

Angela Ammons

"Sweet Sad Eyes"

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As we walk through the city light
all the faces look pale and white
like ghosts searching for a home
and I see you look my way
like the night reaching for the day
a refugee from the twilight zone
I feel the anger deep inside
I feel the anger I don't know why

Look my way you sweet sad eyes
once again you sweet sad eyes
down the street where teardrops fall
I'll dry them more you sweet sad eyes

Well you look like you've seen the face
of the dark side of the human race
the cards and the trembling hand
this is where a new game starts
Jack of spades and the queen of hearts
I hope you understand
I feel the anger deep inside
I feel the anger I don't know why

Look my way you sweet sad eyes
once again you sweet sad eyes
down the street where teardrops fall
I'll dry them more you sweet sad eyes

Quando attraversiamo le citt?
sembriamo fantasmi che cercano casa
sembriamo conoscere l'oscura parte della razza
umana

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