

The Russian Futurists

"Big Brown Eyes And Big Broke Heart"

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Big brown eyes and big broke heart,
Meant to be right from the start,
And we were bonded by the sad,
Songs you wrote and hearts you had.

Thunder's loud and lightning's bright,
Both combined couldn't wreck my night,
When your sweet flesh is pressed on mine,
With one touch you stop time.

And we're part Baudelaire,
And part without a care,
Living in despair. [x2]

Last night I had the sickest dream,
Lived our lives past seventeen,
And life slowly became less fun,
We're all washed up at twenty-one.

Let's take a break from the pointless life,
And cut our throats with jagged knives,
And let the blood flow down our chest,
Like your flowing scarlet dress.

Big brown eyes and big broke,
Meant to be right from the start,
And we were bonded by the sad,
Songs you wrote and heart you had.

Oh dear god I'm terrified,
Didn't care if we lived or died,
And we're real deep in seas of sin,
Now we're down where we can't swim.

And we're part month of June,
And part sleeping in till noon,
Living in cocoons. [x2]

Say it all and take it back,
We sound like fuckin' Fleetwood Mac,
But the songs we make aren't half as nice,
Because they're based on rotten life.

Thunder's loud and lightning's bright,
Both combined couldn't wreck my night,
When your sweet flesh is pressed on mine,
And with one touch you stop time.

Nothing we do makes much sense,
Sittin' on barbed wire fence,
Watching sunsets in the sky,
Staring till we burn our eyes.

Waiting here is such a chore,
Defile our lives with something pure,
Twist around the way I live,
Just to be submissive.

And we're part summer's end,
Part "let's just be friends,"
Living in pretend. [x2]

Big brown eyes big broke heart,
Meant to be right from the start,
And we were bonded by the sad,
Songs you wrote and hearts you had.

Thunder's loud and lightning's bright,
Both combined couldn't wreck my night,
When your sweet lips are pressed on mine,
With one touch you stop time.

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