

Angry Eyes

Kenny Loggins

Time, time and again I see you staring down at me
Now, then and again I wonder what it is that you see
with those Angry Eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
With those Angry Eyes

You want to believe that I am not the same as you
And now I can't conceive, oh Lord, of what it is you're trying
to do
with those Angry Eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
with those Angry Eyes
What a shot you could be if you could shoot at me
With those Angry Eyes

You and I must start to realize
Blindness binds us in a false disguise
Can you see me through those Angry Eyes?

You try to defend that you are not the one to blame
But I'm finding it hard, my friend, when I 'm in the deadly aim
Of those Angry Eyes
Well, I bet you wish you could cut me down
With those Angry Eyes
What a shot you could be if you could shoot at me
With those Angry Eyes