

Black Eyes

Snowden

Walking by the concourse
Lit by the glow of a streetlight
Held up by hallowed ground
And cigarettes flicking all around

In your black eyes
I hoped that I would find
That you were hiding
You were hiding something

Walked into the concourse
At the end of the tunnel were my dim lit saviors
All raucous and full of glam
But not the kind that I left uptown

And you looked dark and pensive
As your heels hit the floor to the blaring Division
But you didn't have much to say
But you were beautiful anyway

In your black eyes
I hoped that I would find
That you were hiding
Hiding something
But in your black eyes
Lit by the glow of a streetlight
You were hiding
You were hiding something

Deep inside the concourse
I learned of the fuel of the celebration
Seemed the saviors were down with it
Even you had your nose in it

Deep inside the concourse
I longed for a difference in the conversation
But underneath the swinging model hair
Were the words I hear everywhere

In your black eyes
I hoped you were hiding
In your black eyes you were hiding
You were hiding nothing at all

Don't want to sing it now
Don't want to shake, shake, shake