

# Your Eyes

## The Sundays

You ask me why, I'll tell you then  
Two worlds collide, we bury them  
We're far too drunk to see these things as they are  
You painted me and I sat quite still  
A tiny room in Notting Hill  
It was far too dark to look at things as they are  
Well, I've seen the light vanish out of your eyes  
Aah, oh no, from your eyes  
Aah, oh so goodbye  
You tell me now, I'm young and wild  
You spare the rod and you spoil the child  
I'd love to stay but I think I'm off to Japan anyway

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