

Eyes Wide Open

Over the Rhine

Eyes wide open
To the great train robbery
Of my soul
Impending blindness
Of the kind that's
Beyond my control
Eyes wide open
To the secret forest
Behind those tear-filled trees
Heart rending blindness
Won't testify that
I'm on my knees
Maybe I'm a little young to care
Maybe I'm a little old to cry
I don't know
Maybe I'm a little weak to dance
Maybe I'm a little strong to die
I don't know
Concentrating
Love and I'm hating
Myself again
Impersonating
The smallest shadow
Of my original self again
Maybe I'm a little young to care
Maybe I'm a little old to cry
I don't know
Maybe I'm a little weak to dance
Maybe I'm a little strong to die
I don't know
Does anybody really want to grasp my hand
and lift me to my feet?
Does anybody really want to be the breeze
that frightens off this heat?
Eyes wide open
Maybe I'm a little young to love
Eyes wide open
Maybe I'm a little young to love
Eyes wide open

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Eyes wide open
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