

Marah "Round Eye Blues"

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Last night I closed my eyes
And watched the tracers fly
Through the jungle trees
Like fireflies on a windy night

Pulled up and onward by the breeze
I can still hear the far off tin-canny sounds
Of their machine guns come unwound
And I was shakin' like Little Richard
And I was sweatin' like ol' James Brown

Over by my window sill
The moon was still on my cigarettes and wine
Sometimes there's wear, I pray to Jesus
Sometimes there's where I pray to die

But I could still sense the circling danger
Of those invisible bastards of a piss-hot day
I was shakin' with ol' Proud Mary
I was sittin' on the dock of the bay

Take the hits, boys, take the hits
Don't smoke your Bible and don't lose
your wits
Because the sky is filled with shrapnel
And your eyes are filled with tears

Hold your breath, boys, hold your breath
Finger your trigger and welcome death
Because the chopper's filled with your gut-shot
friends
Your hearts are filled with fear

Fables tell of men who fell
With swords dangling from their chest
The old guys down at the taproom swear
The Japs could kill you best

But late at night I could still hear the cries
Of three black guys I seen, take it in the face
I think about them, sweet Motown girls, they left behind
And the assholes that took their place

Take the hits, boys, take the hits
Don't smoke your bottle and don't lose
your wits
Because the sky is filled with shrapnel
And your eyes are filled with tears

Hold your breath, boys, hold your breath
Finger your trigger and welcome death
Because the chopper's filled with your gut-shot
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