Going Blind

Craig's Brother

She's on a beach in Maui
Her breasts are half uncovered
I try to stop myself from staring at her
But I'm drawn like Dagwood to sleepThe lawn may need mowing
But still I can't prevent my thoughts
From becoming obscene so I justify
She's only a page in a magazineShe's not real, she doesn't feel
Eyes pierce her scraps of cloth
Her value is lostCrown of all creation
Bane of jealous angels
She's nothing more to me
Than food for a fantasyAnd though I know it's a shame, I won't turn away
My thoughts are so casually lead astray
And I know it's not right it feels so unclean
But she's just a page in a magazineShe's not real, she doesn't feel
Eyes pierce her scraps of cloth
Her value is lost49er, gold prospector, her body is my claim
As she assumes some cheesy pose
Imagination sees no close and I don't even know her name
Her body breaks my minds leash like Gus broke his chain

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/