

# Bright Eyes

Stephen Gately

Is it a kind of a dream  
Floating out on the tide  
Following the river of death downstream  
Oh is it a dream?  
There's a fog along the horizon  
A strange glow in the sky  
And nobody seems to know where it goes  
And what does it mean?  
Oh is it a dream?

Bright eyes, burning like fire  
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?  
How can the light that burned so brightly,  
Suddenly burn so pale?  
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of a shadow  
Reaching into the night  
Wandering over the hills unseen  
Oh is it a dream?  
There's a high wind in the trees  
A cold sound in the air  
And nobody ever knows where you go  
And where do you start?  
Oh into the dark

Bright eyes, burning like fire  
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?  
How can the light that burned so brightly,  
Suddenly burn so pale?  
Bright eyes  
Bright eyes, burning like fire  
Bright eyes, how can you close and fail?  
How can the light that burned so brightly,  
Suddenly burn so pale?  
Bright eyes