

# Green Eyes

George Fenton & John Warren

Kiss me again, rekiss me and kiss me  
Slip your frigid hands beneath my shirt  
This useless old fucker with his twinkling cunt  
Doesn't care if he gets hurt  
Green eyes, oh green eyes  
Green eyes, green eyes  
If it were but a matter of faith  
If it were measured in petitions and prayer  
She would materialize, all fleshed out  
But it is not, nor do I care  
Green eyes, oh green eyes  
Green eyes, green eyes  
So hold me and hold me, don't tell me your name  
This morning will be wiser than this evening is  
Then leave me to my enemied dreams  
And be quiet as you are leaving, Miss  
Green eyes  
Green eyes, green eyes  
Green eyes, oh green eyes

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