

Portugal. The Man "With Those Eyes"

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You wonder why you can make them cry
You get your words in and you ask
Why they so easily forgive
What you did

Well it don't come down to circumstance
It's those eyes
You could turn cynics to sycophants
With those eyes

You press your face up against the glass
And rally from your class
You battle prejudice with pride
But you can't hide

That it don't come down to rank or birth
It's those eyes
You could charm your way out of a hearse
With those eyes

Tell me what you want to contemplate
To turn your gaze on me
Tell me what you want
Tell me what you need
I'll make it trouble free

Can't get to sleep 'cause you got away
With everything again today
And do i see something hollow there?
Are you aware

That it could be cloudy, could be clear
With those eyes
Did you cataract your conscience, dear
With those eyes
Well it don't come down to circumstance
With those eyes
You could forge from cynics, sycophants
With those eyes

You could turn cynics to sycophants

With those eyes

Tell me what you want to contemplate
To turn your gaze on me
Tell me what you want
Tell me what you need
I'll make it trouble free
Tell me what you want
Tell me what you need
I'll make it trouble free

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