

Realtime "Desert Eyes"

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Pretty as a picture of children in Africa
She rises in the morning with yesterday's eyes
Her lover has left her longing in loneliness
She wants him so badly she misses his lies
I ain't gonna cry
I ain't gonna cry
These eyes are dry
These desert eyes
She walks through a wasteland of dreams and broken
promises
Where pimps, pawns, and porno shops thrust neon to
the sky
Is she just invisible or so completely isolated
No-one cares to comfort her or even wonders why

I ain't gonna cry
I ain't gonna cry
These eyes are dry
These desert eyes
Water smoothed the wrinkles of her time-worn face
Was it the rain dripping from her hood
I could have offered shelter, perhaps a bite to eat
But the world was warm and dry from where I stood
And I didn't want to frighten her
I didn't have the time
I mean, what could I offer
But a moment's peace of mind?
(Music & lyrics by Delon Dotson; Â©1992 Delon Dotson)

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