

## Green Eyes

## Suburban Lawns

Green eyes have not yet been known to me  
For I have not your eyes  
My waking has not yet been grown at all

Oh, this endless day  
Pigment gray on the second floor  
My friend died last night, or tried  
Lights are not bad for such a small place

He's posing like he's quite big-headed  
I know you're a heartfelt mind  
The shades are the Venetian kind  
They are drawn down blind  
For only lines are shadowed in angles  
On my wall in the daytime

My tales have not yet been seen by them  
They are only paper  
Screaming ladies, converted shirts  
I wish and wishes that never came through

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