

Eastern Eyes

Nitin Sawhney

For the eastern eyes of a life reborn
When the western skies of a broken dawn
In the first embrace of a haunted smile
With the hopeful eyes of an alien child

I was taken by the hand from the ocean to the sand
From the half-light to the day
I have come to find my way
I have come to find my way

In the burning sheets of a neighbor's pain
With the sweat of a night and the summer rain
In the cry of birth and the death of fear
For the hope of a light and the joy of tears

I was taken by the hand from the ocean to the sand
From the half-light to the day
I have come to find my way
I have come to find my way

From the tainted screen of a surgeon mind
From the tear-stained face of a haunted kind
From the shade of death and the flame of life
From the blade of a surgeon's knife

I was taken by the hand from the ocean to the sand
From the half-light to the day
I have come to find my way
I have come to find my way

Eastern, eastern eyes, your eyes
For these eastern, eastern, eastern, eastern eyes
For these eastern, eastern eyes
For these eastern eyes

Eastern eyes, eastern eyes, eastern eyes
Eastern, eastern, eastern eyes
Eastern, eastern, eastern eyes
Eastern, eastern eyes