

Whitehorse

"Mismatched Eyes"

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Is it the list and the sway, is it the roll and the pitch
The drunken Gulf of Mexico or the 7 year itch
I hear the mating calls of fireflies, some celestial blues
And they're bringing me around again and that's
something I can use
Now I see nothing but the water and it's falling from my
face
It is the face (it is the face), it is the face (it is the face)
I wanna show you

Will I remember to remember that without you I'm a
shadow
Of a drifter and a barfly and whatever else you had to
be
It's true I've come around, now I can even touch my
toes
And all the running and the talking, yeah, now
everybody knows
You never speak but I can hear you as you sing out
from your mismatched eyes
They are the eyes (they are the eyes),
they are the eyes, I will to die with

We're on a boat out on the ocean and there's nothing
more to share
We've gone from one wave to another and back again
to where
We go when guitars are hungover and the songs are
fast asleep
I feel the flesh wounds in my heart but they are mine
for me to keep
In your pocket or your fist or in your mind but they
come to you
By your ears, they are the ears (they are the ears), they
are the ears
That I will sing to

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