

Dark eyes

Patriarchal Choir, Moscow

Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the riverside

They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide

I live in another world where life and death are memorized

Where the earth is strung with lover's pearls and all I see are dark eyes.

A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer

Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere

But I hear another rum beating for the dead that rise

Whom nature's beast fear as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes

They tell me revenge is sweet, I'm sure it is

But I feel nothing for their game, where beauty goes unrecognized

All I feel is heat and flame, and all I see are dark eyes.

Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel

Hunger pays a heavy prize to the falling god of speed and steel

Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow that flies

A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.

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