Angry Eyes

Quarterfly

Time, time and again I see you staring down at me
Now, then and again I wonder what it is that you see
With those angry eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
With those angry eyes

You want to believe that I am not the same as you
And now I can't conceive, oh lord, of what it is you're trying to do
With those angry eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
With those angry eyes
What a shot you could be if you could shoot at me
With those angry eyes

You and I must start to realize
Blindness binds us in a false disguise
Can you see me through those angry eyes?

You try to defend that you are not the one to blame
But I'm finding it hard, my friend, when I 'm in the deadly aim
Of those angry eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
With those angry eyes
What a shot you could be if you could shoot at me
With those angry eyes

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