

## Makita Kang Muli

Charice

The strangest thing, how the days go by  
In the arms of the girl with the indigo eyes  
You'll find she'll make you lose your mind  
In the arms of the girl with the indigo eyes

I dream of a dream on the tip of my tongue  
Spokes and the wheels and the webs we've spun

Looking too close, she turned me to stoned  
So neither one said what the other one hoped

The wind was sweet, her kiss so dry  
But the wine was bad, by the time we tried  
The reds were drawn, the whites did fly  
But the wine filled up in her indigo eyes

I dream of a dream on the tip of my tongue  
Spokes and the wheels and the webs we've spun

Turning her eyes, she looked pretty stoned  
So neither one said what the other one hoped  
Turning her eyes, she looked pretty stoned  
The indigo eyes told me all I could know