

Incubus

"Under My Umbrella"

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When I close my eyes
I can see for miles
There's comfort in my dark scene
And chaos in the isles
These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are not
The colour that
You arid eyes might be
No, I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided so
I refuse to kneel before
The sights you choose to see

When I close my eyes
I remember how I smile
Under my umbrella
Im an accomplished exile

These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are
Not the colour that
Your arid eyes might be
No, I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided so
I refuse to kneel before
The sights you choose to see

If this is right
Id rather be wrong
If this is sight
Id rather be blind

These eyes are not your eyes
And these eyes are
Not the colour that
Your arid eyes might be
No, I was not around
When those eyes of yours
Decided to
I refuse to kneel before

The sights you choose to see

If this is right
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