

Under My Umbrella

Incubus

When I close my eyes... I can see for miles.
There's comfort in my dark seat... and chaos in the aisles.

These eyes are not your eyes
and these eyes are not the color that your arid eyes might be.
No, I was not around
when those eyes of yours decided so
I refuse to kneel before the sights you choose to see.

When I close my eyes... I remember why I smile.
Under my umbrella... I'm an accomplished exile.

These eyes are not your eyes
and these eyes are not the color that your arid eyes might be.
No, I was not around
when those eyes of yours decided so
I refuse to kneel before the sights you choose to see!

If this is right, I'd rather be wrong.
If this is sight, I'd rather be blind.