

Herman Düne

"Red Blue Eyes"

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I'd shave my face into clark gable's
But I wouldn't be at my best
I do my talking at coffee tables
I like a setting sun in the west
Don't you hate it when people are not what they sem
I love it when
Water doesn't turn into steam

My breed is a melancholy one
I'm skinny and slow, with a hairy chest
I only want the hole in one
I like a setting sun in the west
Don't you hate it when
You waste your brain playing games
I love it when
People sound like their names

I try to open my red blue eyes
Always on time at least
I like my songs alphabetized
I like a rising sun in the east
I love it when
Night falls on hoboken
It'll fall again
Truer word was never spoken

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