

# Drivin' With Your Eyes Closed

Don Henley

I met a Frenchman in a field last night  
He was out there with an easel, painting carnival light  
He said, I used to paint the princess; I used to paint the frogs  
Now I paint moustaches on dangerous dogs  
He said, Sometimes it's a country; sometimes it's a girl  
You know, everybody got to have a purpose in this world  
You Yankees are so silly about matters of the heart  
Don't you know that women are the only works of art

You're drivin' with your eyes closed  
You're drivin' with your eyes closed  
You're drivin' with your eyes closed  
You're gonna hit somethin'  
But that's the way it goes

Some guys were born to Rimbaud  
Some guys breath Baudelaire  
Some guys just got to go and put their rockets everywhere  
You can breed 'em by the thousands; you can trick and you can train  
Just look at all those poor dogs that are dragged down by the Seine  
How many arrows must I shoot into the blue?  
Ah, you little maniac, I'm crazy over you  
Before The Death of Lovers and The Punishment of Pride  
Let's go scrape across the terrazzo  
It's just too hot outside

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Talk talk, talk and talk  
Talk talk, sweet talk  
Talk talk, tough talk  
Talk talk, dirty talk  
Talk talk, walk and talk  
Talk talk, big talk  
Talk talk, baby talk

Kiss kiss kiss

Talk talk, talk and talk

Talk talk, smooth talk

Talk talk, body talk

Talk talk, back talk

Talk talk, small talk

Talk talk, baby talk

Talk talk, peace talk

Talk talk, bullshit

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