

Western Eyes

Portishead

Forgotten throes of anothers life
The heart of love is their only light
 Faithless greeds, consolidating
 Holding down sweet charity
With western eyes and serpents breath
 We lay our own conscience to rest
 But I'm aching at the view
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you
 They have values of a certain taste
 The innocent they can hardly wait
 To crucify, invalidating
 Turning to dishonesty
With western eyes and serpents breath
 They lay their own conscience to rest
But then they lie and then they dare to be
 Hidden heros candidly
 So I'm aching at the view
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you
(I feel so cold on hookers and gin...this mess we're in!)

Songwriters

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