

Eyes of Man

Chuck Berry

A many a man has built his own temple
Shown to convey his grace and skill
Having red domes and pillars and arches
All fashioned to fit his will

When other men observe its beauty
They stand and see and sigh and say
Great is your work, oh yes, oh builder
Your fame shall never fade away

Those who do not know
And do not know that they do not know
Are foolish, avoid them

Then there is woman, a builder of nations
Laden with labor, love and care
They place each pillar with pride and patience
Pops every plan she'll pose to a prayer

Those who do not know
And know that they do not know
Are children, adopt them

But few men will praise her cause and omen
Some may not even understand
Most of the struggle borne by woman
Is seldomly held in the eyes of man

Those who know
And do not know that they know
They're asleep, awake them

So be the temples men have cherished
Crumbled in ruins to rot and rust
No lies each pillar and arch to perish
Doomed to decay and rot to dust

Oh but those who know
And know that they know
Are of wisdom, appreciate them

Oh but the temples created in woman
Never have failed in statue and goal
Deep in her heart she fills her temple
In her own child's immortal soul