

Eitch

"Open Your Eyes"

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And I'll admit: I think it's sick
to think of you as something new.
As something special, a muse.
A poster child for the hippie tools.

And I'll admit: It's nostalgic.
And people love that shit.
They'd eat it with a spoon if it meant they'd get to taste
you.

And I'll admit: I fell for it, too hard, pretty hard.
You've got the power and the soul
to make a different type of Rock N Roll.
So let's take a walk to the park.
Summer days, this is great.
I'm with the one I love...

If I knew then what I know now,
things would be much different around here.
I'm taking responsibility for my...

I refuse.
I refuse to hate my body, and I refuse to hate my Soul.
I refuse to let go.
I refuse to think that I have lost my "self-control".

And at the rate I'm going,
I might as well be blowing lines
of my own internal hell.

Open your eyes.
Open your eyes.

And at the rate I'm going,
I might as well be blowing lines
of my own internal hell---that I created myself.

Open up your eyes, and see me for what I am.
I ain't wearing no disguise.

A face full of lies.
Open your eyes.

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