

Stephen Gately, Bright Eyes

Is it a kind of dream,
Floating out on the tide,
Following the river of death downstream?
Or is it a dream?

There's a fog along the horizon,
A strange glow in the sky,
And nobody seems to know where you go,
And what does it mean?
Or is it a dream?

Bright eyes,
Burning like fire
Bright eyes,
How can they close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of shadow,
Reaching into the night,
Wandering over the hills unseen,
Or is it a dream?

There's a high wind in the trees,
A cold sound in the air,
And nobody seems knows where you go,
And where do you start,
Oh, into the dark

Bright eyes,
burning like fire
Bright eyes,
how can they close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes

Bright eyes,
Burning like fire
Bright eyes,
How can they close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly
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