

Drivin' With Your Eyes Closed

[Don Henley](#)

I met a Frenchman in a field last night
He was out there with an easel painting carnival light
He said, "I used to paint the princess, I used to paint the frogs
Now I paint mustaches on dangerous dogs" He said, "Sometimes it's a country, sometimes it's a girl
You know everybody got to have a purpose in this world
You Yankees are so silly about matters of the heart
Don't you know that women are the only works of art?" And you're drivin' with your eyes closed
You're drivin' with your eyes closed
You're drivin' with your eyes closed
And you're gonna hit somethin' but that's the way it goes Some guys were born to Rimbaud, some guys breathe
Baudelaire
Some guys just got to go and put their rockets everywhere
You can breed 'em by the thousands, you can trick and you can train
Just look at all those poor dogs that are dragged down by the Seine How many arrows must I shoot into the blue?
You little maniac, I'm crazy over you
Before the dearth of lovers and the punishment of pride
Let's go scrape out on the terrazzo, it's just to hot outside You're drivin' with your eyes closed
You're drivin' with your eyes closed
You're drivin' with your eyes closed
You're gonna hit somethin' but that's the way it goes Talk talk, talk and talk, talk talk, sweet talk
Talk talk, tough talk, talk talk, dirty talk
Talk talk, walk and talk, talk talk, big talk
Talk talk, baby talk, kiss, kiss, kiss me baby Talk talk, talk and talk, talk talk, smooth talk
Talk talk, body talk, talk talk, back talk
Talk talk, small talk, talk talk, baby talk
Talk talk, peace talk, talk talk, bullshit

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