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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