Old Red Eyes Is Back

The Beautiful South

Old Red eyes is back
Red from the night before the night before
Walked into the wrong bar walked into a door

Old Red's in town
And sitting late at night he doesn't make a sound
Just adding to the wrinkles on his deathly frown

They're only red from all the tears that I should've shed
They're only red from all the women that I could've wed
So when you look into these eyes I hope you realize
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue

Listen up Old Red
You never listened to a word the doctor said
He told you if you drank another you'd be dead

Old Red Eyes is back
His shoulders ache all over and his brain is sore
He pours a drink and listens to his body thaw

They're only red from all the thoughts unused inside my head
They're only red from all the things I could have done instead
So when you look into these eyes I hope you realize
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue

Blue is a street without an end
Red is the color of my hell
Blue is a greeting from a friend
Red is the color of farewell

Old Red he died
And every single landlord in the district cried
An empty bottle of whiskey laying by his side

A lazy little tear running from each eye
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue
They could never be blue

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