

Ebony Eyes

Jamie Scott

Ebony eyes, like desire
They waitin for me to come home
Then she walks
In her high heels in my direction
In your hand I see you're drinkin whiskey
Your inhibitions hit the floor
And your lips begin to move
This is what I've been waitin for

You ain't got to say the words to me
At all

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This change you walts so easily darlin
The men, me, should've known
Now I stay
And watch my soul, departin

Cause in your eyes I see the burnin fire
And you don't need no other flame
No other flame, no, no.
They're probably gone[?]

I bet tomorrow you don't even know my name

You don't got to say the words to me
At all, at all