

## 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