

# Precious Eyes

## The Coral

This little girl, all work no play  
October gray makes the hangman's day  
Hotel, TV, silent movie  
Her precious eyes gazed back at me From the beach to the sea  
While the count and the countess, they cry  
For the ruins the world left behind  
What a beautiful night for her precious eyes? The pubs are closed, the streets are cold  
Billy Casper buries the bones  
Of a boy that cried, learned to despise  
I'll make them mine, her precious eyes From the sand to the sky  
While the gargoyles and dragons they sigh  
For the sake of saint serpentine  
What a beautiful night for her precious eyes?

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