Strange Eyes

Sunz Of Man, 12 O'Clock & Blue Raspberry

Strange eyes, blue clocks without hands
Two lives lived in distant lands
Little blue mysteries
What did they see in me
Strange eyes, early Picassos
Call me even when you don't
If only from pictures
It having been three years
The follow me in all my dreams
Oh, God I'm still in love with You

Strange eyes, to little star charts
Plunge knives into my poor heart
As lovely as a tree
They endlessly recede
Strange eyes, two little whirlpools
Made by God to destroy fools
Two pearls of infinite cost
Two paradises lost
They swallow me in all my dreams
Oh, God I'm still in love with You

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