

## **The Record's "Starry Eyes"**

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While you were off in France we were stranded in the  
British Isles  
Left to fall apart amongst your passports and your files  
We never asked for miracles  
But they were our concern.  
Did you really think we'd sit it out and wait for your  
return

I don't want to argue  
I ain't gonna budge  
Won't you take this number down  
Before you go off to judge  
I don't want to argue  
There's nothing to say  
Get me out of your starry eyes and  
Be on your way

While you were on the beach were you dreaming all  
about your share  
Planning to invest it all to cover wear and tear  
We paid for all the phone calls  
The money's off the shelf  
Don't you know that while you're gone away  
I've got to help myself

I don't want to argue  
I ain't gonna budge  
Won't you take this number down  
Before you go off to judge  
I don't want to argue  
There's nothing to say  
Get me out of your starry eyes and  
Be on your way

While you were in the pool we were meeting with the  
boys upstairs  
Talking to the money men and carrying out affairs  
We had no time for cocktails  
Or working up a tan  
The boys have all been spoken to  
The writ has hit the fan

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