

Wandering Eye

Ed Harcourt

They say I got a wandering eye;
it strays to far from the flock.
Always going where the grass is greener,
a skeleton key for each lock.

You can be my judge and my jury,
condemn me to the soil and the earth.
Tie me to the end of four horses,
place a bet on which part goes first.

Well here I slump, at the end of some nowhere,
and all in a sling, and a thousand yard stare,
Watching the boats with their families and friends;
They won't come ashore, if they have any sense.
The wedding procession has moved from the church.
I turn a good blessing into a bad curse.
The coyotes and crows pick at my eye
to stopping from drifting away with the tide.

They say I got potential for violence;
I can kill a man with my own bare hands.
But I can't focus on anything,
let alone have a murderous plan.

I remember when I first saw you,
I couldn't move; I was paralyzed.
I wondered if you'd be the only one,
to put an end my wandering eye...

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and all in a sling, and a thousand yard stare,
Watching the boats with their families and friends;
They won't come ashore, if they have any sense.
The wedding procession has moved from the church.
I turn a good blessing into a bad curse.
The coyotes and crows pick at my eye
...to stopping from drifting away with the tide.

There's no way that I can make it stop...
I have fallen so far from the top..
There no doubt I'll ever be like you..
Stay in one place, live the life you chose...

...They say I got a wandering eye,
it strays to far from the flock,
always going where the grass is greener,
a skeleton key for each lock.