

The Man with the X-Ray Eyes

Bauhaus

Shoes that no man would want to wear
[Incomprehensible] the night's last cold stare
Red fist curled 'round the house
Wash away, boy, Shelly's shoes
WashChocolate power is so crisp
Atomic open house is really here
And we have gone so desperate
Your power knows no bounds
And heavier with time are our shoes
That no man would want to wear
New tread wipes a wet road so dry
It stingsInto the borrowed course
Under the dreadful birds

Under the singing soil and all those guilty cloudsI have seen too much, wipe away my eyes too much
Wipe away my eyes, too much
Wipe away my eyes, too much
Wipe away my eyes, too much

Songwriters

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