

Big Brown Eyes

Old 97's

Big brown eyes and a gust of wind
And the cherry burns the corner of the page that says
"The end is coming soon", but not soon enough
Restraining all your guitars, pack up all your stuff

'Cause if Robert's dad is right
We might not make it through the night
And I'd hate to go alone
Please pick up the phone

Well, a box of red and a pill or three
And I'm calling time and temperature just for some company
I wish you were here, I wish I was too
I'll drink myself to sleeplessness, I always do

You don't want me anymore
Since fame and fortune broke down our door
You don't give me no respect
What did I expect?

If that phone don't ring one more time
I'm gonna lose what's left of my mind
You made a big impression for a girl of your size
Now I can't get by without you and your big brown eyes

Her hands are cold, her breath is warm
She's a port in a storm
I'm worried now but it won't be long
It takes a worried man, you know, to sing a worried song

I've got issues, yeah
Like I miss you, yeah
And I wish I weren't so thick
I'm making myself sick

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