

Green eyes

Pascal Comelade

Kiss me again, rekiss me and kiss me
Slip your frigid hands beneath my shirt
This useless old fucker with his twinkling cunt
 Doesn't care if he gets hurt
 Green eyes, oh green eyes
 Green eyes, green eyes
 If it were but a matter of faith
 If it were measured in petitions and prayer
 She would materialize, all fleshed out
 But it is not, nor do I care
 Green eyes, oh green eyes
 Green eyes, green eyes
So hold me and hold me, don't tell me your name
This morning will be wiser than this evening is
 Then leave me to my enemied dreams
 And be quiet as you are leaving, Miss
 Green eyes
 Green eyes, green eyes
 Green eyes, oh green eyes

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