

Richard Thompson, Don't Roll Those Bloodshot Eyes At Me

(Ruth Hall/Hank Penny)

[From Live At Crawley 1993]

Now just because you're pretty
And you think you're mighty wise,
You tell me that you love me,
Then you roll those big blue eyes;
When i saw you last week
Your eyes were turning black,
Go find the guy that beat you up,
Ask him to take you back.

Don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me.
I can tell you've been out on a spree.
It's plain that you are lying
When you say you've been crying,
So don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me.

I used to spend my money
To make you look real sweet,
I wanted to be proud of you
When we walked down the street,
Now don't ask me to dress you up
In satins and silk,
Your eyes look like two cherries
In a glass of buttermilk.

Don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me.
I can tell you've been out on a spree.
It's plain that you are lying
When you say you've been crying,
So don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me.

I guess our little romance
Has fin'ly simmered down,
You should join a circus -
You'd make a real good clown,
Your eyes look like a road map
And i'm scared to smll your breath,
You'd better shut your peepers
Before you bleed to death.

Don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me.
I can tell you've been out on a spree.
It's plain that you are lying
When you say you've been crying,
So don't roll those bloodshot eyes at me