

Craig's Brother

"Eyebally In My Martini"

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I went out to eat the other night. Picked up my girl at eight. In my soup I found a fly. But, there beyond my plate. Was an eyeball in my martini. A highball with a twist. One in my linguini, too. I said, "There's somethin' wrong with this." Eyeballs, eyeballs, eyeballs. Eyeballs everywhere. Eyeballs, eyeballs, eyeballs. Floating through the air. We went to the 'musement park. To ride the Tunnel of Love. But, when I went to hold her hand. There was an eyeball in her glove. We went to Lover's Lane. To skan for U.F.O.'s. You just imagine what I saw. When I pulled down her panty hose! I took my baby home. For a juicy good night kiss. But there was an eyballs starin' at me. Between her parted lips. I went to the institute. And asked the doctor there. In the department of eyeballs. "What's this burden that I bear?" He said, "You ain't crazy." He said, "You ain't insane." "It's just you got an eyeballs in the center of your brain!"

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