

Dead Eyes

Guadalcanal Diary

I got skulls in the bottom of a whiskey glass
I'm a big bold man, but I think I'll pass
Better slow up, I'm moving up to fast
Something's come for me at last

Hot flame licking on the burning meat
Black smoke broiling off broken bones
Something came close in the dead of night
Found him in the dark, and he was all alone

Dead eyes, dead eyes
Dead eyes, dead eyes

Skulls in the bottom of a whiskey glass
I'm a big bold man, but I think I'll pass
Better slow up, I'm moving up to fast
Something's come for me at last

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