

Meagan's Gypsy Eyes

Blood, Sweat & Tears

Meagan's Gypsy eyes
The lyres surround me
Purple drops of rain
The sun shone around me

Death that clouds her life
Will be forever
Thee is loved
Yet cannot love, not never

Mystic thoughts of love
And her's completely
Taught her how to run
Though not discreetly

Meagan's not as old
As she'd like to think she's young
Sophisticated dreams
Are as plastic as the songs
She has sung
Likes to think she's hung up on herself
And aren't you lucky?

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