

Baby's Eyes

The Kills

I'm riding along, along my baby's eyes.
She stares and she don't care, she stares and she don't care.
No reasoning with her man, no reason to give her man.

When she comes to meet you, she waits it out out on the corner.
With her eyes on your shoulder and just as you get near, see her smile disappear now, a smile disappears.
Well she's on it again.
Now now she's on the wind.
She was just here now she's gone.
She stares and she don't care.

Oh when will she land? See how she ran?