

Gaya's Eyes

Todd Rundgren

Gaya's crying, can't you hear her crying
Like a whisper, oh so very soft and low
If you listen, underneath the status quo
Will she still be friends and once again
Pardon our ignorance?
Can we make ammends so near the end?
Is there no second chance?

No one hears when gaya cries
No one cares to wonder why
Can't they see the tears in gaya's eyes?
Gaya's crying (yes she is)

Selfish children, greedy little children
Took her loving and gave her nothing in return
Like invaders, everything is slash and burn
Count up every face and every race
That we will never see
Count the human ache we can't escape
The tears are for you and me

As her lovely green eyes
Turn black
And her pretty blue dress
Turn black
And her gentle red lips
Turn black
Everything that she has
Turn black
And is it too late?
Turn back
Is it too late?
Turn back
Is it too late?

No facts of life, no birds and bees
Can't see the forest, can't see the trees
Oh pitiful capricious lies
That hide the tears in gaya's eyes