

A Pair Of Brown Eyes

Christy Moore

One summer evening drunk as hell
I sat there nearly lifeless
An old man in the corner sang
Where the water lilies grow
On the jukebox Johnny sang
About a thing called love
And it's "How are you kid? What's your name?
And what do you know?"

In blood and death 'neath a screaming sky
I lay down on the ground
The arms and legs of other men
Were scattered all around
Some prayed and cursed, then cursed and prayed
And then they prayed some more
And the only thing that I could see
Was a pair of brown eyes they were looking at me
When we got back, labeled parts one to three
There was no fairer brown eyes waiting for me

And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go
A rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go
For a pair of brown eyes
For a pair of brown eyes

I looked at him he looked at me
All I could do was hate him
While Ray and Philomena sang
Of my elusive dream
I saw the streams and the rolling hills
Where his brown eyes were waiting
And I thought about a pair of brown eyes
That waited once for me
That waited once for me

So drunk as hell I left the place
Sometimes walking, sometimes crawling
A hungry sound came through the breeze
So I gave the walls a talking
And I heard the sounds of long ago
From the old canal
And the birds were whistling in the trees
Where the wind was gently laughing

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