Eyes wide open To the great train robbery Of my soul Impending blindness Of the kind that's Beyond my control Eyes wide open To the secret forest Behind those tear-filled trees Heart rending blindness Won't testify that I'm on my knees Maybe I'm a little young to care Maybe I'm a little old to cry I don't know Maybe I'm a little weak to dance Maybe I'm a little strong to die I don't know Concentrating Love and I'm hating Myself again Impersonating The smallest shadow Of my original self again Maybe I'm a little young to care Maybe I'm a little old to cry I don't know Maybe I'm a little weak to dance Maybe I'm a little strong to die I don't know Does anybody really want to grasp my hand and lift me to my feet? Does anybody really want to be the breeze that frightens off this heat? Eyes wide open Maybe I'm a little young to love Eyes wide open Maybe I'm a little young to love Eyes wide open Maybe I'm a little young to love Eyes wide open Maybe I'm a little young to love Maybe I'm a little young to love Maybe I'm a little young to love