Lavender Eyes

Sour Alley

Lavender, lavender eyes
I can't tell when they laugh or when they cry
If they go, well, I will always smell those
Lavender eyesAt the beach, the seagulls have to cry
When they see sand stuck to their lover's thighs
If I had my way, I would make sure to stay like,
Sand on your thighsSilkin', silkin', silkin' on your lavender smileI can read the writing on the walls
It's as clear as the siren's call
I don't care if she knows; I know I will always go for
Lavender smiles

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