

Bright Eyes

Anita Meyer

Is it a kind of dream floating out of the tide
Following the river of death down stream
Oh, is it a dream, there's a fog along the horizon
A strange glow in the sky and nobody seems to know
Where he go and what does it mean
Oh, oh, is it a dream

Bright eyes burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail
How can the light that burned so brightly
suddenly burn so pale
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of shadow reaching into the night
Wandering over the hills unseen or is it a dream
There's a high wind in the trees, a cold sound in the air
And nobody ever knows when you go and where do you start
Oh, oh, into the dark

Bright eyes burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail
How can the light that burned so brightly
suddenly burn so pale
Bright eyes