

Paula Cole, Nietzsche's Eyes

How many times did I have to hear you say to me
Self obsessed artist,
Center of your universe?
Well, I believed your every word
And I believed you were my God

Nietzsche's eyes, Nietzsche's kite
Failed in flight to us, and oh my love...

Grandmother, mother, and now I see it in myself
I take on the water
until the dam threatens to break
I became a little doll
My voice became too small

Nietzsche's eyes, Nietzsche's kite
failed in flight to us, and oh my love...

I'm shakin', I'm shakin', I'm gettin' down this fantasy
And I'm shakin', I'm shakin', I'm gettin' down this, gettin' down this
You were not my Superman

I didn't know, just how I fell
Oh my love...

I'm shakin', I.... oh, I'm gettin' down this,
You were not my Superman...

I wasn't honest, I tried to philosophize
Only too late did I see that I wore Nietzsche's eyes
Now that I step back to see, I haven't been me...

And oh my love...
Nietzsche's eyes (oh my love), Nietzsche's kite (oh my love)
failed in flight to us (oh my love), and oh my love

I'm shakin', I'm shakin', I'm gettin' down this fantasy
And I'm shakin', I'm shakin',
I'm gettin' down this, gettin' down this
gettin' down this, gettin' down this, gettin' down this
gettin' down this, gettin' down this, gettin' down this
gettin' down this, gettin' down this, gettin' down this...