

# The Man With The X-ray Eyes

## Bauhaus

Shoes that no man would want to wear  
[Incomprehensible] the night's last cold stare  
    Red fist curled 'round the house  
    Wash away, boy, Shelly's shoes  
    WashChocolate power is so crisp  
    Atomic open house is really here  
    And we have gone so desperate  
    Your power knows no bounds  
    And heavier with time are our shoes  
    That no man would want to wear  
    New tread wipes a wet road so dry  
    It stingsInto the borrowed course  
        Under the dreadful birds  
Under the singing soil and all those guilty cloudsI have seen too much, wipe away my eyes too much  
    Wipe away my eyes, too much  
    Wipe away my eyes, too much  
    Wipe away my eyes, too muchWipe away my eyes  
    Wipe away my eyes  
    My eyes, eyes, eyes

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