

Looking Thru The Eye

Peter Allen

There's a star on every highway
There's a name on every street
But the roads don't travel my way
And the corners never meet
Frozen smiles on all the faces
Wooden hands that shake my own
All the broken promise keepers loved me
'Til I'm all alone

People get along with nothing
Copper pennies make them smile
They learn to dance to any music
Dancing's not my style
But must I be the audience
To everything I see
Life is just a hurricane
And looking through the eye is me

In around and all about me
I hear laughter through the smoke
When was I disqualified
Funny I don't get the joke
Everything I want I get
As long as it won't bring me joy
The sum of my desires
Is the value of a broken toy

People drink the wine of friendship
People eat the bread of love
Life is sticking in my throat
And dust is what it tastes of
Why must I be the audience
To everything I see
Life is just a hurricane
And looking through the eye is me

Like a swan upon a mirror
My reflection doesn't change
I don't know how to make a ripple
And even I can see I'm strange
Everybody is doing battle
Protected by a cross or star
Is it easier to think
That you know who you are

Can I drink the wine of friendship
Can I eat the bread of love
Life is sticking in my throat
And dust is what it tastes of
Why must I be the audience
To everything I see
Life is just a hurricane
And looking through the eye is me