Devil Eyes

Tim Buckley

I got so tired of meaningful looks
I got so tired of comin' up tame
I was so bothered by those balmy breezes
I was side swiped by smoke fever
They was a crawlin'
Oh down beneath my skin
Til mama come a runnin'
A mama came a runnin'
Mama came a runnin'
Lord said she got a recipe
Oh and she don't need no fancy sauce
Yah those devil eyes
Lord they stare right through me
Those devil eyes
Look right through me
Aww melt my soul down
Long for those devil eyes

Songwriters
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