

# Wandering Eye

Ed Harcourt

They say I got a wandering eye;  
it strays to far from the flock.  
Always going where the grass is greener,  
a skeleton key for each lock.

You can be my judge and my jury,  
condemn me to the soil and the earth.  
Tie me to the end of four horses,  
place a bet on which part goes first.

Well here I slump, at the end of some nowhere,  
and all in a sling, and a thousand yard stare,  
Watching the boats with their families and friends;  
They won't come ashore, if they have any sense.  
The wedding procession has moved from the church.  
I turn a good blessing into a bad curse.  
The coyotes and crows pick at my eye  
to stopping from drifting away with the tide.

They say I got potential for violence;  
I can kill a man with my own bare hands.  
But I can't focus on anything,  
let alone have a murderous plan.

I remember when I first saw you,  
I couldn't move; I was paralyzed.  
I wondered if you'd be the only one,  
to put an end my wandering eye...

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and all in a sling, and a thousand yard stare,  
Watching the boats with their families and friends;  
They won't come ashore, if they have any sense.  
The wedding procession has moved from the church.  
I turn a good blessing into a bad curse.  
The coyotes and crows pick at my eye  
...to stopping from drifting away with the tide.

There's no way that I can make it stop...  
I have fallen so far from the top..  
There no doubt I'll ever be like you..  
Stay in one place, live the life you chose...

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it strays to far from the flock,  
always going where the grass is greener,  
a skeleton key for each lock.