

Bright Eyes, No Brains

The Let Go

Sad eyes soaked in shame, or so he claims
Bad ideas drain, so prey for rain
Bright eyes, no brains
High tide, low aim
All we want to get is our way
Act like we respect and we get paid
Bright eyes, no brains
High tide, low aim
Dead men walk, but does it matter?
Talk is cheap, so cut the chatter
Make no sound cause it compounds
Your mistakes won't be unmade
And you bird won't fly like a plane
Always judge the new things
They're all the same
Only when it's you are things okay
Bright eyes, no brains
High tide, low aim
Long words stray from plain
They're all the same
I try, you complain
Consume the pain
Bright eyes, no brains
High tide, low aim
Dead men walk but does it matter
Talk is cheap, so cut the chatter
Make no sound cause it compounds
Your mistakes won't be unmade
And your bird won't fly like a plane
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