

# Eyes Of A Woman

[Agnetha Faltskog](#)

(Paris Edvinson / Marianne Flynner) I met her at the airport, we talked on the plane

She saw that I was downcast and said it was a shame.

I gave her all the reasons for being in despair

She said that explanations won't get you anywhere.

It's not a matter of virtue or the cause you defend

It's only the moments of choice that count in the end. We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake

And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.

It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child

The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild,

The eyes of a woman, the heart of a child

The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild. She hit me in a weak spot, I knew that she was right

She said, "Can you imagine a day without a night?"

Good without the evil, is a cob without the corn

It's with the aid of demons that angels can be born

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