Silly Eye-Color Generalizations

Regina Spektor

There are those boys with earthly eyes
Their eyes are like the ground
You walk and walk
Kicking up dirt
But they don't make a sound

And when they kiss you, they sometimes leave 'em open Just to make sure you don't drown Yeah, the sweetest eyes The truest eyes are Probably dark brown

There are those boys with golden hazel eyes The color of weak tea They spend their nights howlin' at the moon To let go of the sea

The scope of their depth is terrifying, thrilling You think you're finally free
When they capture you
'Cause golden eyes are as sticky as
Honey from a bee
I'm drownin'

But those with blue
I shouldn't trust
'Cause I myself have blue
You fall for them so easy
You think you see right through

You take a leap, thinking blue water is deep When suddenly it's just grey rain
Then puddles at your feet
They freeze to dirty ice
But somehow they'll melt back to clean blue water once again Confusing.

Blue eyes, they change like the weather Blue sea, blue sky, blue pain I wouldn't trust my own blue-eyed reflection As far as I can throw that mirror Bum bum bum

But these are just silly eye color generalizations
You shouldn't believe a word I've said
'Cause when you're lying in your bed
Darkness 'round your head
Your eyes might as well be polka-dotted or plaid
Polka-dotted
Or
Plaid