

Gaya's Eyes

Todd Rundgren

Gaya's crying, can't you hear her crying
Like a whisper, oh so very soft and low
If you listen, underneath the status quo
Will she still be friends and once again
 Pardon our ignorance?
Can we make ammends so near the end?
 Is there no second chance?
 No one hears when gaya cries
 No one cares to wonder why
Can't they see the tears in gaya's eyes?
 Gaya's crying (yes she is)
 Selfish children, greedy little children
Took her loving and gave her nothing in return
Like invaders, everything is slash and burn
 Count up every face and every race
 That we will never see
Count the human ache we can't escape

 The tears are for you and me
 As her lovely green eyes
 Turn black
 And her pretty blue dress
 Turn black
 And her gentle red lips
 Turn black
 Everything that she has
 Turn black
 And is it too late?
 Turn back
 Is it too late?
 Turn back
 Is it too late?
No facts of life, no birds and bees
Can't see the forest, can't see the trees
 Oh pitiful capricious lies
 That hide the tears in gaya's eyes

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