

Blue Eyes

Uncle Tupelo

Sometimes I get upset when people treat me bad
I don't have time to think and so I get real mad
And I pull my hair and find somewhere where I can be alone
And when I do I think of you and head myself back home
For I got chores to keep me busy, clock to keep my time
A pretty girl to love me, with the same last name as mine
When the flowers wilt, a big old quilt to keep us warm
And I got the sun to see your blue eyes, and tonight you're in
my arms