

The Walkabouts

"Cold Eye"

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painted so many towns
painted them up and down
down to the broken ground
pointed the last one, for now

soon I will stow away
into the cool nightshade
watching fireworks fly
in the reservation sky

found only hell to pay
draggin' these bones all day
sun-up to cocktail time
dragged 'em till I was blind

the field full of also-rans
stealin' my used up plans
all of my friends were there
They couldn't believe I cared

when I put my cold eye to it X2
and I couldn't say no

luck is the thing I make
luck is the thing you break
after it all went wrong
before I was good as gone

deep in the beggin' bowl
I found some scraps to take
drank from your poison jar
found I was wide awake

when I, put my cold eye to it X2
and I never said no, no I
never said no

when I, put my cold eye to it X2
Yes, I put my cold eye to it
and I never said no, no I
never said no

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