

The Distillers, Hungry Eyes

Holy eyes, I never knew I'd beg down at your feet
Hold on tight, I never knew I'd know much more than this
Open sky, the wave of pain, the scent of you is bliss
Hungry eyes, they stare at me...
I know, I know--
Don't go...

Summertime, the taste of saint secretes a perfume missed
Console the mind, I take it in with lips of pink I kiss
Lonely sky, the more you take the more that I give in
Holy eyes, I never knew, I know, I know--
Don't go...

Hold onto the memory, it's all you've got
I know you'll be there to soak up blood lost, blood lost, blood....

Don't go...

Hold onto the memory, it's all you've got
I know you'll be there to soak up blood lost
Hold onto the memory, it's all you've got
I know you'll be there to soak up blood lost, blood lost, blood lost