

Keith Moon

"Girl's eyes"

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Girl's eyes, butterflies, how she cries, can't get through
to you,
She knows all the charts, breaks her heart, thinks a lot
of you,
Each time you play a melody, it means the earth to this
little girl,
Can you be cruel and break her heart, tear her small
world apart.

She's there, eyes aglow, very front row, don't throw
sticks at her,
Please don't look her way, see her way, don't care
anyway.

It's you who led her on, I see,
Just leave her down in her misery,
She don't want help from you and me,
Can't tell a note from a symphony.

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