

Cold Eye

The Walkabouts

painted so many towns
 painted them up and down
 down to the broken ground
 pointed the last one, for now
 soon I will stow away
 into the cool nightshade
 watching fireworks fly
 in the reservation sky
 found only hell to pay
 draggin' these bones all day
 sun-up to cocktail time
 dragged 'em till I was blind
 the field full of also-rans
 stealin' my used up plans
 all of my friends were there
 They couldn't believe I cared
 when I put my cold eye to it X2
 and I couldn't say no
 luck is the thing I make
 luck is the thing you break
 after it all went wrong
 before I was good as gone
 deep in the beggin' bowl
 I found some scraps to take
 drank from your poison jar
 found I was wide awake
 when I, put my cold eye to it X2
 and I never said no, no I
 never said no
 when I, put my cold eye to it X2
 Yes, I put my cold eye to it
 and I never said no, no I
 never said no