

The Magnetic Fields, Strange Eyes

Strange eyes, blue clocks without hands
two lives lived in distant lands
little blue mysteries
what did they see in me
Strange eyes, early Picassos
call me even when you don't
if only from pictures
it having been three years
The follow me in all my dreams
Oh God I'm still in love with you
Strange eyes, to little star charts
plunges knives into my poor heart
As lovely as a tree they endlessly recede
Strange eyes, two little whirlpools
made by God to destroy fools
two pearls of inf'nite cost
two paradises lost
They swallow me in all my dreams
Oh God I'm still in love with you