

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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A Pair of Brown Eyes

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One summer evening drunk to hell
I sat there nearly lifeless.
And old man in the corner sang
where the water lilies grow.
And on the jukebox Johnny sang
about a thing called love.
And it's how you are kid and
what's your name.
and how would you bloody know.

In blood and death 'neath a
screaming sky
I lay down on the ground.
And the arms and legs of other men
were scattered all around.
Some cursed some prayed,
some prayed then cursed.
The prayed then bled some more.
And the only thing that I could see
was a pair of brown eyes that was
looking at me.

But when we got back
labelled parts one to three
there was no pair of brown eyes
waiting for me.
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go
for a pair of brown eyes.
I looked at him he looked at me
all I could do was hate him.
While Ray and Philomena sand
of my elusive dreams.
I saw the streams the rolling hills
where his brown eyes were waiting.
And I thought about
a pair of brown eyes
that waited once for me.

So drunk to hell I left the place
sometimes crawling sometimes walking.
A hungry sound
came across the breeze

so I gave the walls a talking.
And I heard the sounds of long ago
from the old canal.
And the birds were whistling
in the trees
Where the wind was gently laughing.

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