Brown Eyed Boy

Hillbilly Moon Explosion

We'll stay at home, and call this day our own
With the brown-eyed boy that I once called my own
You sit in the easy(?) chair, while I comb out my suffering hair,
Later we can watch a candle burn

I put on your favourite scratchy record,
And draw the heavy curtain when dusk falls
Don't seem like you're in the mood for dancing though my dear,
So I'll just comb my hair some more,
Did you forget to lock the door?

Dreaming of the past and happy times that are now gone,
And the brown-eyed boy that I once called my own

I put on your favourite scratchy record,
And draw the heavy curtain when night time falls
Don't seem like you're in the mood for dancing though my dear,
So I'll just comb my hair some more,
Did you forget to lock the door?

Dreaming of the past and happy times that are now gone,
And the brown-eyed boy that I once called my own

If I could turn back the hands of time,
And

- to free me of this pine,
Nevermore for me the summer sun would shine,
And neither for the boy I left behind

And if your mother should come calling,
So long from her son she had not heard
I can hope that you'd be true to me forevermore
Now in my hands, I hold you

A blade that's stained with crimson red

Dreaming of the past and happy times that are now gone,
And the brown-eyed boy that I once called my own
And the brown-eyed boy that I once called my own

Lyrics submitted by Melissa Athina.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/