

Eyes To See

Arco

people are always too polite
mirrors flatten out, reverse your left and right
hard to find out what you are
self-delusion of eyewitness from afar

the old still think they're young
the sad still think they're happy
the damned still think that they're the ones who're free
give me eyes to see

got no markers to live by
no commitments that i have to satisfy
tell myself it's all ok
but everybody's living life some other way

the old still think they're young...

try to keep my vision clear
trace it as i find, open and sincere
seems the right thing till i lie
down at night and hear a little voice reply

the old still think they're young
the sad still think they're happy
delusion or despair is facing me
give me ecstasy