don't care where I've been and doesn't care where we're goin' to.
She takes me as I am, and that ain't easy.
She's beautiful. So beautiful.
And sometimes I think she's truly crazy.
And I love it.
Her eyes, that's where hope lies.
That's where blue skies
Always meet the sunrise.
Her eyes, that's where I go
When I go home.
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