

Hazel Eyes

The Flower Machine

I hail from the flatland's of East Anglia
A town that once could boast prosperity
She had trekked for many moons from a land afar
But the cruel nets had emptied the northern sea

And she said "hoots, I cannae get back tae
Me hoos in bonny Scotland"

Girl with the hazel eyes, ah!
Girl with the hazel eyes, ah!

The elements had taken their toll on her
Her face was weather beaten and her hair greasy
I had never seen a set of eyes more hazelerer
And a tear did fall as she looked up at me

And she said "hoots, I cannae get back tae
Me hoos in bonny Scotland"

Girl with the hazel eyes, ah!
Girl with the hazel eyes, ah!

I shall travel with thee
For to see your folks in Scotland
With their blessing, on one knee
I shall ask for your left hand

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