

# Big Brown Eyes

[Myris](#)

Big brown eyes and a gust of wind  
And the cherry burns the corner of the page that says  
"The end is coming soon", but not soon enough  
Restring all your guitars, pack up all your stuff 'Cause if Robert's dad is right  
We might not make it through the night  
And I'd hate to go alone  
Please pick up the phone Well, a box of red and a pill or three  
And I'm calling time and temperature just for some company  
I wish you were here, I wish I was too  
I'll drink myself to sleeplessness, I always do You don't want me anymore  
Since fame and fortune broke down our door  
You don't give me no respect  
What did I expect? If that phone don't ring one more time  
I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind  
You made a big impression for a girl of your size  
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown eyes Her hands are cold, her breath is warm  
She's a port in a storm  
I'm worried now but it won't be long  
It takes a worried man, you know, to sing a worried song I've got issues, yeah  
Like I miss you, yeah  
And I wish I weren't so thick  
I'm making myself sick If that phone don't ring one more time  
I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind  
You made a big impression for a girl of your size  
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown eyes

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