

Makita Kang Muli

Charice

The strangest thing, how the days go by
In the arms of the girl with the indigo eyes
You'll find she'll make you lose your mind
In the arms of the girl with the indigo eyes

I dream of a dream on the tip of my tongue
Spokes and the wheels and the webs we've spun

Looking too close, she turned me to stoned
So neither one said what the other one hoped

The wind was sweet, her kiss so dry
But the wine was bad, by the time we tried
The reds were drawn, the whites did fly
But the wine filled up in her indigo eyes

I dream of a dream on the tip of my tongue
Spokes and the wheels and the webs we've spun

Turning her eyes, she looked pretty stoned
So neither one said what the other one hoped
Turning her eyes, she looked pretty stoned
The indigo eyes told me all I could know