

Steven Curtis Chapman**"Bright Eyes"**

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Is it a kind of a dream
Floating out on the tide
Following the river of death downstream
Oh is it a dream?
There's a fog along the horizon
A strange glow in the sky
And nobody seems to know where it goes
And what does it mean?
Oh is it a dream?
Bright eyes, burning like fire
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?
How can the light that burned so brightly,
Suddenly burn so pale?
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of a shadow
Reaching into the night
Wandering over the hills unseen
Oh is it a dream?
There's a high wind in the trees
A cold sound in the air
And nobody ever knows where you go
And where do you start?
Oh into the dark

Chorus X 2

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