

BRIGHT EYES

#167

Music and Lyrics Mike Batt

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

Bright eyes. Burning like fire.
Bright eyes. How can you 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 ever knows when you go, and where do you start,
Oh, into the dark.

|: Bright eyes. Burning like fire.
Bright eyes. How can you close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes :|