

Mr. Pink Eyes

The Cure

You look so cool, oh, I don't think
Just fall over be like me
Mr. Pink eyes, Mr. Pink eyes Your own mind is blank and mine's away
You can't see oh, you can't see
You can't smell, Mr. Pink eyes It's got to be jazz, that's what she wants
You are so vile, Mr. Pink eyes Oh give me a look, give me a look
Or sit on my head, or jump on my foot
Do something, oh One, two, three You look so cool, oh, I don't think
Oh, just fall over be like me
Mr. Pink eyes, [Incomprehensible]
Oh, you're lovely [Incomprehensible]

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