

You could be sad but never torn
You saw the light when it was on
You never turned or looked away
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

Your sentences were concentrated
You made your points so understated
Where I would mumble, you would say
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

I made up conversations with my symbolic language
Saying everybody wants to be like you
But I'd rather fall in love with you

You got the picture from the start
You saw right through me in the dark
You saw that I couldn't behave
with eyes so focused, yet so frail

I chose you from a million
You were the choice of billions
wishing they would try to be like you
But I'd rather fall in love with you

Ba-ba-ba baa-ba...

You questioned men and called them whores
But you would never burn your bra
You held your head up in the rain
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

You had relationships that worked
and yet experience with jerks
So well adjusted, but with charm
Your eyes were focused and yet calm

I'm fairly realistic
But my thought are out of lip-sync
when I say that I'm not one of those
who pass you by and fall in love with you
who pass you by and fall in love with you
who pass you by and fall in love with you

I'll pass you by and fall in love with you

Ba-ba-ba baa-ba...