

Her Eyes Dart Round

The Felice Brothers

O my love is light as a dove
Her skin is fair and dark is her hair
And her eyes dart 'round and fall on the ground
And her lips move along to an old country song

Down south you will find among the high pines
An old liquor store where we danced on the floor
O the light on the wall, it brightens the hall
But the room in the back is quiet and black

What keeps me alive is the green in your eyes
And the sweet distant drone of your voice on the phone
Could I hear, in death, your voice and your breath?

Could I hear them sounds in life underground?

O how likely she walks among the white stalks
And, crane in her neck, she steps 'round the deck
Could I bow in the sand to your lily white hand?
Can my head gently rest in your lily white breast?

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