

# Dark Eyes

Bob Dylan

předehra:

Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the river side  
They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide.  
I live in another world where life and death are memorized,  
Where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls and all I see are dark  
eyes.

A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer  
,  
Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere.  
But I can hear another drum beating for the dead that rise,  
Whom nature's beast fears as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes,  
They tell me revenge is sweet and from where they stand, I'm sure it is.  
But I feel nothing for their game where beauty goes unrecognized,  
All I feel is heat and flame and all I see are dark eyes.

Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel,  
Hunger pays a heavy price to the falling gods of speed and steel.  
Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow that flies,  
A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.