

## Angela Baraldi "Sweet Sad Eyes"

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As we walk through the city light  
all the faces look pale and white  
like ghosts searching for a home  
and I see you look my way  
like the night reaching for the day  
a refugee from the twilight zone  
I feel the anger deep inside  
I feel the anger I don't know why

Look my way you sweet sad eyes  
once again you sweet sad eyes  
down the street where teardrops fall  
I'll dry them more you sweet sad eyes

Well you look like you've seen the face  
of the dark side of the human race  
the cards and the trembling hand  
this is where a new game starts  
Jack of spades and the queen of hearts  
I hope you understand  
I feel the anger deep inside  
I feel the anger I don't know why

Look my way you sweet sad eyes  
once again you sweet sad eyes  
down the street where teardrops fall  
I'll dry them more you sweet sad eyes

Quando attraversiamo le città?  
sembriamo fantasmi che cercano casa  
sembriamo conoscere l'oscura parte della razza  
umana

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