

# Strange Eyes

## The Magnetic Fields

Strange eyes, blue clocks without hands  
Two lives lived in distant lands  
Little blue mysteries  
What did they see in me Strange eyes, early Picassos  
Call me even when you don't  
If only from pictures  
It having been three years The follow me in all my dreams  
Oh, God I'm still in love with You Strange eyes, to little star charts  
Plunge knives into my poor heart  
As lovely as a tree  
They endlessly recede Strange eyes, two little whirlpools  
Made by God to destroy fools  
Two pearls of infinite cost  
Two paradises lost They swallow me in all my dreams  
Oh, God I'm still in love with You

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