

Bright Eyes

Stephen Gately

Is it a kind of a dream
Floating out on the tide
Following the river of death downstream
Oh is it a dream?
There's a fog along the horizon
A strange glow in the sky
And nobody seems to know where it goes
And what does it mean?
Oh is it a dream?

Bright eyes, burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly,
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of a shadow
Reaching into the night
Wandering over the hills unseen
Oh is it a dream?
There's a high wind in the trees
A cold sound in the air
And nobody ever knows where you go
And where do you start?
Oh into the dark

Bright eyes, burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly,
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes
Bright eyes, burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly,
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes