

# Her Eyes

Pat Monahan

She's not afraid  
She just likes to use her night light  
When she gets paid  
True religion gets it all if they fit right  
She's a little bit manic, completely organic  
Doesn't panic for the most part  
She's old enough to know  
And young enough not to say no  
To any chance that she gets  
For home plate tickets to see the Mets  
Like everybody, she's in over her head  
Dreads Feds, Grateful Dead, and doesn't take meds  
She's a Gemini-Capricorn  
Thinks all men are addicted to porn  
I don't agree with her half the time  
But damn, I'm glad she's mine  
Her eyes, that's where hope lies  
That's where blue skies meet the sunrise  
Her eyes, that's where I go  
When I go home  
She got the kinda strength  
That every man wishes he had  
She loved Michael Jackson  
Up until he made 'Bad'  
Tells me that she lived about a hundred lives  
Scares me to death when she thinks and drives  
Says cowboy hats make her look fat  
And I'm so glad she's mine  
Her eyes, that's where hope lies  
That's where blue skies meet the sunrise  
Her eyes, that's where I go  
When I go home  
She doesn't know the word 'Impossible'  
Don't care where I've been  
And doesn't care where we're goin' to  
She takes me as I am and that ain't easy  
She's beautiful, so beautiful  
And sometimes I think she's truly crazy  
And I love it  
Her eyes, that's where hope lies  
That's where blue skies always meet the sunrise  
Her eyes, that's where I go  
When I go home  
Her eyes, that's where hope lies  
That's where blue skies always meet the sunrise  
Her eyes, that's where I go  
When I go home  
She's not afraid  
She just likes to use her night light

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

