

Under My Umbrella

Incubus

When I close my eyes
I can see for miles
There's comfort in my dark scene
And chaos in the isles
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not the color that
Your arid eyes might be
But I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided so
I refuse to kneel before
The sights you choose to see
When I close my eyes
I remember why I smile
Under my umbrella
I've accomplished exile
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not the color that
Your arid eyes might be
But I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided so
I refuse to kneel before
The sights you choose to see
If this is right
I'd rather be wrong
If this is sight
I'd rather be blind
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not the color that
Your arid eyes might be, now
But I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided so
I refuse to kneel before
The sights you choose to see
If this is right
I'd rather be wrong
If this is sight
I'd rather be blind

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