

Christy Moore "Brown Eyes"

Visit "[Brown Eyes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One summer evening drunk as hell,
I sat there nearly lifeless.
An old man in the corner sang,
Where the water lilies grow.
On the jukebox Johnny sang,
About a thing called love.
And it's "how are you kid? What's your name?
And what do you know?"
In blood and death 'neath a screaming sky,
I lay down on the ground.
The arms and legs of other men,
Were scattered all around.
Some prayed and cursed, then cursed and prayed,
And then they prayed some more.
And the only thing that I could see,
Was a pair of brown eyes they were looking at me.
When we got back, labeled parts one to three,
There was no pair of brown eyes waiting for me.
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,
A rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,
For a pair of brown eyes,

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 sang,
Of my elusive dream.
I saw the streams and the rolling hills,
Where his brown eyes were waiting.
And I thought about a pair of brown eyes,
That waited once for me,
That waited once for me.
So drunk as hell I left the place,
Sometimes walking, sometimes crawling.
A hungry sound came through 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.
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,

A rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go,
For a pair of brown eyes,
For a pair of brown eyes.

Visit [Christy Moore](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.