

Paula Cole

"Neitzsche's Eyes"

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How many times did I have to hear you say to me,
"Self obsessed artist. Center of your universe."
Well I believed your every word,
And I believed you were my god.

Neitzsche's Eyes, Neitzsche's kite,
failed in flight to us
And oh my love.....

Grandmother, mother, and now I see it in myself,
I take on the water until the dam threatens to break
I became a little doll.
My voice became too small.

Neitzsche's Eyes, Neitzsche's kite,
failed in flight to us
And oh my love.....I'm shaken
I'm getting down this fantasy
I'm shaken. You were not my superman.

I didn't know just how I felt.
Oh my love, I'm getting down this.
You were not my superman.

I wasn't honest, I tried to philosophize
Only too late did I see
That I wore Neitzsche's Eyes
Now that I step back to see,
I haven't been me.

Neitzsche's Eyes, Neitzsche's kite,
Failed in flight to us.
And oh my love, I'm shaken.
I'm getting down this --
Getting down this,
Getting down this...

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