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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