

The Magnetic Fields "Strange Eyes"

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Strange eyes, blue clocks without hands
Two lives lived in distant lands
Little blue mysteries
What did they see in me

Strange eyes, early Picassos
Call me even when you don't
If only from pictures
It having been three years

The follow me in all my dreams
Oh, God I'm still in love with You

Strange eyes, to little star charts
Plunge knives into my poor heart
As lovely as a tree
They endlessly recede

Strange eyes, two little whirlpools
Made by God to destroy fools
Two pearls of infinite cost
Two paradises lost

They swallow me in all my dreams
Oh, God I'm still in love with You

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