

# 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