

# I Am Your Eyes

Donnie Iris

One wants to be your hair  
I hope you'll take a brush to him  
One wants to be your legs  
I hope you do a dance on him  
And one wants to be your brain  
How does it feel to be insane?  
And one wants to be your ears  
To hear the music that you hear

But as for me  
I want a window  
So I can see  
The runway that you fly on

I am your eyes  
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One wants to be your lips  
And feel your breath whisper  
One wants to be your hips  
And feel the rhythm blister  
One wants to be your tongue  
To know sweet from sour  
And one wants to the heart  
I wouldn't want to feel that power

But as for me  
I want a window  
So I can see  
The runway that you fly on

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